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May, 1890.

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BOSTON.

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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Liberal Salvation: or, Our Aim as a Church.

"An highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called The Way of Holiness. . . . The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."—ISAIAH xxxv., 8.

TO-DAY is the opening Sunday of my eleventh year as your minister. It is also the opening Sunday of our usual church year. At the beginning of a business enterprise, the wise merchant gets definitely in mind his objective point and his means for attaining it: so a ship-master, at the prospect of a voyage; a general, in case of threatened war; a political party, at the outset of a campaign. So it seems to me well that a church should now and then be recalled to self-consciousness. There is constant danger that, if things go on with tolerable smoothness, we shall allow ourselves simply to drift, to take things for granted, to assume that the harbor is just ahead of us, and that we are amply provisioned and equipped for making our port. Meantime, half the people on board are merely lounging; and, if you rouse one up suddenly, and ask him why he is on this particular ship and where he is going, he will find himself unable to give any definite answer. Such a condition as this is an unmanly and unworthy one. In a world that, whether we will or not, is one unceasing conflict in which the prizes fought for are life and happiness, we ought at least to know where we stand, and why. And we ought to be ready to take sides for something; for mere inactivity and listlessness is taking sides, and — what is worse — it is always taking the wrong side.

I do not know a better thing we can do, then, to-day than

to ask ourselves the question, *For just what do we exist as a church?* Then, if we find it worth while, can we do a better thing than simply and manfully determine that we will each do what we can to attain that for which we exist?

As we look about, we are compelled now and again to notice that the great majority of the churches occupy positions and are seeking ends widely different from our own. We believe they are lavishing love and thought and time and money in mistaken ways and in pursuit of unreal objects. Some of them, I think, are disregarding their highest light, and are overpersuading themselves to take up with temporary expedients and half-way measures. Some of them are merely drifting with the tide, carried along by the currents that move their social set or for other unworthy reasons. Some of them, though I am persuaded they are mistaken, are yet in dead earnest, and have consecrated themselves to what they honestly believe is the best. These last I honor a hundred times more than I can a selfish, a conceited, or an indifferent liberal. And, in any case, I rejoice in all the incidental good they are accomplishing, though it be ever so inconsistent with the horrors of their creed. At the same time, I can but lament that so much of power is lost in tugging away at shadowy burdens — as men toil and struggle in dreams — instead of being expended in lifting off the real burdens that crush out the lives of men.

It is not, then, for the sake of finding fault with our neighbors, but rather that we may clearly define our own position, that I ask you to glance for a little at the aims and purposes of those churches for which we have come out.

The old churches exist for the one purpose of "saving souls." This, their distinctive end, is exclusively an other-worldly one. If they are consistent, it matters little what a person's condition is in this world, or how he gets through it, if only he is sure of escaping hell and entering heaven after death. It is all probation on this side the grave; and, *on the other side*, it is all fixed and eternal result. Mr.

Moody has bluntly and logically stated this position in saying: "It's of no use to work for the reconstruction of the present order of things. The world is a wreck, bound to sink. The only thing is to get off as many of the passengers and crew as you can, and let her go." Man being fallen and lost and the world a wreck, the next thing is to preach and persuade men to accept the "scheme of salvation," which they claim has been supernaturally revealed. Jesus of Nazareth, assumed to be the incarnation of the second person in a supposed divine trinity, is said to have come from heaven to earth to suffer and teach and die. Some of them say that this was for the purpose of propitiating the wrath of the first person in this trinity, so that he would be willing to forgive men; while others say it was only a manifestation of the divine willingness to forgive, and intended to touch and soften the hearts of sinners. In either case, however, the upshot is to be, so they tell us, that those who accept the "scheme" are to be saved, and those who do not are to be everlastingly lost.

The whole scheme, then, as you see, is other-worldly in its emphasis and aim. You are not, by any means, to understand me as saying that these churches do nothing for this world. They do an immense deal in the way of charity, of education, in social reform, in establishing and supporting good government. They do these things, and they cannot help it, because they are men and women like ourselves. They do it because they are better than their creed, and because the natural goodness of the human heart perpetually overrules the logic of their heads. But, so far as they are consistent, all these things are only incidents by the way; while the whole emphasis of the journey is something to escape and something to gain beyond the grave.

It is well known that this whole "scheme of salvation" has sprung out of, and is wholly dependent upon, the old belief in the "fall of man." If man be not fallen, then the entire machinery that has been invented for lifting him up again is uncalled for and out of place. But we feel sure that

our modern knowledge concerning the origin and development of the human race not merely makes this doctrine uncertain, but proves, beyond all intelligent question, that no such thing as a fall of man ever took place. Very many of the ministers of the old churches admit this, and yet, strangely enough, go on as if nothing of any consequence had happened. Nothing has happened, except that the entire reason for their existence on the old basis has ceased to be. They are doctors who give the medicine and pocket the fees, although they have found out that the patient is suffering from another disease, and needs another kind of treatment. That is all that has happened.

Of course, then, we no longer believe that the death of Christ is needed to propitiate a supposititious wrath of God that has no reason for existence. We look upon him as a noble man, a radical leader and reformer in his time, and forever to be remembered and honored as one of the greatest and best of the past. He made himself a witness and a sacrifice for the truth; and so his life and teachings are to be reverently studied, and his heroic death is fitted to touch, to uplift, and to inspire men with a thirst for noble deeds.

Of course, also, we no longer believe that men and women and children are to be used as fuel for an everlasting fire. Nor do we believe in an endless and useless torment, however refined away or spiritualized it may become. We join heartily and hopefully in the grand chant of Tennyson: —

> "Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill;
> . . . . . .
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire."

And yet, though we repudiate the chief aims and methods of the old churches, we still call ourselves a church; and we claim that we have a work to do quite as noble and needed *as though* all these old beliefs were true. But, just here, we *face two important* phases of thought.

On the one hand, the old churches say we have no right to call ourselves a church at all, because we do not claim to be doing that for which they say all churches ought exclusively to exist. They say that nothing is to be properly called a church that is not in substantial agreement with them as to aims and methods.

On the other hand, there are multitudes of so-called Liberals who say substantially the same. They look upon religion as a thing of the past, upon prayer and worship as obsolete. The Church to them is only a sort of lecture association, and they will attend only when they happen to like the lecturer.

Now, I cannot at all agree with either of these. What does the word "church" mean? In ancient Athens, the *ecclesia* was the public assembly called together by the crier. It is a voluntary meeting, or an organization that holds regular voluntary meetings in pursuit of a common object. Our rural New England "meeting" and "meeting-house" come nearer to the original meaning of the organization and its place of assembly than any other modern terms. The Church, then, to those who hold any common religious beliefs or seek to attain any common ends, is just as purely a natural and rational organization as is a society of artists or a scientific association. It is the natural external embodiment of our religious faith and purpose.

But is there anything left that calls for such an embodiment? Is not religion a superstition that intelligent people should, by this time, have outgrown? Let us see. What is it that all the religions of the world are after? For, whatever grotesque theories men may hold or however irrational their methods, they are all seeking to attain substantially the same end; that is, recognizing some power or powers as working through or controlling the universe, and as being vitally connected with themselves. They have been always trying to get into right relations with these powers or this power. Whether they have thought of gods or God, whether they have prayed or sacrificed or offered any kind of wor-

ship to the Great Spirit or Jupiter or Vishnu or Jehovah or Jesus or Mary, all the same and everywhere they have been trying, as best they knew, to get into right relations with the universe and with each other. This is nothing else than a search for the secret of life. And is not all the world engaged in that search still? So long as the world stands, and there is a man on the planet trying to find out how he ought to live, so long will the essence of religion remain. It may clothe itself as it will; it may change with the advancing or decaying intelligence of the race; it may call itself by some other name: but the thing is of the very essence of life, and must endure.

And, for my part, I am willing to call the work we are engaged in by the old name,—the saving of men. The name is little, if only we do not allow our eyes to be blinded as to the real work in which we are engaged. Let us, now, try to get this clearly in mind.

The old churches say that the one great end of life is to escape hell and attain heaven. This, translated into common language, means that the end of life is to escape evil and its consequent suffering, and to attain right and good, with their attendant happiness and peace; that is,—and we all know that this is the simple truth,—certain states of mind or heart, and certain courses of conduct, lead naturally and necessarily to evil and suffering, and certain other states of mind and courses of conduct to well-being and happiness. We do not wish the evil and suffering for ourselves, and we have no right to bring them upon others. So far, it is all natural and plain. The difficulty is as to motives and methods. For example, the old churches say that we must adopt their theory of evil and their means of escape, and that this must be done in this life, or it can never be done at all. We reject their theory of the danger and their way of escape. But this is not saying that a danger does not exist, and that some way of escape is not needed. Rather, it still remains true that to know our real dangers, and to find a real method of escaping them, is the

one great end of life. And, since I believe that life runs on, through and beyond the accident of death, I hold that the great object of human search is still the eternal life. Only the eternal life is not something to be waited for, but it begins here and now.

You know perfectly well that the great majority of men and women are still more or less seriously wrong in their feelings and dispositions, and in their theories and practice as to conduct. And you know, also, that nearly all the evils and sorrows of life are the natural results of these wrong feelings and actions. If only we could find and point out the true way of life, and get everybody to walk in it, the world would become a paradise. And, all of us being right here, there would be no need of any special preparation for death. This life would merge into the next as naturally as the dawn merges into the day.

The old prophet of Israel saw, in his vision, a time when this problem should be practically solved. He dreamed that a day should come when a plain highway should be cast up that should be free and open to all. It should be called the Way of Holiness. That means only the right way, the way of wholeness, of health, of welfare, of peace. It was to be so very plain that the wayfaring men, though fools, should not err therein.

To find out and open such a way as this is to solve the problem of the true religious life. This is the appropriate, the peculiar work of a church. Instead, then, of the Church being an outworn and obsolete institution, it is, when properly conceived and conducted, the most vital thing in the world. It seeks after the grandest of all ends,—the secret of a true, noble manly and womanly life. It precedes in importance and dignity all other institutions. All other things are incidental, are ornaments, accidents, or accessories of life. This deals with life itself. As "the life is more than meat" and "the body is more than raiment," as a journey is more than the baggage or the cars or steamers one travels in, so life is more than all its condi-

tions or accompaniments. And this one supreme thing, life, is that for which the true Church exists.

We hear, occasionally, about the work of the Church being taken out of its hands and being better performed by some other organization or agency. I have no prejudice in the matter. Only show me something that promises to do the work better or more rapidly, and I am ready to resign my position here, and cast in my influence with the new Saviour of man. But I study them all,—the school, the scientific association, the art club, the magazine, the newspaper,—and I do not find any one of them that even undertakes the common, the associated, the sympathetic, the life-saving work of the Church.

And one other point needs to be noticed here. There is a widely prevalent feeling in the modern world that the Church is chiefly a speculative club or a lecture association. Those who sit in the pews feel very little personal responsibility. If they feel like it on Sunday morning, they will go to hear the minister. Then they will go home, and discuss or criticise what he has said on the way. They are pleased, displeased, or indifferent; and that is the end of it. But the Church is a road-builder. Its business is to cast up a plain and open highway for the feet of men, along which they may walk to the attainment of well-being and peace. And it is just as much your duty, I speak to each one of you, to help in this work as it is mine. We come to church, indeed, to learn what we can of the minister. But we also come, or ought to, to cultivate aspiration after the best things, and to stimulate a common devotion and enthusiasm in the great work for which we are organized. The Church is a drill ground, but the warfare is to go on all the week. Cultivate the feeling, then, that you are a helper, and that your simple presence and sympathy is one of the most important of all ways by which you can help.

Religion, then, is a permanent element in human life. The Church, in some form, is a permanent institution. It is engaged in the grandest of all possible work. Above all

things, men need to be saved from evil and suffering, and taught how to live. This ought to be your work as much as mine. It remains now for us to outline a few of the objects at which we ought definitely to aim.

When we have cast up our way of holiness, it will lead us away from certain evils and sufferings from which the old world sadly needs to be saved. What, then, is the salvation which the Liberal Church offers to men? I can now only hint, in a broad and general way, what you are all competent to think out more particularly for yourselves.

From all over the world there goes up the wail of ceaseless sorrow caused by sickness and premature death. I say premature death, because I do not regard the natural death that closes a finished life as at all an evil. During the last summer, my aged father has fallen asleep. Past ninety years, his life work done, earth's bitter-sweet cup drained to the dregs, with no disease, his physical frame simply ran down, like an old and worn-out clock, and the pulse-beat, that ticked off the moments, ceased. That is not evil, any more than is the sunset whose red glory fades into the wider light of the rising stars. But most deaths are not like that. Nearly half the race dies before the age of five years. And, all through youth, the young lives are withering and falling like unripe fruit, worm-eaten or frost-nipped. All homes are invaded. Rachel is evermore weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Hundreds of diseases creep over the earth, as shadows following after the clouds that trail across the sky. Epidemics and pestilences, like that now at Naples, prove themselves as devastating as pitiless wars. And, then, those who do not die find their lives embittered and their faculties crippled by a hundred forms of disease. With few exceptions, even the best of us are only half what we might be, but for this.

And yet you and I know that nearly all these evils are the results of ignorance and are humanly preventible. These bodies of ours are like machines, that will run smoothly and *easily, if only the conditions of* health are understood and

observed. It is ignorance that, like a blind giant, walks over the earth, slaying and wounding right and left by the thousand. From this, we need to be saved. We need to learn that the conditions of healthy and happy physical life are inherent, and necessary to life itself. They are not traps for the unwary: they are the guide-posts set up along the way of life, for the foolish to observe as the means of becoming wise.

The same is true of all the social ills under which men suffer. Men get into all sorts of wrong relations toward each other, in family affairs, as neighbors, friends, acquaintances, in business matters, in seeking amusement and recreation, as to beliefs and opinions, and in all sorts of ways. Thus, society frequently is half a chaos, when it might be order. Men blindly envy and hate and oppose each other, when, if they were only wiser, they might much more easily help, and so make the hard ways of life easy.

And then, in matters of government, as to the great political and economical problems of the world, how stupidly and blindly do great parties fight each other! Most men neither know what they want nor how to attain it. How few have any intelligent idea as to what a political party or a government can or cannot do for them! You would suppose, to hear them talk sometimes, that the wheat-crop depended on getting a particular party in power; that, somehow, the natural wants and dispositions of men might be changed by a political revolution; while thousands of our best people are laboring under the transparent delusion that you can legislate whole masses of men into the possession of a good moral character.

At least three-fourths of the great evils under which the world suffers, that blight the fair earth and make people ask despairingly if life is worth living, the evils which the old churches have treated as the results of the fall and as signs of divine wrath, are plain results of ignorance. They are no necessary part of human life, and are clearly preventible.

The laws of right living through a knowledge of and obedi-

ence to which all these might be escaped, though ever so earthly and secular, are still God's laws. And to find them out and keep them is the true and natural work of that religion which proposes, as the end of all human endeavor, the living of the righteous, the right, the healthy, the true life.

The next thing the world needs to be saved from is superstition. This is so important a matter that I speak of it thus by itself, though it might naturally be included under that which has been already said. Saving from ignorance would really be saving from superstition. But ignorance we usually regard as a negative state of mind,— the lack of knowledge; while superstition is a positive existence. It is incarnated and organized in creeds, in bibles, in institutions, in rites and sacraments. Of course, none of these need be superstitious. But, when they are based on false theories of man's nature and destiny, they are not only intellectual errors, but they come to be positive hindrances to human welfare.

Suppose men are trying to deliver the world from disease. If, now, they have a false theory of the structure of the body, if they think sickness is a matter of magic or is caused by the presence of evil spirits, of course they will be all the time working on false lines, and will fail of any satisfactory results. And these false beliefs will not only not lead them to right issues, but they will stand square in the way of their finding out the right methods. And the more religiously these false opinions are held, the worse it will be, because it will be more difficult to displace them in favor of right ones.

Consider the amount of time, of money, of labor, of thought, of sacrifice, of devotion that the world has spent in appeasing gods that did not exist, in placating a wrath that was only imaginary, in escaping a hell that was purely in fancy, and gaining a heaven that was "of such stuff as dreams are made of."

We need to begin over, throwing away our baseless, superstitious beliefs, and trying to find out what are the real ills of the world and the real — that is, the divine — method of escaping them.

And then we need to be saved from unbridled impulse and passion.

The child has little or nothing that can be called self-control. The child-men, or the savage races of the world, are in the same condition. The only law is impulse, except as this is curbed by counter impulse, until men learn by experience that such a life is foolish and hurtful.

Here, then, the race started; and a remnant, a survival of this, is in us all. We are in constant danger of being swept off our feet, so that afterward, when we become cool again, we say, I was a fool. The one thing that more than anything else distinguishes the civilized man from the barbarian is just this foresight of results, and so a calm and poised self-control. But armies are still subject to panic; great commercial centres run wild now and then; and, as individuals, our impulses, our passions, run away with us. A well-trained horse will now and then feel his old wild instincts mastering him; and, with the bit in his teeth, he will turn the pleasure-drive into a wreck.

These passions and impulses are not wrong. Indeed, life would be a poor, tame, tasteless thing without them. They are the steam in the boiler, the wind in the sails. There is no movement without them. Strong passions under strong control,— this is the formula for a strong and noble man.

This salvation must come as the result of growth, of self-training, of learning that the best things in life come from maintaining ourselves in right and noble relations with all our fellows.

And now, lastly, I must touch on a point important enough not only for one, but for many entire discourses. We need to be saved from what Jesus talks about so much, and which he calls "worldliness." This is that absorption of, and so the loss of, the life itself — in any noble and high sense — in what are, rightly considered, only the surroundings, the conditions, the accessories of the life.

If a man is given up to drunkenness or any form of personal vice, so that to this he sacrifices all the higher affec-

tions and interests of his nature,— his health, his family, his business, all taste for literature or art or science,— you say he is lost to all decency and manhood,— that is, the real, true, high end of life is missed, and he has fallen lower than the beasts; for they come nearer than he does to being what they can and ought.

But it is possible to lose one's truest manhood or womanhood in ways that are purely respectable, and yet be as truly lost as the other. A woman may lose herself in what is called society, in a love for gossip or scandal, in dress, in pride of station, in a thousand littlenesses that are unworthy of her and that hinder the development of her real womanhood. A man may lose himself in art or science or business or politics, turning the whole force of his life into some petty side channel, and so fail, in the large sense, of being a man at all.

They only are saved who have learned that what they become, how they think and feel and live, are more than all they get or do.

This, then, is our church aim,— to do what we can to find out God's way — which is the natural way — of delivering men and women from the evils and sorrows of life, and to develop here, in the midst of natural conditions, a type of manhood and womanhood which is more than the clothes it wears, the house it lives in, the society of which it is a part, or the money it accumulates. Such men and women shall be in accord with the great world forces and movements that lead toward that

> "One far-off, divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

Such, having learned the secret of life, shall be above its accidents. To them shall come peace and trust and hope. Knowing life, they shall have no fear of death. And, when the kingdom of God comes, such men and women shall enter it as those fitted to be there at home.

Help me, friends, *this year* to do a little of this great *work.*

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BOSTON.

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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RELIGIOUS ISSUES,

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE ATTITUDE OF THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

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RELIGIOUS ISSUES,*

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I HAVE taken as a text a passage of Scripture which underlies, I think, any true expression of the feeling of all Unitarians who have in any degree looked over the work that needs to be done. You will find it in the ninth chapter of Matthew, the thirty-seventh verse: "Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

When a political party sends delegates to attend a great national convention and they have taken part in the deliberations of that convention, watched its proceedings and learned the principal objects aimed at, they are expected, on their return home, to face their constituents and to give an account of their stewardship,—to report what they have done, what they have tried to do, what they have failed in doing, and why. And they are expected to express their opinion as to the probable effects of what has been done on the interests and the prospects of the party and the country.

It seems to me quite fitting that delegates to a great national religious body should be expected to do a similar thing. There have been special reasons in the past why, although I have attended almost all the National Conferences of the Unitarian Church since I have been in Boston, I have never made you any such report. Certain things occurred between this church and some of those that — whether rightly or wrongly — were looked upon as leaders in the country

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

some years ago (some of them before I came here, one or two since), that have made some of you at any rate feel that there was not quite that full, complete, hearty sympathy between you and the great denomination of Unitarians that there might have been. But a great many things have happened within the last few years. There has been a drift, a trend, a growth in the Unitarian denomination as well as in all the other large bodies of Christendom; and now we have come to stand, as it seems to me, in such mutual relations to each other that I, for one, feel that there ought to be a better understanding, a closer bond of sympathy, than has existed in the past. And I know not how I can do my share toward bringing this about any better than to tell you this morning how Unitarianism looks to me, what seems to be its spirit, what are its aims and methods, and what are some of the practical objects that it is reaching out to attain.

In the first place, let me just hint to you in a word what sort of a body this Unitarian Conference is. This society had not only our regularly appointed delegates present, along with me, but a dozen or fifteen of our people as volunteers; and I frankly tell you that I have wished all the week through that every single one of you had been there, that then I might be released from the necessity of trying to introduce to you the spirit, the aims, the hopes of Unitarianism as manifested by this great Conference. It was truly a national gathering, and something more than that. The association is called the American Unitarian Association. I shall make a move very soon to have the name of our great Conference changed from National to American. For we have already delegates from Canada; and I hope that by and by we may have delegates from Mexico, and in the future from South America. We need a larger name to cover the grand plan. We had delegates from almost every part of the country,—from the extreme South, from California; and some lone women even, because the men could not be spared, or because the women were the truer representatives, came to plead their cause two thousand miles from that far interior

of the country that we are accustomed to think of as lying almost entirely outside of the limits of our practical work and sympathy. We had delegates from England, one noted delegate from one of the great cities of Germany, and one from the African Methodist Episcopal Church. So we had a great representative body, men illustrating every extreme of Unitarian faith and practice; thus we may look upon this Conference as plainly indicating what the denomination is thinking of, which way it looks, and what it proposes at least to try to do.

And now let me, as well as I can, in a few brief words introduce to you the spirit of the meeting, and tell you what it is thinking about, and which way it is facing, that you may understand whether you can conscientiously and heartily feel that you belong as a unit to this great organism. In order to do this, I must run back over the history of Unitarianism, and point out a few of the steps it has taken.

Unitarianism in its first inception was an intellectual protest against certain things which the fathers could not believe, which they could not rationally hold to be true. But it was a good deal more than that. It was also a moral protest; and this I believe to have been the very heart and life of the movement, even more than the intellectual side. It was a moral protest which true, loving, honorable men felt obliged to make. They could not accept, as rational, true, honest, noble men, any such conceptions of God, man, and human destiny as were held and taught by the old churches. But while they made this protest, and made it bravely, they made it inside the limits of book and text. Few in that day thought of going outside of the Bible or of supposing that there could be any divine truth beyond the limits of its covers. The battle was fought out on the basis of proof texts, one text pitted against another. That was Unitarianism at its beginning.

But it was only a little while before there was dissent and a very serious schism. The new denomination felt that it had grown larger than the old-time limits. In 1841, Theo-

dore Parker preached his famous sermon on the Transient and Permanent in Christianity. It resulted in a serious split in what, up to that time, had been united Unitarianism. From that time, he ceased to be regarded as one of them. He was banished from almost every even liberal pulpit in the country. I wish to mark here one grand exception. Our neighbor, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, was brave enough and strong enough in the midst of the fierce bitterness of this time to say that there should be room on his platform, at least, for Theodore Parker.

A few years after this, the first National Conference was held; and that was the occasion of another schism in the body. A dogmatic basis was accepted as the foundation of the Unitarian movement in this country. It was accepted by the majority; but a brave, clear-thoughted, noble-hearted minority protested, though in vain, against it; and they then felt that the door of Unitarianism was shut in their faces. Henceforth, such men as Abbot, as Frothingham, as Potter, were no more counted as Unitarians. Our stellar system was divided, and certain of its brightest and fairest stars were seen as a separate galaxy and in another part of the sky. Their names dropped from the list of Unitarian ministers. Here was another schism, arising from the fact that even the leaders of freedom for humanity felt that there must be a dogmatic basis for the organization of the Church.

What has happened since those days? The old feud between Unitarianism and Parker is forgotten, so that now even those that are looked upon as conservative are proud to feel that Parker, the best part of him, is not buried in far-off Florence, but that he is living, one of the strong forces of Unitarianism to-day. He stands high in the thought and admiration of the Unitarianism of America, beside Channing, as his co-equal leader in the establishment of free thought in the religious life of our time. So that schism is practically healed.

Two years ago, I introduced what stands as Article X. in *the fundamental* basis of the National Conference. The

purpose of it was to open the way for the final abolition of the dogmatic basis. It frankly declares — I do not quote it *verbatim* — that, while the expressions contained in the Preamble and in the First Article are to be taken undoubtedly as representing fairly the belief of the denomination, these statements are not to be regarded as a test of fellowship, and that we cordially invite to our membership, to co-operate with us in thought and work, all persons who are substantially in agreement with our purpose and practical aims. I did it with my eyes open, conscious at the time that it turned our former basis of union into a practical Hibernicism. The Tenth Article declares that the Preamble and First Article are not necessary. I hope within a year or two that we shall reorganize ourselves as an American Conference of Unitarian Churches, and that we shall abolish the dogmatic basis altogether, having only a business organization, and letting the churches themselves define to the country and the world what we are and what we mean and what we stand for and what we propose to do. When this is done, — I speak by authority, though I am not at liberty to mention names,— I hope that the second schism will be healed. The Free Religious Association will have accomplished its purpose and will pass out of sight, and the spirit and life and heart that have been in it will be merged in the one common, larger system of our American Unitarianism.

One other significant thing has been accomplished. The American Unitarian Association until within a year has been a close corporation, made up chiefly of people in and about Boston, representing only the more conservative side of our denomination. It is now a representative body in the hands of the churches, subject to the churches' control. It has become simply the executive right arm of the churches, and it will be henceforth what the churches choose that it shall be. It shall accomplish the work of the live earnest spirit of the time.

I have *spoken of these things* as indicating the drift and *trend of modern Unitarianism*. There is, indeed, still a right

wing and a left wing and a centre. There are varying shades of thought and belief, but there is no longer any antagonism between them that hinders hand-clasping and co-operation. The right and the left wings are now only the right and the left wings of one great army. They face the same common enemy, they march on toward the same common victory. So that it seems to me I am justified in saying that there is no longer any practical schism in the denomination. This has come about, not by the surrendering of one single principle, but by the broadening, liberalizing growth of the time. I feel justified, therefore, in asking you to join hands with me in the fullest sympathy and the heartiest co-operation with the great Unitarian body of America.

It follows naturally, from what I have said, that I should find the work attempted by the Conference representing the denomination constructive and practical. We are no longer fighting over any dead issues. We are not, as are some of the churches, pitted against each other as "high," "low," "evangelical," or "broad." We are no longer fighting over a creed, as to whether it should be a new or an old one, broad or narrow; as to whether it should admit more or less into the kingdom of heaven. We are no longer fighting over any ritual, any form of method, or manner of garment, or attitude of worship. We have given up in our body all contest over the clothing of the religious life: we care only for the heart and the spirit. And so we are ready, as is no other religious body of Christendom, to concentrate our thought, our time, our opportunity, our money on the solution of the great practical problem of the religious life of to-day.

And what is that practical problem? Is it not to find a rational basis for the ethical and religious trust and hope; to find a footing for faith, and to keep all the dear and sacred hopes of the heart along with it; to be religious and to be rational and to live frankly in this world at the same time? It is to apply this theoretical conception to the practical moulding of the life of the individual, of the family, of society, of business, of politics; to apply it to the solution

of all the great contests between capital and labor, between rich and poor, between ignorance and the educated, which threaten to be so destructive in the near future, if they are not rightly solved. This is the great work of religion in this nineteenth century. We do not surrender any hope of the future life; but we recognize that grand saying of Thoreau, "One world at a time." We propose to be religious here, having no fear but that our religion will bridge the gulf of death, and lead us into any life or to the possession of any other planet that may await us in the future. We are engaged, then, in the work which Jesus set himself to do,—the establishment over all the earth of the kingdom of heaven, setting men and societies and races in right relations to each other, so that they may live out their normal life, and find here harmony, peace, satisfaction, and hopeful growth. This is the work, then, to which Unitarianism more than any other body of religion in this country may logically and rightfully address itself; and this is the work which the National Conference proposes as its ultimate aim.

Now, to bring the matter a little more practically home, let us consider one or two of the problems that face us.

There are two classes of people in Europe and America whose wants Unitarianism, it seems to me, is especially fitted to supply. In the first place, there are the always few great intellectual leaders of the world. I want you to see the significance of the attitude which they maintain toward religion, and to ask you whether there is any other religious body than the Unitarian which can reach them and give them a standpoint, not only for intellectual insight, but for hopeful worship. If you can find out what the ten or twenty greatest scientific and philosophic intellects of the world are thinking about, you have discovered what the common people will be thinking about in the next generation. Disraeli once said that popular thought is always that thought which is just passing away. In other words, when a conception becomes the property of the great mass of men, there are always a few leaders who have taken a step on ahead; and the next thing

you know popular thought is falling behind, while the great mass of the army are trying to keep step with the few leaders that are in advance. If you go back to almost any period in the Middle Ages, you will find that the greatest scientific, philosophic, and artistic intellects of that time were in full sympathy with the dominant ideas of the Church. They were the humble servants and handmaids of the popular religion of the time. They were in perfect accord with the priesthood and with the papacy. In such a time as that, you might safely say that the next generation of the people would also be in accord with the priesthood and papacy. But that state of affairs has long since passed away. Look over Europe and America to-day. What is the attitude of the leading men of science, of philosophy? There is no revolt against the popular religion; but they are simply indifferent to it. They seem to care no more about it seriously than about the stories of the *Arabian Nights* or their childhood's fairy tales. They do not consider it as worthy of thought: they simply ignore it as the belief of the uneducated common people, which they will by and by outgrow.

When you see the first light of dawn touch and illumine the tops of the highest peaks in a mountainous country, you know that that is the beginning of the day that is going by and by to creep down the sides of the mountain, get into the valleys and deepest ravines, and spread itself over the plains. So I feel perfectly sure that this new light of thought, of discovery, this new conception of the universe which has touched the highest peaks of human intellect, is the first rays of the dawn of another day whose light is to descend gradually, until it scatters the shadows in the deepest ravines of human life. The future of the educated part of humanity is not to be religious in the old sense of the word. Mark what I say, — the old sense of the word. The old theologies are doomed to pass away, because they are not in accord with the best thought of the world. They will pass away quietly, just as the Ptolemaic conception of the universe has been replaced by the Copernican. No one now is angry with the Ptolemaic

conception; no one tries to fight it. They have simply dropped it, and have taken up that which proves itself more closely in accord with the reality of things. In the same way, the old theological and religious conceptions of the world are rapidly passing away. There is no fear that those old churches will ever again bring into bondage the emancipated and leading intellects of the world. If there is to be any religion at all for the leaders of mankind, it is to be a new type of religion. And I, for one, believe that there is no religious body in Europe or America so fitted to join in the intellectual leadership of the world as is our modern Unitarianism. It is afraid of no truth. Indeed, its creed is simply ascertained truth. And it has a hope as imperishable as human love that something better yet awaits us in the future.

Following slowly on after these great leaders come the unchurched masses of men. If you would take the trouble to visit any distant part of our country, West or South, you would find that the great masses of men are not attending church very regularly; or, if they are, they are not attending the popular churches; or, if they are attending the popular churches, they are doing it because there is no other religious home. There are thousands and thousands who are supporting churches and creeds which they do not believe, the general purpose of which they have no sympathy with, for no other reason in the world than that they are heart-hungry for religion; and there is no other way by which they can even be partially fed. The West and the South are practically open, uncultivated fields, ready for the harvest, if there were only enough laborers to enter in and reap the ripening grain.

These two great fields, then, are open to the Unitarian Church. We can be the religious leaders of the intellectual leaders of men. We can build broad enough our religious home to take in the grand unchurched masses of our country.

I cannot stop to discuss all the steps that ought to be taken in the practical carrying out of such magnificent de-

signs as these. I must confine myself to explaining two steps which were taken by the Conference. Two grand things were done at Saratoga last week, two things that I want you to understand and be in hearty sympathy with.

In the first place, a step was taken for more efficient organization of our American Unitarianism. To-day, we are isolated, scattered, with very little sympathy with each other. If a church in Pennsylvania or Ohio grows weak and is ready to die, it is none of my business in particular, or of any other church in particular, to keep it alive. And if there is a place in Colorado, or Louisiana, or Georgia, or California, where there is a nucleus of people who would like to organize into a Unitarian church and come into sympathy with us, there is nobody in particular whose business it is to help such a church into the world and nurse it after it is born. This comes from the extreme independency of our churches. We have taken a step toward organization; and I hope we shall yet take a step toward a closer and more efficient and, if you choose to call it so, a more tyrannical organization still. I am ready to say I would like nothing better than to be in as closely organized a church as the Episcopal Church, provided that they would let me think and let me utter my thought inside that organization. I love the sense of fellowship. I have sometimes, or perhaps many times, stood alone, a free lance, fighting a battle simply by myself, but never because I liked it. I like to touch elbows and feel that I am in the ranks; that we are organized into an army; that we are a phalanx marching on toward some definite object, ready to co-operate and help each other. I feel about religion as I do about social life. Religious loneliness is to me no more attractive than social loneliness. The Conference proposes to give us a closer organization. The plan is — just as far as our means will allow — to appoint State or district superintendents, who, whether under the name or not, shall do the work of bishops. We probably shall not call them bishops, because so many people are afraid of the name. Bishop means simply overseer. I do not know why we should not

call them so, because that is what they really are. But, when we have them, it will be somebody's business to reach out and give help to struggling churches and keep them alive; and, if there is a nucleus of religious interest anywhere, to organize it into a church and bring it into sympathy with other churches, and make it feel that it belongs somewhere and is a part of something.

Another thing we did. We found there was a want like this: we counted up twelve churches in the West already organized and struggling on alone that must have a church building or die. They have been living in "all out-doors" as long as they can. They are strong enough to do something toward building, but they are not strong enough to do it all alone. Twelve such churches must be helped very soon. There are a hundred places besides these twelve where just such help is needed. *Now*, it is no one's business to help them, unless Mr. Jones or Mr. Sunderland comes to me personally, and begs me to help them; and I come to you, and you reluctantly give me something for what you do not know much about, and have no faith in. We have taken steps to organize a Church Building Loan Fund, and we are going to have $100,000 before a great while; and I hope by the year 1900 it will be half a million. The purpose is to assist these struggling churches to a home, not by giving them the money outright, but by lending it to them at interest. And, as they grow strong, we shall expect them to pay it back into the treasury to help some other young church. We went so far as to attempt to raise $20,000 on the spot, and reached the figure that surprised us of $17,000. Now, I come without a blush or word of apology to tell you what I did on behalf of this church. I did not promise it; but I told them I had no doubt that the Church of the Unity would contribute the same amount that the other Boston churches promised to contribute toward this fund,—$1,000. You have never left me in the lurch yet, and I know you will not in *regard to this.*

We propose, then, to take these practical steps toward the

realization of the dream that lures us on toward the future. Consider what it means, friends. We, who live here in Boston and New England, have very little idea how large a country this is. There are fifty-five millions to-day, perhaps more. By 1900 there will be a hundred millions in the United States, and we are laying the foundation for that. But why stop at the year 1900? By the year 2000, how many will there be! by 2500, 3000! Picture to yourselves the thronging, striving populations that shall build these States. We, little, weak Unitarian Church of to-day, regard ourselves as simply Hercules in his cradle. We propose to be a giant and a demigod by and by. We are going to have a hand in the religious future of America. We propose to say something of what it shall be. We are sure we are in accord with those theories of God and the universe which are to dominate the cultivated thought of the coming world. We hold in our hands the seeds, feeble and small to-day, the ultimate result of which shall shake like Lebanon, and shall grow into trees that shall cast their sheltering shadow from one ocean to the other, and from the North to the South. We are laying plans, though they look small at present, that are intended to lead to this ultimate future. The sums of money that we can raise to-day seem small, but there is no religious body in America that is so liberal, so generous, as the Unitarian. I say it not in the way of boasting, but to encourage you by statements of fact. Counting our numbers *per capita*, we give more than any religious body in America for philanthropic, educational, and religious work; and we hope more and more in the future to continue this generosity.

Let me say one word concerning this. Suppose I ask you to give me money to help on these great works in which as a Unitarian Church we are engaged. Let me, like Paul, be regarded as foolish if I say a thing that, were I to say it otherwise than on such an occasion as this, would be; and let me ask you to think whether the ministers are begging you to carry burdens that they do not touch with one of their own fingers. Suppose our names do not appear on the subscrip-

tion list for any large amount. Consider this. Any minister who has culture and brain and power enough to command a position that brings him a salary of two, three, five, six, or eight thousand may fairly, without any boasting, think of himself as entitled to stand beside the men who have earned, with no better brain than their pastors, their thousands or their hundreds of thousands. These ministers, then, have all their lives given time and thought and hard labor not only to this work, but, considered in the light of this comparison, pecuniarily as much as the most liberal of you all. I speak not now for myself: I speak for my brother ministers, to show that they have sacrificed as much as we ask you to sacrifice.

Let us glance at one other phase of it. It is not pure giving without any return. If I were asking you only on the basis of selfishness, I could make out a magnificent case. Dr. Horace Bushnell, on a certain occasion, asked a wealthy parishioner for some money for a worthy object. When the man refused, the doctor turned to him with the sharp and suggestive question, "What do you suppose was the price of real estate in Sodom?" Find any part of this country where there is no religious and ethical instruction constantly carried on, and it is going down, down towards the level of the mythical city of Sodom. And real estate always goes down in precise ratio with the declination of the intellectual and moral characteristics of the people. Boston real estate is worth more than that of some uncultured and immoral city very much on account of its high state of culture and civilization. So you are asked merely to keep up the conditions on which your own welfare turns. It is a law of evolution that any individual, any social organization, perpetually tends to assimilate itself more and more to its environment or surroundings. And no people yet ever became educated or religious without effort and self-sacrifice. You have to create by definite labor this high environment, these intellectual, moral, and religious *surroundings*, and then lift up the people *to their level. Let a people* cease to be religious, intelli-

gent, and moral, and the social and political life of the tim soon sinks to their grade. This country is to have a grea future; and you, in trying to mould and shape its religiou and moral life to-day, are creating the conditions in the mid of which your own children are to live. See to it that, at an rate, those conditions shall be as good as your own.

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A WORD WITH THE PEW,

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following sermon was preached at the request of persons outside of my own society, and to reach an end beyond the limits of my own congregation. It will be understood, then, that I have said some things that would have been omitted, had the special needs of my own people been the only object in view.

M. J. S

A WORD WITH THE PEW,

OR HELPING THE MINISTER.*

THE pew in these modern days is quite ready with its advice to the minister; quite ready to tell him what his shortcomings and failures are, how he ought to preach, how long he ought to make his sermon, how he ought to treat his theme, what the objects should be at which he should constantly aim,— quite ready, in short, to point out his faults and failings, and tell him how the work ought to be done. But, generally, so far as my experience is valuable, the pulpit is quite conscious of all these things before being told of them, and is only anxious to find something more helpful than fault-finding, more efficient than ordinary good advice. And if somebody in the pew would only take the work out of his hands, and do it better, he would be thankful. If somebody in the pew would only take his place and illustrate how it ought to be done, he would listen with a great deal of gratitude, and would try to follow the example just so far as his ability would allow.

But there are some things wherein the pew itself needs to be instructed as to the attitude that it should maintain toward the pulpit, as to how it may help the minister in the various departments of his thought, his life, his work, so as to make efficient that which he so poorly and lamely attempts.

In order, then, to lead the way to a consideration of some of those things, I wish to recur to the true ideal of a church. The church, according to my thought of it, is not by any means a lecture association. It is not a place where you

* *Phonographically reported* by Isabel C. Barrows.

are simply to go to hear what the minister will have to say, and then go away and forget all about it in the days that follow. If you have paid your pew rent promptly, filled your place on Sunday morning, listened attentively,—providing the minister has been interesting enough to hold your attention,—you have not then done that which seems to me the most important thing, in order to fulfil the ideal of the true church. The minister is not the one who is to perform all the work, to "do all the religion" for the society. The pews are to help in all this, for a church is simply a mutual association for help in the ethical and religious life; and, as the ethical and religious life touches every department of human thought and human endeavor, the family, business, society, politics, government, science, art, it is the true aim and end of the ideal church to work together in the endeavor to find out how to live. The art of life, then, is the object of the church; and, in finding out how to live, and in carrying this knowledge into practical operation, consider whether there is any special obligation resting on the minister more than on any other man in the community whether he attends church or not. The one great end of life is to learn how to think and act amid the trials, temptations, perplexities, and difficulties of life. All the other occupations of the world are for the provision of the means to live. The church, if it accomplishes its mission, is to teach men and women how to use these means for the attainment of the ideal life. Now, it is not the minister's business to do this any more than it is yours. He is called *the* minister; but the definite article is placed before his name only by way of emphasis, and because he is set apart in a special way for the doing of some special parts of the common work. But the work of the ministry, of service, of helping to find the true theory, and to carry out into practice this theory of life, is, or ought to be, the work equally of us all.

I propose, then, in a familiar and simple way to point out *some methods* by which the pews can help the pulpit in its *work.*

I. In the first place, consider please, to what an extent the pew can help the pulpit in the work of preaching. The people must help the minister preach, if he is to do it effectively, if he is to accomplish any grand and noble ends by his public ministration.

1. The very first way is a plain one, but it means more to the minister than he can possibly put into words; and that is by being always in the pew whenever you expect him to be in the pulpit. You have no idea how much difference it makes to the minister whether in his preparation during the week, as he looks forward to Sunday morning, he can feel sure that the people he is thinking of and striving to be ready to meet are going to be there to meet him. How very easy it is for people to be kept away from church; and, in one aspect of the matter, I do not so much wonder. I have said so a great many times. When people are kept away from church by a stormy Sunday morning, although it be true that the same kind of storm would not keep the men from business or the ladies from attending a concert, the opera, or the theatre, they naturally say that they can hear the minister any Sunday morning; that, if they miss this particular sermon, they can hear him next Sunday, or the rest of the year. You cannot persuade them that they are meeting with the same keen loss as if they missed the other, which is once or not at all. This is true, no matter how strongly they may be attached to the minister or how highly they may estimate his services. But you have no idea how it takes the hope and heart out of the minister when on Sunday morning he sees clouds in the sky, and knows that just the very ones he has been thinking of all the week will not be there to hear the sermon. And it makes the preaching all the harder to feel that the house will be only half full and that his work will be to little or no purpose because the people will not be there to hear. Doctor Furness used to say that on a stormy Sunday morning he found out who the elect were. What a comfort it would be to a minister, if he could be sure that all his congregation belonged to the elect, after this definition!

2. Suppose you are tired Sunday morning and conclude that this one time you will stay at home and rest: has it ever occurred to you that the minister is tired too, and that he would like to stay at home and rest, and that you make his work so much more wearisome by staying away and letting him go through it alone? I know that a great many people have an idea, indefinite and half-expressed, that the minister does not have a great deal to do, except to preach on Sunday morning. I heard a gentleman say within a week something like this: I work six days, and rest Sunday: you work Sunday, and rest the other six days. So thoughtless are people in regard to the real burdens that oppress a minister's heart and crush out his life! If a minister be true and faithful, he works six days as hard as any one in the pew, and on Sunday two or three times as hard as on any other day. Do not ask, then, whether you are tired or not, whether it is stormy or not, but go to church, and give him at least that help in preaching, and preaching effectively, so that he may carry on still better this work of the ministry in which he is engaged.

I think we ought at least to have reciprocity in this matter. The minister will not object to your staying at home, if you let him stay there also. But is it not a little unfair to ask him to come and go through the lonely service, while you are resting at home and keeping out of the storm? Is it too much to ask that the pew shall be measured by the same rule that is applied to the pulpit?

3. There is another reason why people should be in their pews every Sunday. Every minister is perfectly conscious of the fact that, when he preaches a sermon, he is unable to give full, complete, rounded treatment to any one single theme. Every sermon he preaches is a fragment. He cannot give adequate treatment to any great theme in twenty or thirty minutes, or even in an hour, if your patience will bear as much as that. Supposing you come every other Sunday or only one Sunday in three, then you only get *fragments of the* minister's teaching. You misunderstand

him in regard to the position he holds, and perhaps feel a little questioning as to the soundness of his teaching,—not because he has not, in the course of the year, rounded out and completed any particular theme, but because you did not hear it all. You only heard the first, the middle, or the last part of it, and do not comprehend that the complete treatment required more than one Sunday. Every little while I come across some illustration of this fact.

A lady in my parish came to me last summer grieved and troubled over what she supposed had been my teaching concerning certain views of religious experience and life. She was troubled, because she felt that there was nowhere out of humanity any place of refuge, of hope. And she thought I had taught that! And yet I had preached the precise opposite. There were especial reasons in her case why she could not have heard me every Sunday; but, if she had done so, she would never have misunderstood me in that way.

4. There is yet another thing. I know that the minister many and many a time tries your patience with a poor sermon. But, if you knew how he tries his own patience with that same sermon, you would sympathize with him instead of blaming him. You only have to hear it: he has to make it and preach it, feeling ashamed of it all the time, yet knowing it was the best possible for him to write under the circumstances, disturbed and distracted with a thousand things,—engagements to meet, somebody sick, somebody in trouble, some one to be buried, some one to be married, some public duty to call off his attention at the critical time when he was preparing himself for the inevitable Sunday. He has to furnish the definite "tale of bricks," no matter whether he is out of straw or not, or whether he has had any time to find the straw or not, or to make the bricks of the proper consistency. I feel often like putting in a hearty plea for the minister who now and then preaches a poor sermon; for, nine times out of ten, he has probably done the very best he could. But he asks you to come and hear it, and by

your sympathy and co-operation to make it a better sermon than it would otherwise be. The sympathy, the tenderness, the love, the helpfulness of the audience make at least one half of that which he says. That is why, when you see it afterwards in print, you say it is not the same. The minister is gone, the audience is gone, and you have only the cold residuum left that the type has been able to catch and retain.

5. And, then, think what it means to face the same audience every week for a year, and year after year! Let any other speaker whatever be asked to stand a similar test, and the minister need not fear the result of the trial. Take your witty, brilliant, story-telling campaign speaker, whose effort is applauded to the echo, and ask him to repeat the sensation with the same audience every week, and how soon would his brilliancy grow dim! Apply the test to the lawyer, the public orator in the Senate or the House, or to the popular lecturer. I wonder, not that the minister is not always brilliant, but that, considering the conditions of his work and his outside distractions, he is able to maintain so high a standard of public speaking as he does. I dare to say that no other man, in any profession, meets so exacting a demand with such uniform excellence.

6. Another thing. Surround the minister in all his public work with an atmosphere of sympathy. Let him feel that you are one with him in the work in which he is engaged; that you are not standing apart as a cold critic to pick him to pieces, and find fault with what he does, but that you are touching elbows, shoulder to shoulder, that you are helping him in the things toward which he is reaching out and striving earnestly to attain. Sometimes, a housekeeper has a favorite plant; and, in spite of watering and weeding and tending, it withers and dies. Why? There is some lack in the atmosphere. It reaches out its leaves and tendrils for the food that the air does not contain; and so, in spite of everything, it pines and fades away. Many a time, a minister finds himself heartless and hopeless just for the lack of this something in the air toward which he reaches out his hungry ten-

drils, this something that he does not find: it is nothing positive, nothing definite, just a lack of cordial, hearty sympathy. Surround him then with those influences that he needs, and hold him up, and stimulate him, and make him courageous and strong.

7. One thing more. Tell the minister — I am speaking for thousands of ministers all over the country, not for myself — *when he helps you.* I do not ask you to flatter him. Any true man has only contempt for what he knows to be flattery; and, if he be a true man, he knows whether it be flattery or not. He does not desire that, or even praise. He only wishes that he may find out in some way whether he is accomplishing the work in which he is engaged. A merchant can look over his ledger: he can balance his books, and tell, at the end of the month or the year, whether he has been making headway or not. A farmer, after he has got his crops in and the harvests gathered, can tell at the end of the year whether he has been running behind or making advance. So in almost every occupation of the world. But how is it with the minister? In our liberal churches, where we do not undertake to go around and pick out the saints, those who have a right to have their names on the church record, how shall we find out whether we are accomplishing the work in which we are engaged or not? I do not know any other way except by the sympathetic look, the hand clasp, the kindly spoken word. The minister only wants to know if he helps the thinking, the living of his people; if he makes the world a little brighter, better, easier for them than it would be without the efforts which he from Sunday to Sunday makes. He doesn't want you to fix your attention on the sermon, and criticise the way in which he expresses himself. He doesn't care to have you tell him how fine his language is, how beautiful his rhetoric, how apt and pat a certain illustration. There is a trite illustration of what I mean. It is said that the difference between the oratory of Cicero and of Demosthenes was expressed by the difference in the ways in which the audience of Rome and of Athens were

accustomed to receive it. When Cicero finished one of his orations, the people would cry out, "What a splendid oration!" But when Demosthenes uttered one of his tremendous orations against the encroachments of the Macedonian power, which was the rival and enemy of Athens in those days, the people said not a word about Demosthenes or his oration, but cried, "Let us go and fight Philip!" They were so full of the theme that they forgot the man, and were ready to do the thing that he desired. I do not know of any man worthy of occupying a pulpit who would not gladly give up the words of praise, if you will only say, when he gets through, "Let us go and fight Philip!"—"Let us do the thing that ought to be done."

In some such ways as this you can help the minister preach; and, unless he does have this kind of help, his preaching will be poor, weak, and vain. For no minister can preach alone, no minister can preach in an exhausted receiver. No minister can preach except as he feels inspired by those to whom he speaks, and feels lifted up and moved by the tide of enthusiasm toward a common end that both the pulpit and the pew ought to have as the object of their attainments.

II. There is another side of the minister's work in which he needs very seriously the assistance of the pew; and that is in the social work of the society.

1. Times have changed since fifty or sixty years ago. Then the minister had almost no rivals. Newspapers, if they existed, were poor and few. Magazines perhaps had no existence at all. Literature of every kind was scarce. The minister was newspaper, magazine, lecture platform, general literature, library for the town. It did not need much energy on his part to keep up with his people and to lead them on. Whatever he chose to give them from Sunday to Sunday was probably better than any intellectual food that they had received during the week. And so it came to them as something fresh, invigorating, strong. But, in these latter days, the minister must give the larger part of his time to study;

and, if he is to be worthy of your attention, the great source of his power must be the pulpit. It is what he can do on Sunday morning that gauges his power, his ability, his influence. If you can be proud of your minister on Sunday morning, if you can be stimulated, helped, lifted up, led on by him, you will pardon almost anything else, if you are wise. If you have to apologize for him then, say that he cannot preach very well, but that he is a very nice man, very pleasant to see around, and to have call; if he is not efficient in the direction of the pulpit,— it will be only a little while before the people will be dissatisfied and desirous of change.

2. Now, the minister is limited in this matter. He is limited as to the amount of work he can do in a social way, and is hampered in a very serious fashion. He must be ready for Sunday morning's service. He must perform public duties. He must attend funerals and weddings. There are a hundred outside things required of him. There are only a few fragments of time left him for his social duties, for getting acquainted with his people. And yet, if you think the minister has not called for a long time, that he has neglected you, just remember that he is as anxious to be acquainted with you as you are to be acquainted with him. Do what you can to help him. Meet him half-way, and a little more than half-way. If he does not recognize you on the street, stop him and speak to him, and tell him who you are. If you go to a general sociable, instead of spending all the time talking with some friend in a corner that you already know, talk with the minister and get acquainted with him. If he forgets your name, even after he has been introduced to you, don't take offence at it. I have a perfect genius for forgetting people's names. It troubles me a good deal more than it does you. I cannot help it. I do the very best I can. But remember it is a little easier for you to keep my name in mind than for me to keep a thousand or two thousand. If I fail here, do not take it as any neglect or personal offence, but help me to remember, and meet me

as often as you can in these social ways. If you call on the minister, that is only one or two or three calls; while, if he should attempt to call on you in the same way, it would be an impossible task. Suppose any one of you should attempt to call on everybody else in this church next year. You would find you would have to neglect all other business seriously. If you were successful in one, you could not be in the other and more important aims of life. Remember, then, to meet your minister more than half-way. How can he preach to you, unless he is acquainted with you? I do not believe much in sermons adapted to all the world, but not to any state of mind in particular. It would be much like a physician writing out prescriptions for society in general instead of prescribing for a special case. Your minister needs to know you.. He wants to know you. Give him credit for that. And, if he does not call this week or next or for six months, it is because he is trying to do all the time the things that must be done, and feels impelled to do first those things that seem the *most* needful.

3. Another thing you can do. A society to be organized and compacted into a successful working organization needs not only to be acquainted with the minister, but with each other. And here let me say a word with regard to social castes, classes, grades, and conditions. An orthodox clergyman said to me awhile ago that he found it impossible to get a general sociable of his society. They come in layers or sections. If the upper layer comes, the lower stays away: he cannot get the people to come together. Now, friends, it seems to me that, if we choose to keep up these factitious distinctions everywhere else, it is a very poor thing to keep them up in the church. Here, in the presence of the Eternal, our Father in heaven, the one God of us all,— here, at any rate, when we remember that these distinctions are so ephemeral, and that it is only the eternal part of us that is to endure, we ought to be able to forget these things, and clasp hands as children of God and co-workers for the welfare of humanity. Here in this country, of all others, we ought to forget

such petty distinctions. There are few social distinctions that are worth anything in America. Yet the people constantly try to make them. There are persons who live in one part of a town who will not recognize those living in another part, although they themselves may have lived the most of their lives there. They were common people last week: this week, having become suddenly rich, they do not associate with common people. These petty, mean distinctions,— let us not have them, at any rate, in the church. If a man knows that he is a gentleman and a woman that she is a lady, you never see that gentleman or that lady anxious or troubled about lowering themselves by speaking to some one humbler than themselves. It is only the person not quite sure of his social footing who is anxious about compromising himself.

Try then to help your minister to weld the religious society into a social organism. Let there be a thrill of sympathy running through it making it one: so that it can act as a society together, whose business it is to help on the welfare of men and women and make the world a nobler, sweeter place to live in.

III. There is another way in which you can help the minister. I approach this with something of trepidation, but I want to speak a little about the Sunday-school.

1. It is with me a very serious question whether there is really more than one in ten that pays for its existence, that it is really worth while to have; and this for the reason that they are managed in an inefficient way. They are not treated rationally, earnestly, as though they meant anything or could mean anything. And yet I do not feel like suspending the one connected with this society, for the reason that the children are accustomed to come. If we did not furnish them one here, they would find one elsewhere, and would learn things that they would have to unlearn, things worse than the poorest that they will learn among us. Yet how can we make the Sunday-school what it ought to be? How redeem and lift it up to its true place? As it is now, if half of them were abolished and the children would go to church

instead, it would perhaps be better for them. I remember my own childhood. I went to both church and Sunday-school. But, so far as noble inspirations are concerned, the sentiment of devoutness, of worship, of aspiration, of a sense of being lifted up and brought into relations with the divine, I got more in the church, although I understood only a little of what the minister said. I breathed in this air of devoutness and worship and aspiration. They moulded and shaped my life, though I did not know that it was being moulded and shaped. So I got more religious life in the church than in the Sunday-school. I believe this is true of many in existence now. It is not the fault of the Sunday-school, but of the method in which it is conducted. How shall we make it better? People in the pews are ready to criticise and find fault about it; but what shall we do?

Let me give an illustration of the difficulty. I refer to a fact; but I shall use the fact in a fictitious way, because I do not wish to be regarded as personal. A father had a son in a Sunday-school last year. The child did not learn very much. There were no lessons given to be learned at home. When the teacher was through with the lesson, which was made as easy as possible, stories were told or read to the children. The father grumbled about it. He said nothing was required of his boy, and it was hardly worth while for him to go. A few weeks after, the teacher was changed. The new one was in earnest. She gave the boy lessons to be learned at home. Then this same parent began to find fault again. The boy was worked hard all the week in school; how could the Sunday-school expect that he would learn lessons for Sunday? it ought not to be required of him. Two complaints of an exactly opposite nature from the same source and in the same Sunday-school.

2. The trouble is the Sunday-school is not treated seriously enough by the parents. They regard it as something entertaining or amusing for the children, or as something for getting them out of the way. Help the superintendent and teachers to make it have more meaning. Let the children

know that it is treated as seriously as the day school; that something is to be done there; that something is to be taught; that it has a definite object. The children will take their tone from you on this matter. Let me talk to the child, and I can find out what father and mother think of the Sunday-school, and whether they think of it at all or not. Let it mean something at home, and half the work is done.

Then, in regard to the teachers, remember that the minister cannot create the teachers. The superintendent cannot create them. If there are good teachers for half the school, that little group cannot create teachers for the other half. I know that the average teacher in our Sunday-schools is not an ideal one. How can you expect them to be? They are volunteers. They are not paid. They are willing to take the class for the hour; but only a few are ready to work, to study, to sacrifice for it. This is the kind of teaching that we have to rely on. If we had a few paid teachers who should make it their business to be ready, we might revolutionize the whole system in six months; but we have nothing of this kind, and hence let me say this. If you do not like the teacher that has charge of your boy or girl, then come and teach yourself. Here are persons ready to do the work for you. You cannot dismiss them if they are not satisfactory, because they are not in your pay. You cannot very well find fault with them conscientiously, because, as a general thing, they are doing the best they can. Come then yourself, if you do not like them, and make better teachers. Do you say you are too busy? I have learned one lesson in my experience in the ministry. If I have anything I want done, I never go to a person who has nothing to do. People say: I am busy, I cannot take time to teach in Sunday-school. I want the rest on Sunday morning. If I want anything done, I always go to a busy person. Why? Because, if there are any men who have plenty of time on their hands, they are the people who are indisposed to do anything or else are incompetent. It is the busy people that we want in the Sunday-school. If you have nothing to do outside the Sun-

day-school, do not come and offer your services as teachers. We do not want you. If you are very busy, because you are competent, because you are interested and earnest, come and give us a fragment of your time. You can do it as well as other busy people, if you will. Come and help us make the Sunday-school mean something, if you think it should mean anything.

IV. I want to appeal to all churches to help their ministers in another department; and that is the one of our outside missionary work, the cultivation of that field which reaches beyond the limit of his own parish.

1. You know how broad this field is. There is, for example, a little struggling church down in Louisiana, or out in Nebraska, reaching out its hands to us for help. A building needs to be put up. Something demands to be done, in order that the little society may not be crippled in its home work. Then, in a great city like this,—and the same is true in smaller places,—there are the poor that are "always with us"; and the better class of these poor people cannot be helped by the ordinary mechanism of charity. We cannot have any substitute for the tender human heart and hand in doing the most needed part of the charitable work of the world. There are people tender, sensitive, used to better things, who need not so much money as encouragement, a little help, comfort. Who shall do this? The minister cannot do it all. It must be done by the people in the pews. Then every little while there is a call for money to meet some other want, to carry some missionary operations through, to spread abroad the literature that represents the thought of the modern world, to teach, enlighten, uplift the people who sit in darkness. Money is wanted, effort is wanted, thought is wanted, time is wanted, care is wanted. Who shall give it all? Not the minister surely. He cannot furnish money; he cannot furnish time; he has not the hands, the brain, the heart, the strength to do one-tenth of *it all. Who* shall do it? Who, if not the people in the *pews?*

2. There is one especial phase of this that I want to call to mind. I know that business men are accustomed to think a minister is very easily touched in a charitable way, and that he is frequently fooled and imposed upon. I am willing to confess a good deal of truth in this as pertaining to myself. I find it very hard to say "no," even when I believe in my heart that "no" is the word that ought to be uttered. It is a great deal easier to give something to an applicant and have him go away with a smile and thanks than it is to feel that you have turned him away, especially when there is a doubt as to whether it is a true case or a fraud. Now, what shall we do? People in the pews would contribute a great deal more of their money, if they knew about the case and thoroughly believed that the work ought to be done. But just here is the point of my appeal. I had a friend, one of this parish, say to me two or three years ago, "I should be perfectly willing to give money, if I were sure that it were not going to be put into a hole in the ground; if I knew that it were going to accomplish something worth while; if it were something I was interested in and thought ought to be done." One of two things: you must trust the minister's judgment,—and it is not always infallible,—or else you yourself must be acquainted with the case. The minister would like to have your judgment. He would like to talk over this case with you. He ought to. He ought to consider the case of this church in Nebraska. He ought to consider the case of this poor woman struggling with little children about her feet to lead an honest life. The society as a whole or through its designated committee ought to be acquainted with this case, and so advise him to give or refrain from giving. Then the minister should stand up in the presence of his people and say: "I want help in this operation; and it is not merely my judgment, but the judgment of wise, clear-headed, practical men in earnest to accomplish the work of the kingdom of God. They have looked it over with me, and they say it ought to be done." The parish must help the minister, the

pew must help the pulpit, in regard to such work as this. Now consider for a moment. Suppose there were in existence one single church in America that lived out completely the ideal that I have been trying to sketch. The minister of that church would feel his heart throb with perpetual joy and peace and hope. And the existence of one such church would be a contagion to infect all its neighbors with its wisdom, with its love, with its devout heroism, its union, enthusiasm. And so this example of goodness would become catching, infectious, and the spirit would spread all over the land.

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"And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.... And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil. And now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever, therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man: and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."—GEN. ii., 16, 17; iii., 22–24.

"But now they desire a better country."— HEB. xi., 16.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God;... and it had twelve gates: ... on the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.... And the gates of it shall not be shut at all.... And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it."— REV. xxi., 10–13, 25, 26.

IT seems that for once, at any rate, "the serpent" told the truth, even if afterward he did become "the father of lies." In his famous conversation with Eve, she had told him that they were not allowed to touch the fruit of the tree of knowledge on pain of death. And he had replied, "Ye shall not surely die"; for the gods know that on the day you eat of it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like them, knowing good and evil. And the outcome seemed to justify his statement; for the Elohim appear to have talked the matter over, saying, "Behold, the man is become as one

of us, to know good and evil." And the expulsion at last has about it a flavor of jealousy,— "lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever." He had already become like them, except in the matter of immortality, which they possessed and he did not; and, to prevent his gaining this also, they drove him out of the garden.

Before I go any further, I want you to notice the significance of my unusually long text. The first part of it shows us a lost Eden. In the middle, we see humanity out on a journey. Having left one country, they desire a better one, and are travelling in search of it. An unsettled, restless life is a journey, looking forward to a land to be attained. And the last part of the text shows us an ideal city, full of glory and peace, open on all sides, the common home of all nations. This has all the good of the lost Eden, together with knowledge and immortality, which the other one lacked.

We need not trouble ourselves this morning with the strange and curious way in which these myths have grown. Neither need we trouble ourselves with the distorted, unjust, and cruel meanings which traditional orthodoxy has extracted from them. I have quite another end in view. Whatever the writers meant, or have been supposed to mean, we have here a beautiful poem or parable of human life.

All of us have been in Eden. All of us who are old enough to have tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge have been driven out of it. All of us, who have not lost heart and hope, look forward to the possible attainment, in this world or some other, of another Eden,— a place or state of peace and rest once more.

The great mass of intelligent and thoughtful men and women in the modern world are, mentally and religiously, living in tents; they are *en route*, on a journey; they have "no abiding city." They are unsettled in their opinions: concerning some of the greatest questions of the world, they do not know what to believe. The teachers themselves are unsettled; and where must the pupils be? And this

state of transition is an unpleasant one. Except for a vacation, people do not like to live in their trunks, sleeping every night in a new place, always amid unfamiliar surroundings, with no spot to call home. For a while, they may enjoy this, particularly if they are looking forward to rest and home at the end. But to be permanently a man or a woman "without a country," — this is unbearable.

There is a story that, during the time of the crusades of the Middle Ages, a great army of children left their homes and started out on an enthusiastic pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and in their youthful fancy, every time that the spires of a new city rose to view, they supposed they were at their journey's end, and they cried out, "Is this Jerusalem?" And each time their hearts sank within them as they found it was only some common town, and again they must take up their weary journey. So, in the mental and spiritual journey of the modern world, the people are very weary, and are almost ready to believe that any muddy town where they may sit down and rest is the golden-streeted city. But no: believing ever so hard cannot turn a wayside inn into the eternal home of the soul. We are out of Eden: there is no use in disguising it; and now we must seek after the "better country."

But, now, whose fault is it that we have lost our Eden of mental and religious peace? When a bird is disturbed and driven out of a cosey nest, she will flutter about wildly, scolding and screaming at the intruder, even though he may be a friend warning her and frightening her away from an impending danger. She does not know of the danger: she only knows that she does not like to be disturbed. So men and women cry out in anger at those who bring the unwelcome news that their Eden of cosey ignorance is no longer a safe place of abode. They are angry, as though men wilfully and maliciously created the truth which they only announce. All they care about at first is the uncomfortable fact that they are being disturbed, and must move. As though a person, asleep in the middle of the night, should

resent being waked up and told that the house is on fire, and he cannot stay in it any longer.

If you listen to a large part of the discussion in orthodox reviews and newspapers, you would suppose that Herbert Spencer and Darwin and Huxley and such men were alone responsible for the unrest of the modern world; that men and women might have lived on forever in the quiet Eden of the old faith, and that it would have still remained true, if they had said nothing about it. So, sometimes, you will hear a conservative and timid Unitarian talking as though everything would be all lovely and quiet, if only the radicals would not talk out loud in meeting. But what is it that these men have done? They have not made the new ideas true nor the old ones untrue. Copernicus did not make the Ptolemaic theory of the universe false, and so wilfully disturb the Old World: he only saw for the first time, and told people what had always been true. Modern science did not destroy the truth of the origin of man in Eden and create another truth of the antiquity of the race, so upsetting another truth,—on which the whole theological scheme of Christendom has rested,—the fall of man. It only found out that the modern view had always been true, and that the older ideas had always been false. Darwin did not create the fact that man has descended from the animal world. It has always been a fact: he only discovered and told it. So modern Unitarianism did not create the fact that Jesus was a man like other men, killing a god in the process. It did not create the fact that the Bible is not infallible, and that hell is a hideous dream. It did not create the fact that this is a universe of law, not to be interfered with by the whims of men, even though those whims took the form of prayers. All these things are only discoveries of eternal truths. If people are to resent them, and be angry about them, surely the persons who have only found them out are not the ones to be angry with. The *resentment should* be directed against the Power that made *them as they are.*

But men and women have lost their lotus-eaters' Eden of quiet and repose, and they must start out in search of some other place of rest; and they are angry with the ones who have told them the disturbing truths. A man once said to me, "I am at peace in my belief; and, even if I am wrong, I do not want to find it out." Thousands of people have a similar feeling, though they may not express it quite so frankly.

But, again, who is to blame? It is the knowledge, surely; not the men who only tell it. Yes, friends, let us look the fact in the face: the fruit of the tree of knowledge always turns the one who eats it out of Eden. This is the principle. Take now a few familiar illustrations of its working.

Childhood is an Eden of ignorant innocence, in which all of us have dwelt as undeveloped Adams and Eves; and it is frequently spoken of as the ideal of all tranquillity and happiness. The poet Gray pictures himself as overlooking a group of children at their sports on the play-grounds of Eton; and he moralizes thus: —

> "Alas! regardless of their doom,"—

the doom of growing up and facing the realities of life,—

> "The little victims play;
> No fear have they of ills to come,
> Nor cares beyond to-day."

And he adds: —

> "Why should they know their fate?
> Since sorrow never comes too late,
> And happiness too quickly flies?
> Enough: where ignorance is bliss
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

All this is sharply and tersely put; and it appeals to a vague sentiment and to a longing for rest. But, to speak in plain English, I think the most of it is maudlin nonsense. I have never yet seen a healthy man who would give up the glorious *labors and joys of manhood* and become a child again for

the sake of sneaking away from his share of manhood's burdens and sorrows.

As soon as the child tastes the fruit of the tree of knowledge that grows along his advancing pathway, he finds himself out of the Eden of his childhood: the gate is shut: the flaming sword turns every way to bar his re-entrance: and he must go out into the unknown and untried reaches of the world.

So those who have lived for years in the unquestioning quiet of the older systems of faith must do one of two things. They must resolutely refuse to touch the ripening knowledge of the modern world, or they will lose their ancient Eden. Many see this, and so they persistently refuse to taste. I know ministers who frankly say to their friends that they do not allow themselves to read anything which might disturb their easily shaken faith. Much of the frantic outcry against modern science and criticism is simply an expression of fear. They say they believe; but they are dreadfully afraid that, if they open their eyes to the reality of things, they will lose that belief. They do not trust their faith. This is the real infidelity of the age. Instead of a manly faith in the verity of God's universe, they rush out of the sunlight of the living world, and take refuge in a dismantled, man-made fortification of antique dogma, and try to keep out the sunshine and air of the real world of to-day.

If they want to keep the Eden of their old-time faith, perhaps they are wise. For, if they look fairly at the real truth of things, they cannot keep it. Their position represents the childhood stage of the world's religious life. If they can keep their minds in the childish stage, they may perhaps wander in their Eden a little longer. But it is at a fearful cost; for a childish mind in a grown-up body is one of the saddest sights in all the world. And this child phase of religion cannot last long. The new universe that modern knowledge has discovered, with its new conceptions of God and of man,—these are really very new. Men now living

can remember the beginning of the new revelation that has given us a new world to live in. To the next generation of educated people, the old ideas will be as far away, as mythical, as unreal as are the worlds of Milton and Dante to us to-day.

The Eden of the old faith, then, is hopelessly gone. We have tasted the tree of knowledge. The old time has vanished like a dream. The good angel of truth guards the closed gates of the past. We cannot re-enter it, if we would. There is no use then in lingering under the old walls and longing for the old peace. For better or worse, the flesh-pots of Egypt are behind us. We are in the wilderness. There is a "promised land" ahead of us, that we only dimly see as yet. I know it is uncomfortable in the desert. To tread the paths of new thought is very painful to the feet that are not hardened to the journey. Many get tired and try to go back. Many will tell you that, while it is impossible to go back, it is also useless to go forward; that all talk of a "promised land" is a delusion, and that the wilderness is good enough, if you only think so. But the human heart is always hungry for Eden. People do not like to be all abroad: they like comfort and shelter. If you do not lead them to the true God, they will take up with the gods, the idols, of the heathen.

The fact of our modern unrest and uncertainty in religious matters is plain. That a deeper, broader, and higher knowledge of God's universe is the cause of it is also plain. It is nobody's fault: it only means that the world is outgrowing its childhood and is becoming wiser. That a good many timid people get frightened, and under the lead of men like Cardinal Newman and Bishop Huntington rush back into the old Churches that look so strong in their moss-grown antiquity, is nothing strange. There was a grand revival of paganism when Christianity was young; but that did not turn back the world's advance. I have stood on the beach when the tide was coming in. The damp sand showed where the highest wave had reached. But minutes would

pass away; and, did you not know the potent influences behind the waves, you might think they had sounded a retreat. The undertow is strong, and sweeps back the drift and the sea-weed; and it looks for a while as though the sea had changed its mind, and was going back into the deep. But be not over-confident of any such apparent movement, if you do not wish to get your feet wet. It is the pulse throb of the universe that is at work; and the ninth wave comes sweeping in, clapping its white hands in triumph, and marking for its own a point still higher up the beach. It is so that the world's advance sweeps on. When the spring has come, who is afraid of the belated frosts of April? The new year is in the heavens; and we know that the earth will be green with fresh grasses, fragrant with fair flowers, and laden with luscious fruits.

So, in the face of the present unrest and uncertainty of the world, I cannot feel a fear. When I get into a belt of fog, knowing that light is supreme, that it is above and all around the fog, I always feel sure that the straightest way out of it is to go straight through it, and come out on the other side. Let who will sneak back to the starting point: I propose to go through. Like Columbus, I believe there is land on the further side of every sea. In Bunyan's famous *Pilgrim's Progress*, when Christian and Pliable fell into the Slough of Despond, Pliable crept back to the starting point, and Christian went on and got out on the side toward the Celestial City. Both were soiled with mud; but Christian got somewhere, and Pliable had all his pains for nothing. I propose to go through the present uncertainty, feeling perfectly sure that the trouble is worth while, and that there is an end worth attaining.

Trusting that you, who share with me the uncertainty and unrest that come necessarily from losing the old Eden, are willing to go on until we find the new, I will now try to indicate to you some of the steps of the pathway that, to my mind, promise to lead to a successful issue of our journey.

The object of all thought and study — beyond the mere

pleasure one may find in literature — is the discovery of a satisfactory theory of life, in which the mind may be at rest, while we pursue our labors and try to realize our ideals. The old theory of the world, of God and of man, of duty and destiny, was such a satisfactory theory, so long as the world could believe it to be true and so long as men were morally undeveloped. But, as the world has grown wiser, it has been found that the old theory does not account for or agree with the facts. For example, it has been found that the ideas of the past about the world, about God, about man, about how the world is governed, about sin and evil, about death and the future,—it has been found, I say, that these ideas have been, in whole or in part, mistaken and false. The old ideas, then, no longer fit our thought, and so they cannot any longer furnish a rational shelter for the mind of man. We cannot rest in them any more than we can go back and rest in the old idea that the sun revolves around the earth. Now and then, some lonely Reverend Jasper will still claim that "the sun do move"; but all sensible men will still be sure that Galileo was right, and that it is the world that moves.

What have we found, then, in our new universe out of which to construct another paradise,— a place of peace for the mind, of rest for the heart, of hope for the future of humanity? An old continent sometimes gradually sinks until it is submerged by the sea, while the inhabitants escape to a new and hitherto uninhabited land. Here all is wilderness at first, however fertile, well wooded, and watered the new soil may be. At first, it will look desolate; and the people will be lonely and homesick, longing for the old familiar places. But, gradually, they will bring it under cultivation, vines will grow over the cottages, and old associations will hallow its homes with memories of love and service.

So we must not expect our new paradise to be done all at once. We must cultivate the fields, build our homes, and leave to time the doing of those things that time only can accomplish. To lead us out of the discomfort that accompanies the religious unrest of the age, we need, then, at least

four things: 1. We need satisfaction for the intellect, which is to be found in seeing that our thoughts about things agree with the facts. This is what we mean by seeing and resting in the truth. 2. We need satisfaction for the heart: this implies some worthy object on which to lavish our love. The heart is as anxious to love as the eye is to see. 3. We need satisfaction for the conscience, the moral nature; and this can be found only in seeing that justice and right are a part of the nature of things, and that they tend to become supreme. 4. We need room for the spiritual nature to unfold its reverence, its aspiration, and its boundless hope.

These are the four fundamental and eternal wants of human nature. And the old religion, the lost Eden, can now supply neither of these. It is not true; and so the intellect must reject it. It is cruel and hard and partial; and so the heart rejects it. It is hideously unjust; and so the moral nature revolts at it. It cannot revere and respect that which the judgment declares to be unworthy of reverence. And its hope for man is darkened by the wrathful gloom that broods forever above its endless and uselessly cruel hell. No place for us there, then. We cannot go back.

Let us turn, then, and glance at a few main features of our new and "better country."

1. We have indeed found a home for the mind. We have discovered an order in the universe that satisfies the most exacting intellect. Every new truth fits into its place, and lifts up its voice as a witness to confirm the general accuracy of the theory that the modern world now holds. The stars and the earth, the fossil-bearing rocks, and all historic remains, the distribution of plants and animals, the growth of languages and religions, and the records of migrating races,— all combine to tell one story. And that story is the new creed of every intelligent and educated man.

2. We have found a home for the heart. No healthy, unselfish, and unbiassed heart can love either the god or the man of the old theology. But, when we read the story of *the low beginning* and the magnificent attainments of the

man that modern science pictures for us, who can help the quick heart-throb of exulting admiration! And when we behold the order of the world, and see how "through the ages one increasing purpose runs," and how the true and the tender and the good are growing from age to age, who can help having his heart go out in love toward that Power that lives and moves through all things, and that is gradually leading the race up to mountain summits of light and blessedness!

3. We have also found, in this modern universe of ours, a home for the conscience. The Power that works in and through the earth and man is "a Power that makes for righteousness." Justice is the corner-stone of things; and, as the world revolves through shadow and through shine,

> "Ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done."

The old theory is steeped in partiality and injustice and cruelty. We begin to see in the new theory the outlines of a perfect and beneficent order.

4. And, once more, we have found a home for the spirit. Instead of denying and quenching the spiritual nature of man, it seems to me more likely that the upshot of modern science is to be a perception of the fact that the infinite universe is spirit and life all through. In the light of the past, then, and looking toward the future, no attitude of the soul finds such natural justification as does that of aspiration and worship. While, in a world whose age-long history is such a luminous line of progress from the beginning until to-day, no hope in looking toward the future can be grand enough to be called extravagant. The voice of the past seems to say to man, Hope anything you will, ask anything you will, and it shall be given you.

The things that are in doubt, then, in the theological world are as nothing compared to the things that are certain. There is no doubt about right and wrong. There is *wide room for love, for labor,* and for hope. The earth is

under our feet, and we — this race of ours — can turn it into a paradise. The sky is over our heads, the scowling faces of divine hate have fled with the night shadows, and the blue hovers lovingly over our homes. When the nights come, it is only to open to our view an endless vista of stars, whose infinite range suggests to us infinite possibilities beyond all that eye hath seen or fancy painted. And, now and again, out of the clouds of sorrow and loss that sometimes close us around come whispers that reassure our hope that those we call dead are still alive, and bound to us still by bonds of love that weaken not with years.

Gradually, then, we are building up a better Eden than that old one of ignorant innocence that knowledge has destroyed. This is the "city that hath foundations," and that will abide forever. Its foundations are blocks of truth hewn out of the quarries of the ages. Its walls are justice and right, ever rising and strengthening as the years go by. Its gates are open to the four quarters of the earth; and it is becoming the free home of the nations. And, through knowledge, through doubt, through struggle, we are developing a manhood and womanhood that shall make us fit to be free citizens of the eternal city of God.

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OUR HEROIC AGE.

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"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. Such as did bear rule, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies; leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions. They were the glory of their times.

"There be of them that have left a name behind them; and some there be which have no memorial. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their work liveth forevermore."— ECCLUS. xliv., 1, 3, 4, 8, 9, 14.

"There were giants in the earth in those days."— GEN. vi., 4.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

IT is always difficult to see greatness close at hand. It is said that "no man is great to his valet." Though I am most emphatically of the opinion that, in such a case, it is not the greatness of the man, but the stupidity of the valet, that is at fault. When a man has achieved a great reputation, most people revere him at a distance; but, if they get near enough to shake hands with him, the "enchantment" of distance is gone, the "azure hue" is invisible, and the mountainous elevation seems to them levelled to the commonplace. And, forgetting his greatness, they may even end by fixing their chief attention on the way he combs his hair or the set of his clothes.

Mount Washington towers grandly in the distance, calmly looking high over the heads of all his fellows. But a tourist may get so close to it as entirely to lose sight of its summit; *or, lost* in the shrubbery on its sides, he may see only the

common rocks that impede his journey and the muddy soil in which his feet are slipping. But by what name would you call him, if, in the midst of such trifles, he forgot all the sublimity above him?

The most hopeful of all our human attributes is the capacity to be touched, thrilled, inspired, by that which is above us. This is the germ and promise of all advance. Men never struggle to attain that which they do not appreciate. When Thorwaldsen had completed his great statue of Christ, his friends noticed that he seemed depressed and sad. When asked for the reason, he declared that he should never do any great work again; because, said he, "I can now execute as well as I can think." That is, his ideal had ceased to outrun his power of execution. When any man's ideal does not exceed his performance, all hope of growth is gone.

And this same end — of discouragement, and so the cessation of growth — may be reached in another way, even while the capacity for the admiration of ideal excellence still remains. Suppose the young men and women of a country are taught to overlook, or perhaps even to underestimate or despise, those ideals of greatness most fitted to touch them,— the incarnated heroisms of their own age and nation,— what then?

This, which is a real danger, assumes two forms.

First, there is the danger already alluded to, of seeing only those heroisms of the world that are far away. When the moon is just rising, seen with horizontal eye through the density of the low-lying strata of the air, it looms into gigantic proportions. Again, it sets with a like unusual glory. But, when looking small just overhead, it is still the same moon, and is shedding over the earth a far more brilliant light. So the rising lights of the world's civilization appeal to the romantic imagination, and create for us, far off in the golden haze of dawn, a fanciful heroic age. It has always been so, that men have berated the degeneracy of the present age and glorified the past. But this same past was

thought degenerate at the time, and became heroic only when it was gone. The self-styled puny present has always looked back across the level reaches of the world, and seen, looming through the mists of antiquity, the "giants" that trod the earth "in those days." It is always "in those days," not now.

The age of David saw only the heroic times of the patriarchs; while David himself was pursued by petty enemies, who, like Shimei, would never have been heard of, had they not cursed the old king like a fish-woman and thrown mud at him in his exile. In the time of Christ, David had taken on the proportions of a national hero, and all the glory of the past gathered about him; while Jesus was only an upstart adventurer from Galilee, who dared to be wiser than the conventional standards of his time. But when they had got him out of the way, and the halo of antiquity had begun to encircle his head, then he, too, the radical insurrectionist of his time, is exalted to the heavens.

And still the same tendency exists. The past, the past has all the greatness, the goodness, the glory; and we, alas! are fallen on evil and degenerate times! But it is high time that sensible people had outgrown this folly. It is the same kind of unreal sentimentality that sees all the beauty and goodness of life in childhood. The past is the childhood of the world. And, if the world has not grown any in all the ages, it is about time that the farce of our pretended civilization were brought to an end. But it has grown; and it is only maudlin grumblers at the grand procession of the ages who fail to see it.

"Now, of all times, is the eldest:
  This hour in her hand doth hold
Garnered fruit of all the ages,
  All their sifted grains of gold.

"'With the Ancient dwelleth wisdom'?
  Seek, then, where the Ancient dwells!
Hear To-day: and, bending forward,
  Catch the truth To-morrow tells."

This finding all the glory in the past is one danger. The other danger — though a very real one — is only the exaggeration of a virtue.

Among the great forces that mould and lift up the life of a nation's young men and women, none is more important than the great deeds and great names of its own history. If it has none, then God help its future! But, if it has, then whoever robs us of them works us an almost irreparable injury. He takes away our guiding stars and our inspirations. He helps to lower the common consciousness to the level of the commonplace. He makes life seem poor and mean, and so cuts the mainspring of all our noblest ambitions. For, after all, the most effective incitement to hopeful effort that can be brought to bear on a young man is to know that grand deeds have been wrought by men of his own race and age. This makes a great life seem possible.

I said the danger of robbing us of these ideals lies hid in the exaggeration of what, in itself, is a virtue. Let us see how this is. No man, how much soever entitled to be called great or good, is perfect. I see no reason to suppose that even the character of Jesus was faultless. At any rate, fool and knave, drunkard, glutton, and crazy were some of the choice epithets bestowed on him by the abusive hatred of his time. The finest piece of marble has a flaw in it, if you choose to search closely enough. And, if you take a microscope and fix your whole attention on it, you may come to forget that there is anything there except the flaw. But what would you think of the critic who should gaze at a weather stain on the Venus of Milo until he forgot all the peerless beauty of the finest ideal of womanhood that was ever wrought in marble?

The conscience of the present age has advanced, and lifted up the ethical standard to a point far in advance of any age that has preceded it. Faults that, a hundred years ago, would have been lightly passed over, meet now with such public reprobation that, if not amended, they must at least be concealed. We look more closely into personal habits,

and are less tolerant of personal vices. This indicates an immense progress, and may well be noted by those who think the world is getting worse. The outcry against the crimes and immoralities of the age does not indicate that there are more of them than there used to be. It only means that—thanks to the newspapers—they are all spread out on our breakfast-tables, and that we are less disposed to tolerate them than our fathers were. Such personal escapades of great men as were only the jokes of London clubs a century ago would to-day, were they known, relegate them to private life. Our modern age is nothing, if not critical. The detective is on the track of every public man and public measure.

All this is well, and indicates a healthy public sentiment up to a certain point. But a true criticism does not go mad on fault-finding. It is not a vice-finder only, but a virtue-finder as well. When carried too far, this flaw-hunting leads to demoralization. It is said that a doctor sometimes gets into such a state of mind that he is really interested only in a remarkable case of disease. Health has ceased to fascinate him. So the moral doctor may get so that he is not quite happy unless he smells malaria in the air. The rôle of the professional reformer is a dangerous one. When he has cleaned, scoured, and polished up all the social machinery within his reach, he is sometimes tempted to sling mud at something or somebody, for the mere pleasure of rubbing it off again. He dreads lest his occupation should be gone. So a discouraging impression gets abroad that everything is going to the bad. This disheartens; and people say, Well, if, after all, so little has been gained, even in this nineteenth century, what is the use of our soiling our clothes by giving a lift at the muddy old wheel of progress? And so they either draw off in dainty, dilettante isolation or else plunge into the vulgar scramble of the market place.

I doubt if there was ever a time in history when there was *more of* this kind of feeling abroad. All governmental

affairs are grouped together, and nicknamed "the dirty pool of politics." Ministers and all "nice" people are warned to keep out of it. As though to leave the whole public business in the hands of a few professional tricksters were the way to mend matters! The newspapers and professional talkers on both sides have picked flaws, criticised, and depreciated so long that the great mass of the people seem half-inclined to take them at their word, and to bewail that all the public virtues have fled the earth. They appear to believe with hump-backed Richard that

> "The world is grown so bad
> That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch."

The men of the past were eagles, they think, while now only buzzards fly and hover in the fetid air.

But do you know, friends, how stupidly false and mischievous all this impression is? Even the noble President of our noble Harvard has been led away by this excess of criticism into helping to father and further this delusion. In a public utterance a few months ago, he made the impression on the thousands of minds that pay a well-earned deference to what he says that the last twenty years of our history had been largely a vulgar scramble of unscrupulous men. But, if the young men of to-day find nothing of inspiration in our recent history, it can certainly be the fault of no one except their teachers. For I now proceed to lay down, and will then proceed to illustrate, the following proposition: —

The last twenty-three years of our national life constitute the Heroic Age of America. And no equal number of years in all the past has displayed more of the noblest qualities of human nature or contributed more to the elevation of the race.

To defend and illustrate this proposition, time will permit me to do no more than group my facts in broad masses, and indicate some of their main outlines.

1. I need only suggest the heroisms of the battle-fields that were the bloody footsteps marking the track of the

nation's progress from 1861 to 1865. The world thought, and — losing faith in ourselves — we also half-believed, that timid peace and the tradesman's greed had emasculated our people, and that they had ears only for the factory hum or the lute of ease. But the echo of one gun reverberated over the North; and the pruning-hook became a spear and the ploughshare was turned into a sword. The hoe, the axe, the yardstick, and the pen became transformed to keep pace with the transfiguration of our fathers and brothers and sons into heroes. As the news of the last battle-field came throbbing over the wires, we waked up to see that the carpenter whose empty shop was in the next street, the young lawyer who had been waiting for his first case, the old school-fellow who sat on the bench beside us and with whom we wrestled at recess, had inscribed his name with his sword-point high up beside those of whom history had written and poets sung. Never, beneath the walls of Troy or on the plains of Marathon; never, by knight of Arthur or paladin of Charlemagne; never, by old crusader in battle for the Holy Sepulchre, have nobler deeds been done than, to pass over more illustrious names, those wrought by our own Bartlett and Shaw.

But I need not tell the story. You know it yourselves, and only need, instead of sighing for the heroisms of the past, to interpret it aright, and read its glorious meaning. And, though I could stop to tell it ever so fully, I should still feel the force of Lowell's thrilling song: —

> "What's words to them whose faith and truth
> On war's red touchstone rang true metal?
> Who ventured life and love and youth
> For the great prize of death in battle?
> To him who, deadly hurt, again
> Flashed on before the charge's thunder,
> Tipping with fire the bolt of men
> That rived the Rebel line asunder?"

And besides these famous men who have "left a name behind them" are the thousands on thousands "which have

no memorial." The individuals are forgotten, except in the homes that will always be lonely and the hearts that cannot forget. "But their work liveth forevermore." Like the soil at the foot of Mount Washington, they are of the same stuff as that which crowns the continent-overlooking summit. And the summit is lofty, holding converse with the stars, because surrounded and supported as it is. It is an age of heroes, of which we were permitted to be a part.

And not all the heroism was in the field. Indeed, it was the easier task of the two to go out into the excitement and the possible promotion and glory of battle. But to wait bravely at home, as did thousands of lonely women, to fight single-handed for bread, to tremble and feel sick at heart at every sound of a battle, to grow faint at the list of the dead lest father or husband or lover were there,—these were the unrecorded heroisms of a thousand common homes.

> "Not all the martyrs were of camp or field:
> Home knew as noble deeds of sacrifice!"

And this war of ours had about it the added glory of its cause. It was not inspired by conquest; and no promises of booty led its legions on. Only for the good of man, only for the hope of civilization, were thousands found willing to die.

2. There is one feature of this war that stands so alone in all the world's history that, though it take few words to tell it, deserves to be set apart in a place by itself. Never before was a great civil contest fought through and marked at the end by no single act of blood or revenge. This marks a grandeur of moral elevation such as the long record of earth's warfare nowhere else can show.

3. Its outcome was no less grand and significant than its method and its close. It ended in creating the first great, real republic that the world has ever seen. It turned four millions of slaves into men and women. It realized what Theodore Parker first expressed, and what Abraham Lincoln amended and immortalized on the field of Gettysburg,—"A

government of the people, and by the people, and for the people." Such a government never had an existence before. These results were ratified and confirmed by the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the National Constitution. Thus, statesmanship secured and cemented the results of the war.

4. Next came a test of the heroic devotion to duty of the common people, quite equal to any that had gone before, and that is unique in the history of the world. Most wars have been paid for heretofore by confiscation of the property of the conquered. Germany made France pay the enormous price — in money and provinces — of her own humiliation. When despots have fought for glory or conquest, the money of the people has been taken by force. But here was a war voluntarily entered on for the rights of man. Leaving one side the ruined industries, the broken homes, the thousands on thousands of lives, the money cost alone was an enormous burden of debt. At first, demagogues thought they might become popular by advocating specious methods of getting rid of its payment. But the heroic honesty of the common people knew that a promise was a promise and a dollar a dollar. So the patient, brave masses quietly and voluntarily shouldered their load, and faithfully carry it still. They would pay more for their sugar, a higher price for their shoes, or cut off some pleasant luxury; but they have been determined that every honorable drop of blood paid for liberty should be matched by an equally honorable dollar paid for the same. Nowhere else can the world match this as a heroic record of nobility on the part of the common people.

5. But not only this. As soon as the war was over, the people, who had so nobly fought and won, began to pour out their money like water in the endeavor to educate and uplift the poor whites and the ex-slaves, and so make them fit for citizenship in the reunited country. Instead of revenge was the "Good Samaritan."

6. And, now that we are getting a little farther away from the passions of the conflict, we are beginning to see that the

glory of our Heroic Age need not be confined to the North. Wedded to a false and decaying principle of government though they were, fighting for a cause that could not live and ought not to live, they were still of our blood and fibre. And, in the future, the name of Lee, as well as that of Grant, will add lustre to the story of American heroism.

7. So far, in this enumeration, I have spoken chiefly of the war. But neither Greece nor Rome nor Germany nor England can boast greater civic names than those who make glorious our last twenty-three heroic years. They stand in an Alpine group of grandeur, only out-towered by our great war President, the Mont Blanc above his peers: —

> "The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
> New birth of our new soil, the first American."

And the mass of our American people to-day are not unworthy this splendid record. With a patience that hastes not and wearies not, by school and church and platform and stump, and in honest and honorable daily toil, we are carrying on toward completion the work so well begun. We are going to build here a home for manhood and womanhood such as the sun has not yet shone upon. The heart of the people is still sound, and their head sagacious. No leader yet has ever led them far astray. They are no blind mob to be played with by demagogues. He who attempts to ride them for his own purposes will soon find himself flung aside and left behind. If they vote for a bad man, it will not be because they believe him bad, or choose badness, but because for the time they are deceived.

I said the mass of our people are still worthy of their record. And they will remain such, unless their over-critical teachers shall lead them to forget or despise the glory of their own history. However high his purpose, that man who to-day diverts public attention from the nobler side of our record, and fixes it continually on our faults and flaws, is an enemy of his country. There are faults and flaws, and will

be for years to come. Let us amend them as rapidly as possible. But, while doing it, let us get inspiration for the work of amendment in learning from our history that the labor is worth while and promises to be successful.

I wish now to give one or two concrete illustrations of our over-smart, over-critical method of fault-finding,— such fault-finding as seems to me injurious to our national life. If we wish to inspire our young men to the performance of noble deeds, how shall we do it? We must let them see, by examples, that noble deeds are possible on the part of imperfect men. To say our great men were not perfect is only to say they were human; and it does not require any great amount of brilliancy of criticism to discover that. If they were perfect, there would be little chance for you and me in our attempts to emulate them. And, when they are put beyond our range, there is no inspiration in their achievements left for us.

What is the true course for us to pursue, then? Wherein they fail, recognize it, if you will. No one wants their faults held up for our imitation. But do not dwell on them till there appears to be nothing but fault, and the larger, heroic side is lost. Cherish and guard jealously all our grand heritage of heroic characters and deeds; for they are our richest national treasure.

When Ham discovered his father Noah drunken and naked, he turned it into ridicule, and justly received the curse of all ages for his pains. This one act was not Noah's character, but only one flaw in what, in the main, was grand and heroic. So when Shem and Japheth came, walking reverently backward, lest they should even see their father's disgrace, and covered him with a mantle, they saved both their own and their father's honor, and earned the gratitude of all the following ages. Suppose Noah, after that, had run for office. It makes one shudder to think what the newspapers of Mesopotamia would have been like! But would it not have still remained true that Noah was, in spite of all, *one of the* grandest men of his age?

Out of many examples of our treatment of some of our war heroes, I will take, for illustration, the case of General Grant. It is doubtless true that he is human and imperfect like the rest of us. But it is also true that no man, in any time or nation, ever rendered his country a greater service. And it is this, not his faults, that we should guard and cherish as a proud possession. For a less service, Arthur Wellesley was made Duke of Wellington in England, and created a lord in four or five other countries of Europe. But, for the last ten years, half the newspapers of America have been hounding Grant, as though he possessed not one good quality to redeem his badness. I do not wonder that, after his New York failure, an indignant poet wrote: —

"Dip in gall each caustic pencil;
Pass sharp paragraphs around:
Let the pulpit, press, and forum
Hunt the hero to the ground!
Jackals, tease the wounded lion,—
Once ye trembled at his frown:
Dogs that crouched or fled before him,
Snap his heels now he is down.

. . . . . .

"See the gray head bowed in sorrow,
That once planned the vast campaign!
Shaken now the nerves of iron,
Firm on every battle plain!
Ask ye why that dauntless spirit
Shrinks and droops the head in shame?
'Tis that fierce, ungrateful censure
Seeks to smirch his honest name!"

His future is safe enough. But why should we be robbed of the present inspiring and heroic consciousness that one of the greatest captains of all ages is still alive among us? In the years to come, the men that only looked upon his face will tell it proudly to their children.

I marvel that people learn this lesson of the past so poorly. Dante was hunted and hounded from city to city all his life, and died, at last, lonely in a foreign town. And

yet he was and is the chief glory and pride of his whole passionately loved country. And this is only one instance in hundreds.

As one other illustrative case of the way in which we criticise and reward the men we ought to be proud of, I wish to refer a moment to Lieutenant Greely and his Arctic Expedition. The poets have sung, in all the succeeding ages, the toils and perils of the voyage of Jason and his co-heroes in search of the golden fleece. Our little band of heroes go on a voyage, inspired by unspeakably nobler ends, and in the face of toils and perils unspeakably more cruel. Rescued at last from the very jaws of icy and horrible death, they return. And, almost before they have had time to hear the welcome of their tortured and anxious friends, without waiting for the decency of an official report, without waiting to be sure of their facts even, an irresponsible clamor of abuse and depreciation goes up, that makes all but the more thoughtful well-nigh forget both their heroism and their service. For men, with their comfortable, slippered heels on their fenders, and with their faces flushed with having eaten a luxurious and highly spiced dinner, to tell us, in their magisterial way, how men ought to behave in their last, desperate fight with famishing hunger and icy death,—this seems to me simply disgraceful. Let them go and show us how men, insane with famine and cold, should conduct themselves, or forever hereafter hold their peace.

The charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava was a blunder. Which, then, were the nobler, that England's laureate should have written a pessimistic wail to make the people feel that their soldiers were stupid and unreliable, or, as he did, to turn the heroism and devotion of that forlorn hope into a pæan of undying glory?

As I reflect, to-day, on what other nations must think of us, if they take our own reports about ourselves as true, it makes my cheeks tingle with shame. Talking with a gentleman in Canada the other day, I hardly knew what to say by way of apology or explanation on either side.

From the tone of the public press, a stranger, unfamiliar with our history or our people, would suppose that common sense and common honor both were unknown among us. One of the leaders of our super-refined Boston culture, one of those who have entered on a crusade for the reformation of the reformers, standing in Tremont Temple the other night, told us that at least half the American people is either "mentally or morally imbecile." The country is pretty evenly divided. And is it then true that one-half the nation is ready to defend unscrupulous knavery and lying in business, and the other half is ready to desecrate all our homes? No: it is an atrocious slander on the people to assert either of these things. It is a zeal born of a very mid-summer madness for reform. If these things were true, there would be no hope of reform. Is it not time for the people to cry, Halt! to both the newspapers and public speakers who take this disgraceful course?

The people in the main are sound and honest. They want good government; and, in the end, they will have it, too. He is our worst adviser who either doubts or despises them. In spite of its faults and failings, they have already a government of which it is a moderate use of language to say that it is quite as clean, quite as capable, and much more free and hopeful than any other on which the sun shines in all his course. The croakers and critics who blind us to these magnificent and indisputable facts, and so take the courage and enthusiasm out of our young men, they are doing us a greater injury and threatening a more serious peril than that which grows out of all the remaining evils that need to be reformed. All things can be accomplished, if we keep an honest purpose along with heart and hope. But they who cut the mainspring of our courage make all progress impossib'e. Let us, then, turn away from those of both parties who are doing what they can to besmirch our fair fame, and chant our cheerful hope in the words of him whose marble bust looks down upon the dust

of those whose memories are the pride and glory of our mother country.

"Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

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WASTES AND BURDENS OF SUPERSTITION.

"In whom there is no help." — PSALM cxlvi., 3.

"My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." — PSALM cxxi., 2.

ONE of the most marked distinctions between inanimate things and those that are alive is that living things need outside help; and, if they get it, they grow, improve, become something more and better than they were. A stone, after it has come into existence, is quite independent: it does not need anything. But, just because it does not need anything, it never becomes anything more or better than a stone. But the tiniest thing that lives, and just because it is alive, is hungry; it needs food; it reaches out for something beyond itself; it is dependent on outside help; and, if it gets it, it grows.

And, as you come up through the grades of life, the higher you get, the more complex the living form, the more the needs multiply, the more numerous the relationships it must enter into with outside sources of supply. The higher the life, then, the more dependent, the more it needs help in order to live out its ideal. And, when we come to man, we find a creature who, throughout the whole range of his being, is one incarnated hunger, and who stands in dependent relations to the whole universe. He needs food and help for body, for mind, for heart, and for soul. The earth and the stars minister to his wants: the past and the future both come to his aid. The entire history of human progress, from the beginning until to-day, is but the story of man's search for that kind of help by means of which he could take step after step on his upward journey.

But,—and this is the point I wish you to specially notice now,—all the way along, his feeling out after help in this direction and that has been a series of experiments. In his ignorance, which has been the necessary result of his lack of experience, he has been constantly making mistakes, looking to wrong sources for help. He has had to keep saying, as the result of disastrous trials, There is "no help" here. And thus he has been perpetually learning the great truth, "My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." This phrase is only the poetic rendering of the scientific truth that all human help comes from the one life that is in and through all things, and particularly through finding out the methods by which this life works, or, in other words, what we call the laws of the universe; for these are the conditions of all healthy life and growth.

For example, in the matter of help toward the support and growth of the physical life, the finding of food was the result of trials and failures. Many and many a time, man must have looked for help to things that turned out to be not only not nourishing, but even positively poisonous. No help in this direction! And, then, he turns to that which is naturally fitted to build up his body. So, at first, he attempts to feed his mind on thoughts about the world, about himself, about God, which turn out to be false. No mental help in errors and illusions! They only lead him perpetually astray. So he slowly discovers that the only real food for the mind is truth, right thoughts about things that make up his world. Let a man go into a great factory and ignorantly meddle with the tremendous forces at work in the machinery about him, and he only succeeds in injuring himself and making mischief at every turn. This physical universe of which our bodies are a part is a vast and complicated play of tremendous and far-reaching forces. When ignorance meddles with it, no help, but only hurt, is found at every turn. But, when we know these forces and make them our allies, then "the Lord which made heaven and earth" becomes our almighty helper.

The same is true also in the higher ranges of the heart and the soul. These, too, hunger for food on which to grow. Here, also, disastrous and far-reaching mistakes are made. Ignorance reaches out its hands for aid toward a thousand things in which "there is no help." At last, as the result of many mistakes, it finds the true source of supply, and cries out exultantly, "My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." The true trust, the true worship, prove themselves as being those which really help the onward, upward life of man.

But now we are brought face to face with a very strange and yet a perfectly natural phase of human development. At some comparatively low stage of growth, out of the best knowledge of the time, men construct a theory of the world. It is either wholly false or only partly true. But it satisfies them for the time, and they come to rest in it. It becomes instituted: money is invested in it, memories gather about it, and custom sanctifies it. Now, the very virtues that are associated with it make it all the more an obstruction in the way of human progress. For by as much as men believe in it, are attached to it, and in earnest about it, by just so much does it stand in the way of anything better. The time spent on it is wasted; it is a burden on the resources and the life; and yet the unwise devotion to it remains. It no longer feeds the intellectual life, even if it ever did, but has become only a parasite that exists at the expense of the vitality it ought to serve.

A thing precisely parallel to this takes place also in regard to those religious theories that ought to feed and help the growing life of the world. Born of man's spiritual need, a religion comes into being. Its intellectual theories are largely false, because man is still childish and ignorant. But it becomes instituted and established in the reverence, the fear, and the affection of men. Forms of worship are arranged: temples and shrines are built, and untold wealth is lavished upon them; sacred memories gather about them. But now, not being true or only partly true, men do not find

in them the help they really need. They become the victims of their own creations; and that which ought to be their help turns to a burden which crushes out their noblest life. They dare not advance beyond it, and so it keeps them back.

I am now ready to give you a concrete illustration of what I mean.

A short time ago, I gave a lecture in Montreal. It being the first time I had ever been in the city, I naturally took occasion to see its sights and study its peculiarities. One of the principal things to which the attention of the stranger is called is "The Grey Nunnery." This is a hospital whose special feature is the care of foundling children. I went through it in the company of some friends. It is an immense stone establishment; and dating back, as it does, to when the city was young, it has naturally come into possession of very large properties. As a gentle-faced Sister led us from room to room, we noticed that everything was in the tidiest possible condition. The army of little ones, in their several departments, were everywhere on "dress parade," ready to be "shown off" to visitors as an advertisement of what was being done and as a constant appeal for charity. Of course, no visitor can accept the courtesy of being permitted to go through the building without making a contribution. And one's ordinary first reflection naturally is, What a grand institution of charity this is!

But, later in the day, I stood on the brow of Mt. Royal overlooking the church-and-priest-ridden city; and I found myself reflecting on the wastes and burdens of superstition. Spread out at my feet was the great city, lying along the bank of the magnificent river that Jacques Cartier thought might open a pathway to China,—one main end of all the early explorers; and my heart grew sad as I thought how its best prosperity was hindered by that which was popularly regarded as the chiefest source of help. Under one pretext or another, immense properties are held for the use of religious corporations. These properties are untaxed,

and so the financial burdens of the town are immensely increased. Lest something should be discovered to unsettle the faith of the children and youth, education is blindfolded and crippled in its movements. And, as some in every age and every city will think and inquire for themselves, they are branded by popular suspicion as enemies of religion; and so unnatural antagonisms are created, and the intellectual strength of the people is wasted in hurtful home conflicts. Looking to false sources for help in time of danger from disease, the real conditions of health and life are neglected; and so the strength of the people is needlessly sapped.

Then, still standing on the summit of the mountain, I looked down again on the Grey Nunnery, the most conspicuous building in all the landscape. I thought of how this gigantic foundling hospital provides a safe and secret way by which unbridled license can dispose of the fruits of its crime, and so almost places a premium on that which society ought to be wise enough, at least, to discourage. I was told that some six hundred infants died there last year. But, having been baptized, I suppose the pious Sisters comfort themselves by thinking that heaven, at least, is growing in population. But this is hardly the way to turn earth into heaven. I thought of how the little ones that live are trained so as almost certainly to grow up unblushing dependents on charity. What education is given to the great army of little beggars is only intended to train them into slavish adherents of the Church, not to fit them to be manly men in the world. And so I thought again and again of the social wastes and burdens of superstition.

Two quite opposite positions are held in the modern world concerning the importance of belief. One set of people say that it does not make any difference what you believe. Another set will tell you that to hold the true belief is the one most important thing in all the world. Now, both of these positions are true and both are false. So he be sincere and earnest, doing the best he knows, a man may hold almost

any theoretical opinions and yet be a good man. There are good men in all religions, and good men who are not in any communion. But a wrong opinion, when carried out in practice, must of necessity produce mischievous results. Or, if its apparent results are not disastrous, it at least stands in the way of finding out a correct theory of what ought to be done, and so hinders the positive good that might be accomplished. And the more earnestly, the more religiously a man holds to his false opinions, and the more rigorously he follows his false methods, of course the worse will be the practical results. If a man thinks it is just as well to plant thistles as to plant wheat, and yet is so indifferent about the whole business as to plant little of either, the principal harm in his case will be the negative one of the loss of what he might do, if only he knew better and cared about it. But, if one holds this opinion in dead earnest, and so plants all the thistles he can get hold of, his very sincerity and earnestness become the source of evil. An earnest and devout superstition then will do an amount of harm proportioned to its earnestness and devoutness.

Let us stop here long enough to get clearly in our minds just what it is that superstition means. It is derived from two Latin words,—*super*, over or beyond; and *sto*, to stand. It is that then which stands over or beyond, and which so exceeds the reality or reason of things. It is a false faith in religion. It mistakes the nature of God and of man, and so teaches men to look in the wrong direction for help. It rears a fabric of misconception, and calls it a palace of truth. It arms itself with all the sanctions, the terrors, the hopes and fears that attach themselves to man's origin and destiny, and wields them as motive forces to compel men to walk in paths that can never lead them to the goal they seek and need to find. And, having chosen the wrong path, it does what it can to deter the world from finding the right one.

It goes without saying that men need to discover the right things to use for food, the right way to cultivate the soil and navigate the ocean, the right ways for the prevention and

cure of disease, the right way to organize the family and the state, the right way to do business. Ignorant and careless people sometimes blunder into this right way; but, somehow, the right way must be found, if anything of value is ever to be accomplished. Corn never grows and inventions are never made, except as nature's exact conditions are somehow complied with. And those people make the most rapid progress who hold themselves free to study and find out these right ways of doing things. That ship will be the fastest sailer that is constructed in closest accordance with the forces of water and wind and steam. And so that people will grow the fastest that knows most clearly and follows most closely the natural divine conditions of life and progress. And superstition, which is a false theory, mistaken for and revered as the true one, will always sap a people's resources and be a burden on their advance.

It makes me sad and weary to review the history of the past, and see how men have wasted their forces in opening up roads that led nowhere, and building what they supposed to be cities of God, but which proved to be only temples of illusion and disappointment. Enough of money, of time, of heart-felt devotion, of untiring labor, has already been expended to make our old sin-cursed and sorrow-shadowed world a very paradise of life and love and joy, if only they had been used in right ways and toward right ends. And yet that day still seems so far away! Let us then glance at a few of the wastes and burdens of superstition, so that we may learn, once and for all, the lesson of the importance of finding and following the truth, as the only divine helper of man.

1. It makes my heart ache as I think of the burden of false fears that have crushed out the life of the world's joy, turned natural tenderness into cruelty, and misdirected the efforts of man in his attempts to escape impending calamities.

As men first waked up to consciousness, they found themselves engaged in a struggle for life in the face of a thousand perils that threatened them on every hand. Wild

beasts, other wild men, poisonous plants and reptiles, cold, lightning, invisible diseases,— all these and more were enemies of which they stood in perpetual fear. They knew not at first that these were only natural forces to be studied, and, by the help of other equally natural but beneficent forces, to be overcome; and so they fancied them unseen but hostile demons, ever haunting their pathway and seeking their life. The cruelty of these demons they sought to propitiate with gifts, with sacrifices, with self-tortures. So the first worship of the world was fear trembling in the presence of cruelty. Every jungle was the lurking place of a demon. The storm-clouds and the rushing tempests were horrible demons. In all the air about them, concealed in the very brightness of the sunshine, were invisible hosts of demons. The earth was haunted, and scowling faces of hate looked down at them out of the sky. So men crouched and trembled at every step, in constant fear that even their simplest action might give offence to some wrathful and mighty foe.

But not only has this been true of the ignorance and childhood of the past. Since the world has learned better, and since this better knowledge has been within reach of all intelligent people, bigoted and selfish and crafty men have taken advantage of the ignorance and fear of women and children to fight against and keep back the advancing knowledge for the sake of maintaining their magnificent endowments, their perquisites, their prestige, and their power. There have not been wanting men here in America, and in this generation, who have piled on their imaginary fuel to keep alive the fires of hell, not because they knew the doctrine was true, but because — they have confessed it — the mainspring of their power would be gone if hell were taken away. And while this horrible fear has tortured the conscientious, delicate, and sensitive souls, the conceited, coarse, and sensual natures have been very comfortable in considering themselves of the number of the elect, or have rested in some scheme by which they and their friends were to escape.

How this horrible shadow has hung over and shrouded with gloom what else might have been the happy homes of the world! Man is the only animal that laughs. And nothing in all the world is sweeter or more musical than the rippling, sunny laughter of childhood. And have I not a right to hate this falsehood about man and this libel on God, when I remember my own childhood? Hell was a haunting fiend that dogged my footsteps, hushed my mirth, shadowed my play-grounds, and frightened even my dreams. Many and many a night have I, in my boyhood, wept in fear till I fell asleep on a pillow wet with tears, and waked up to cry out for deliverance to a God that did not seem to hear. I have known of a little girl to whom a house on fire was an unspeakable horror, because of the vivid fancy that pictured herself as in the midst of such an "everlasting burning."

And who shall portray the fears and anguish of ten thousand mothers' hearts, as they have mourned over their dead children that their most sacred faith had consigned to everlasting doom! How many, many times have they taken up that wail of fathomless pathos in which the old king mourned for his boy: "Would God I had died for thee, O my son! my son!"

And, then, this fear so weighs on the hearts of thousands that they dare not even open their eyes and see that it is all unreal. I have told you before of the lady who, only a few years ago, said to me: "I'd give the world, if I *dared* to believe as you do. I would rather have no future life at all than the one I have been taught to believe in. But how do I know there may not be this kind of a God in the universe? And, if there is, *I am afraid of him.*"

So the fear is not only an overhanging horror that shadows life, that quenches joy, that blanches with fear the lips that try to smile; but it also stands in the way of knowledge. Men ought to fear; but their fear ought to be directed toward the proper object.

Then how has this fear, in all the ages, turned natural

tenderness into cruelty. It is this false fear of a false god that had power to curdle into unnatural cruelty the milk of kindness in the mother's breast and make her cast her new-born child to the crocodiles of the Ganges. It was this fear that for ages kindled the fires in the idol of Moloch, in whose red-hot arms were lain the dearly loved first-born, whose cries, instead of being soothed to quiet, were drowned by the yells and beaten instruments of the hardened multitude. It was this fear that wrote the horrible law of Deuteronomy (xiii., 6–10), that made it the duty of a man to turn informer against and lead in the brutal murder of brother or sister or mother or child or wife, if either of them dared to differ with him in religious beliefs or services. It was this fear that dictated that text in Exodus (xxii., 18) that has been the cruel death-warrant of thousands of innocent maidens and hapless old women. It was this fear that exiled Anaxagoras for daring to learn that the sun was not a god. It is this fear that shed the blood of ten thousand martyrs. It is this that invented the horrors — that no pen can portray or imagination conceive — of the Inquisition. This fear is guilty of St. Bartholomew. In short, to no other one cause can so large a share of human misery be assigned.

And it is not, as many seem to think, altogether a thing of the past. I have a friend whose father was one of the leading clergymen of Boston only a few years ago. He has dared to learn and accept the truths of modern science and criticism. And, because he has done this, all the tender love of sisters and old-time intimate friends has turned to suspicion and bitterness. The old home can be his no longer, except at the price of self-respect. And even his former business associates and partners, men whose positions and success are of his making, have so turned against him as to forget not only to be grateful, but even the common obligations of respect and courtesy. And yet he is a perfect gentleman; and his only crime is daring to think and to be true to his honest convictions.

Let no one say that these discussions are obsolete, so long as such deeps of ignorant bigotry and religious cruelty yawn even now beneath the cultivated surface of our Boston life.

Then how has this fear misdirected the efforts of man to improve his condition and escape impending calamity? It is not alone in the Middle Ages that prayers and the bones of saints were resorted to for the cure of disease. It is only recently that the city of Naples has been devastated with cholera. Its ravages were almost entirely confined to the poorer parts of the city; and in these, for years, every principle of sanitary regulation has been unspeakably outraged. Caverns and sinks of filth have for years been the homes (!) of the people. And yet the only thing the Catholic Church has to suggest by way of cure is religious processions and the mass. So long as, under the inspiration of ignorant fear, men look away from the real God for help, and trust in such idolatrous mummeries, so long will the Old World continue to groan and travail in pain, looking in vain for deliverance. And so long as the multitude is taught that the chief end of life is to escape hell in the next world, they will let this world remain a hell.

For lack of time to give more, this one instance — a specimen out of hundreds — must serve as illustration of how this false fear leads men to look, in the emergencies of life, to sources in which there is no "no help," while it frightens them away from that study that would lead them to the real help of which they so sorely stand in need.

2. As another of the wastes and burdens of superstition, think of the misdirected wealth of the world.

The evil here has been twofold. In the first place, accumulated wealth is an essential condition of all civilization. People must get beyond the point of mere living, of only getting food and clothes, before they can feed the higher life. But the superstition of the world has taught poverty as one of the cardinal virtues. "Do not trouble about this world or its treasures. Wealth is a snare. Give it to the

Church, and lay up treasure in heaven." So it seems that wealth is dangerous to everybody except the church authorities. The Pope can safely handle millions, and bishops will risk their souls by enormous incomes; but common people had better let it alone. The result of this has been that thousands on thousands of the ablest men and women during the last thousand years have ceased to be producers of wealth, and have made themselves parasites and sappers of the wealth of others. Who can estimate the difference that all this has made in the progress of the world?

But not only this. The wealth that has been produced has been diverted from its best uses for the real service of man, and wasted in ways that have been no real help. How is one struck with this by a visit to Rome! The city has as many churches as there are days in the year. And, until since the Government has been brave and sensible enough to confiscate some of the stagnant wealth to human uses, millions were accumulated in convents, monasteries, and religious institutions. The shrines of the churches are loaded down with the offerings of the people who have tried to buy the help of the Virgin and the hundreds of saints, instead of trying to find out God's and nature's way to help themselves. And, all the while, homes are squalid, schools are poor, and the country fairly swarms with shameless beggars.

Labouchere says in *Truth*: "I see it stated that the Church Missionary Society has expended in thirty-three years upward of £120,000 on 'missions' to Jews and Mohammedans in Palestine without making a single convert. The London Jews Society spent £30,000 between 1877 and 1882 with the same result."

If all the wealth that has been diverted to the useless worship of unreal gods and the support of idle and filthy saints, along with that which superstitious idleness might have earned, had only been applied to solving the great questions of making human life divine here on earth, long ere this poverty and disease and suffering might have been

so diminished as to turn the Old World into a realization of the dream of Eden.

3. Once more, consider the waste of brain that has been due to superstition. The whole force of natural evolution has, for thousands of years, been turned, in the case of man, to the building up of the brain. And brain, above all things, has been needed to study and solve the problems of human life. But superstition has constantly opposed itself to this process of brain development. It has tried and still tries to keep the people ignorant, so that they can be easily led. It has discouraged all natural study, and it still treats science and criticism as though they were sins. If it could not divert a great brain from natural study and engage it in its own speculations, it has always sought to destroy it. It is said that a king once sent an ambassador to a foreign court to ask his neighbor potentate how he kept his people so quiet and loyal. As an answer, he took the ambassador out for a walk in a field of grain. And, as he went along, he lifted his cane and struck off the heads of all the stalks that lifted themselves above the common level. "Go home," said he, "and tell your master what you have seen me do." This, then, was his answer. Superstition has always kept things quiet by cutting off the heads of all the men that rose above the level of a contented mediocrity. Think how the progress of the world has thus been delayed!

Look at Spain to-day, as an illustrative example. She once stood at the front of Europe. The Catholic Church and the Inquisition have reduced her to insignificance. Under orders from Rome, she expelled thousands on thousands at one time,—the best blood and the finest brain of the age. When the brain is out, it is little matter what is left.

All honor to those who have dared to think and have been brave enough to tell their thought to the world! To them,—cast out and martyred in their time,—the earth owes most of those things that make our life here worth the living. But for the superstition that has strangled thought, civilization might to-day be centuries ahead of its present advance.

4. One more point I must notice. As we look over the world, we see the men and women who are really anxious to help on human progress divided into many hostile camps. The power, the thought, the money, the enthusiasm that might be organized into one common attack on the common enemies of human welfare are wasted, and worse than wasted, in mutual quarrels. Science and religion, instead of working together for man, are fighting each other. It is superstition that instigates the warfare and augments the misunderstandings. In any matter of practical reform, the hosts of superstition stand aside; and, if the work cannot be done in their way, they will hinder its being done at all. Christendom itself is split into a hundred sectarian fragments. This might be all very well, if they were only regiments in one army, banded together to fight the common foe. But, instead of that, they keep their hottest shot for each other. Go into almost any country town, and you will find there half a dozen half-empty churches, all begging for support, and so draining the resources of the people, just keeping themselves alive, without force enough to do much beyond merely existing, and sometimes hating each other a little worse than they hate the sin they profess to be trying to annihilate. What is it but the jealous bigotry of superstition that is the cause of all these things?

There is money enough, there is power enough, there is earnestness enough, there is enthusiasm enough to renovate the world. But superstition diverts it toward false and useless issues, foments discord, prevents union, and frightens people away from that knowledge which alone can teach them *how* the work of human deliverance can be accomplished. If all the good and earnest people of the earth could but join hands, there is no task they might not accomplish. But so long as, looking through the mists and darkness of superstition, they mistake each other for enemies, so long the hope of the world will be deferred.

Prejudiced Ignorance and her daughter Fear,—these are the two great enemies of man. Knowledge of what to do

and courage to do it,—these are the two great helpers of the race. All effort is vain, unless rightly directed. And knowledge itself is useless in the hands of a coward. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." A clear brain and an earnest heart, then, will surely lead us to the discovery of his paths. What we call the natural laws of the world are only his footsteps. By walking in these, we come to share his control of the forces of the earth. And, when we have mastered these, the burdens of the past will fall off our shoulders, the wasted streams of human effort will be turned into useful channels, and the long battle will end in a joyous and universal peace.

With the world beneath his feet
  And a glad sky overhead,
With his work uncursed by care
  And his resting free from dread,—

Man shall tread the earth a king;
  For the truth shall make him free,
Crown him master of to-day,
  And the lord of destiny.

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A WINTER'S LEISURE.

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A WINTER'S LEISURE.

> "Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

THIS is Cowper's picture of a leisure winter evening. It may not be a very accurate portrait of the leisure hours that come to most of us; but it is so perfect of its kind, so cosey in its suggestiveness, that it may well stand as a type of those fragments of our time that are not consumed by the hungry demands of our regular vocations.

I take up this theme in the near prospect of winter, and open it thus with a glimpse of a winter evening, because most of those hours that we speak of as our leisure time come to us in the winter. Our summer vacations are excluded from present consideration, and that for two reasons.

1. In the first place, I, for one, never have any leisure during vacation. I am never so busy as when I have nothing to do. I never, under such circumstances, get time to write a letter or read an instructive book. And my experience leads me to believe that there is a principle involved here which is of a good deal of practical importance. Nobody who has nothing to do ever has time for any useful occupation. It is only busy people who have leisure. For as nobody can rest who never gets tired, so odd hours of leisure never come to any but those the bulk of whose time is taken up with useful occupation. The very definition of leisure

implies that it is fragments of time saved for special uses from the general hurry and turmoil of a busy life.

2. In the next place, the leisure that can be turned to any account is generally found in the winter, because it is only then that we are in the mood for brisk thought and active life. The nations that live in perpetual summer are the lazy nations. Nature makes life easy for them, and so they lead an indolent existence. The Northern people owe much of their intellectual and industrial supremacy to the hard "necessity" that comes with winter, and which "is the mother of invention." In summer

> "We love to lounge upon the bank
> Where smooth the brook gleams by,
> And watch the clouds that sail across
> The shadowy, nether sky.
>
> "We love to whisper with the breeze
> Upon the lush, sweet grass,
> And see the shadows of the trees
> Backward and forward pass.
>
> "We love to build upon the clouds
> Granada castles fair,
> Where bright-winged visions troop in crowds
> As high and pure as air.
>
> "We love to wander in the woods,
> And smell the fragrant gums,
> Where naught of weary life intrudes,
> And only healing comes."

Our faculties are all abroad, as listless as the delicious languor of a summer afternoon. But the winter drives us within and back upon ourselves; while the snap and tingle of the frosty air set the blood dancing in our veins, and rouse us to an intellectual briskness that is closely akin to the new activity that thrills our physical life. We are as eager now for action as before we were desirous of the lotus-eater's repose. Now, we are not only ready to work through the hours that must be given to business, but we must also

find something good, bad or indifferent, to occupy our leisure hours.

I told a very near friend of mine that I thought of preaching on this subject, and at once she exclaimed: "Leisure! Dear me! It strikes me as absurd for you to talk about it! Who has any leisure? I haven't." I know her life is very full; and it is a type of thousands of others. The care of the house; the numberless calls of the children; the untold things that no servant, but only a mother can do; the distractions of society; thought and labor for sick and troubled and destitute ones,—all these left little time for anything so restful as what we associate with the word "leisure." And yet she sometimes goes to the theatre or the opera or a concert; she gets now and then an evening for whist; she manages to get through quite a number of books in the course of a year; she goes occasionally for a walk or a drive; she makes some not strictly formal "society" calls. So she does have some leisure, after all. It is not a question, then, of how much leisure we can get, but as to what we shall do with what we have.

There are indeed some to whom any talk about leisure would be but cruel mockery. Lone women in garrets coining their weary heart-beats into niggardly pennies, and even so just keeping "the wolf from the door"; shop-girls who have been sick, and are working over hours to pay the little debts which to their scanty means are so large; wives who are worse off than widows, supporting their children not by the help, but in spite, of drunken and vagabond husbands; little children thrown early into the streets to pick up a living or starve. I will anticipate my theme enough to say that one use which the more prosperous can make of some of their leisure might well be to help such as these to the possession of a little leisure in which to stop long enough to breathe freely and remember that they are human.

All of us, then, have some leisure. And I take it to be true that a large part of our real character-building is done in our leisure hours. The most of us have to work, whether

we wish it or not. And our daily occupation is largely settled for us by circumstances. In order to get our living, we do, not always what we would, but what we can. Inclination plays here only a small part; and so our daily business is largely mechanical. What we do thus under this kind of necessity may not reveal our true selves; for what is done under compulsion does not bring into play nor so largely develop the real tendencies of our characters. Leave a man perfectly free to do what he pleases, if you wish to find out what kind of a man he is. So, in his leisure hours, a man's real tastes and his predominant characteristics will display themselves. And as use develops and intensifies the muscles, so also does it mental and spiritual faculties. Thus what a man does, while following his own inclinations in the perfect freedom of his leisure hours, will have more than almost anything else to do with determining his character for good or bad.

A man's leisure is only the fragments of his time. And so, at first, the theme might strike one as hardly important enough for a sermon. But, in the light of what I have now said, I trust you will see that it touches the very essentials of character. Let us then go on to consider what use had better be made of our Winter Leisure.

I. The first thing in the practice of many, and in the inclination of more, is amusement. Something in this direction is not only legitimate, it is even necessary. "All work and no play" not only "makes Jack a dull boy," it also makes John a dull man. And, if it is kept up long enough, it is destructive of the work itself. Overwork makes men incapable of the best work. It also defeats its own end; for he who kills himself in fifty does not accomplish so much in quantity even as he who works more moderately for seventy years. Judicious playing is the most effective part of a man's work. In the long run, a man can do more work in ten hours than he can in twelve, in six days than he can in seven, in forty weeks than in fifty-two. When you feel like *it,—i.e.,* are in good condition,—you can do more in one

hour sometimes than, under other circumstances, you can in four.

And I think the way to play is to do it in earnest and for its own sake. He who self-consciously says, "Go to now: I will play a little while, not for its own sake, but that I may be the better able to work afterward," and who thus keeps on thinking about his work while at play, ten to one he will make such work of his play as to lose entirely the best effect. A walk taken from a sense of duty will not do half so much good as one taken with a friend or in pursuit of some object that makes one forget entirely that it is a dose of medicine. Play then when you play, as well as work when you work.

But a few points here need to be made distinctly and by themselves.

1. There are two quite opposite things that both alike go under the name of amusement. I can distinguish them chiefly by their effects. And each one for himself must determine where the line is to be drawn. There is play that is re-creation, and there is play that is dis-sipation. The one leaves you better fitted for all noble occupation and hard labor: the other leaves you less fit. The time for one is whenever you can get it: the time for the other is never. Not all dissipation is what, by present conventional standards, is called immoral. And yet whatever leaves you less fit for work, whatever dissipates, scatters, or weakens your physical or mental faculties, is immoral. If you come out of your leisure hours worse or weaker than you went in, no matter what you have been doing or however innocent you may regard it, you have misused your time and are guilty of dissipation.

2. What is real recreation to one may not be at all to another. He who is ordinarily engaged in physical work can generally recreate best by something that calls the mind into play. And the brain-worker should pursue an opposite course. Work that which has been at rest, and rest that which has been at work. If, for example, a man has been

engaged in routine work all the week, he ought to find real recreation on Sunday by having his mind stimulated, his affections called into activity, by being lifted into a higher range of imagination, by calling into action the faculties of his soul.

3. Another point is important. Play belongs only to those who have earned the right to it. There is a large body of people in a community like this who have no right to play, and so cannot properly enjoy it. They really do nothing else. But he who only plays, in the true sense of the word, cannot play at all. Its keenest enjoyment is in the felt contrast between it and useful labor. If one only plays, play itself becomes work, and work of the most dismal kind. And it is these people, not the hard but healthy workers, who think the play of life is not worth the candle. Not facing real difficulties and overcoming them, so winning a sense of victory and progress, they magnify the petty annoyances and trifles of life, until the whole universe seems to them made up of trifles. Let them take hold of some real work, help somebody, and so find that evil things can be made better, and life takes on the aspect of a grand opportunity for heroic achievement. To such as these, an hour of play is an inspiration, and is like plain bread so sweetened by hunger that it becomes a greater delicacy than the banquet of a dyspeptic king.

4. Not only does all play defeat itself, but, in view of the things that need to be done, it is only despicable. The young man or the young woman who wishes it wishes for meanness and for death. For it is meanness to shirk one's share of the work of life; and it is death to the noblest manhood and womanhood to miss the self-development that can only come through the activity of those faculties that true service of one's fellow-men calls into play.

> "Nothing to do in a world like this,
> With good and ill forever at strife,
> Where evil gambles with loaded dice,
> And the prize at stake is human life!

"Nothing to do, while on every hand
With pallid faces the waves are white,
And, drowned with laughter, rise pleading cries
Of myriads sinking out of sight!

"Nothing to do, though famine faints,
Nothing to do, though weakness cries,
Though ignorance stumbles in the dark,
And hopeless prayers besiege the skies!

"Nothing to do, when on every hand
Are all things waiting to be done,
While pity pleads, and honor points
Where grand achievements may be won!

"Nothing to do? Who fails to see,
Or, seeing, will not when he can,
Who has nor heart nor hand to help
The weary world, is not a man!"

II. But there is something beyond recreation for which we may find time in our leisure hours. We should find time or make time for something in the way of reading and study. And there should be a twofold object in this: we should read and study in the line of our work, so as to fit ourselves for doing it better or for filling a higher place in it; and we should also read and study for the sake of general cultivation, to lift ourselves out of and above "the shop," and to bring our lives into sympathy with the larger life of the world. Let us look a little at these two objects.

In the first place, suppose you are a clerk, or occupy some subordinate position in a business. You hope to rise. Then you must make yourself fit to rise. If not, and you do get a higher place, you cannot permanently keep it. In the long run, people in this world generally find their level. If you want a higher place, be sure you are fit for it. Of course, somebody must always fill subordinate places, else the world's work would stop. But, if you never get any higher, your work will not be wasted. For being a first-class clerk is better than being a poor one. Do not then cultivate discontent; for such a spirit only unfits one for the place he already occupies, without helping him to any better one.

only be sure that you are ready for a better one, if the opportunity ever comes.

And then, in the next place, while it is a splendid thing for a man to know his business, it is very unfortunate for him not to know anything else. One should not only be a good business man, but he should also be a man with the business left off. Keep "the shop" for the shop: everywhere else, be a man. And, in order to this, you must read and study at least a little outside the market reports. Most men, after they have touched on the weather and have got tired of partisan politics,—very few ever study politics outside of party, and consequently know very little about it,—have nothing left to talk about except business. You can tell the business of most men in a crowd after talking with them five minutes. But, really, manhood is something broader and higher than the work of paying for bread and butter.

Now, I am well aware that most men think they have no time for reading and study. But let us see.

1. How much time in a year do you waste over the newspapers? Mark you, I have not anything to say against reading the papers. But I am persuaded that a quarter part—and, in some cases, a tenth part—of the time spent on them would give one all that is really valuable. At any rate, even if it is all good, it becomes a question of relative goodness. And, to my mind, it is certain that much of the time could at least be better spent with books. Some people, if they stay at home, spend the whole evening over the papers, and do not touch a book at all. And how many are there that read on Sundays anything more valuable than the Sunday papers? Take out of the papers all that you need, and then pass on to something better. Thousands of people allow the newspapers to fritter away hours and hours in a year, under the delusion that they are engaged in an intellectual occupation, when all the while the result would be as valuable if they spent the same amount of time in whistling. It is even mental dissipation; for this sort of pur-

poseless, desultory reading actually unfits for real mental effort. It is not time, then, that is lacking, but will. No taste in this direction has been developed. A wide, grand, beautiful world exists close by people, and they do not know of its existence. A mine of treasure is right beneath their feet, and they will not work it.

2. I know you have only fragments of time for your leisure hours. But the men who do anything in this world are the ones who make the fragments count. The people who waste their fragments have very little idea of what an accumulation of littles may amount to. George Eliot has built herself a monument of lofty books that will outlast all the crumble of time. It is said that during much of her life she wrote only about sixty lines a day. Suppose she had said, "That is so little, it really is not worth while to do it at all," You can at least read as much of some valuable book as she wrote; and, in the end, even so much, well done, would be a liberal education.

3. I say valuable books. Not only over newspapers do people waste their time. Thousands of people read enough in quantity; but the reading is only dissipation. If you do nothing but devour novels, anxious only to see who gets married in the last chapter, you are no more engaged in intellectual work than as though you had spent the same time in solving a Chinese puzzle. This reading is only play; and much of the time it is not even healthful and innocent play.

I say nothing against good novels. Some of them belong to the highest range of true literature. And even a story that is only play is well enough, when one has earned the right to play. But it is a pity that people should care for nothing but these.

I will not go deeper into this to-day, because I expect soon to devote a whole sermon to outlining a Course of Reading.

III. I pass, then, to consider another way in which we should spend at least some of our leisure hours.

When we have done the work by means of which we earn

our living and pay for standing-room in the world, after we have taken our share of play and have read and studied a little, even then some fragments of time should be left; and there is pressing need that they should be given to the noblest ends.

The seething, struggling world is all around us, full of the most glaring inequalities of position, of character, of wealth, of labor, and of ease. If wealth and labor were a little more equally divided, all the world's work might easily be done, and then there might be time enough left for plenty of recreation and self-culture on the part of all. I have no wild, socialistic hope that this end can be arbitrarily or suddenly reached. But, until we get somewhat nearer to it, our glib talk about civilization is largely a mockery. And, though the world may move slowly in this direction under present conditions, it can be made to move a great deal faster, if men will only earnestly and intelligently help. In other words, human progress is a problem that can be studied and at least partially solved. We can lessen evil conditions that tend downwards, and increase good conditions that tend upwards.

It is a law of evolution that men become gradually adjusted to their environment. If the environment is below them, it will drag them down. Put a good child in the midst of evil influences and leave him there, and he will almost certainly take on the color of his surroundings. As Shakspere says: —

> "My nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

So, if the environment is above people, it inspires and lifts them. Suppose, for example, you go into an ignorant and immoral community and establish fine schools and teach a noble religion, you will gradually raise the level of its life.

This, then, hints what men and women can do. Intelligent labor can create ever higher and higher environments, and so lift up the world. It is just this that all the world's heroes have done. They have lured humanity on by the revelation of a higher ideal.

If we care anything, then, for more than our own selfish success and enjoyment, we can give a part of our leisure to study of the great social, political, or religious problems of the age. Our very opportunities for business and pleasure we owe to what the noble men of the past have done; and it is only part payment of so great a debt that we try to help the same old world that has already helped us so much. If you have money and can do no more, you can at least put means for such work into the hands of those who are willing to contribute time and brain and heart, which are more priceless than money.

How you can attack the great problems of the world I have no time to discuss this morning. These would call for a series of discourses, not the fragmentary end of one. Let me then descend to the humbler task of hinting a few practical things in detail.

If you believe in the church, give a little of your time and thought to helping on its work. If you do not believe in it, study history intelligently for a little time, and you will. Then give practical aid. Save some of the fragments of the money that is wasted or worse than wasted, and let it become wings on which a higher truth and a clearer light in religion shall fly on their missionary tours. Help the literary and social side of the church's life. Do not be always takers and never givers. Help the Sunday-school to reach its ideal.

But the church is only a starting-point. If you are interested in the problem of poverty, there is a wide field for all your brain and heart in finding out how to help, without hurting, those who need. Poverty should not be nursed, but outgrown. Try to find out how this may be done.

If there are young ladies who do not know what to do, let them remember the hospitals, where a few flowers or an hour's reading to some heart-sick invalid, would make the weary ones believe that heaven remembered them by finding out that they were not forgotten on earth. Or you can go to Miss Jenny Collins, and she will show you how only a little effort will save some heart-broken working girl from

despair and perhaps from death. Think of the contrast. Here are these working girls, born to toil, to poverty, to disgrace sometimes, and all through no fault of their own; and here, on the other hand, are you, born to money and ease, through no merit of your own. You are sisters, and yet so far apart that you never hear their piteous appeals for help, and they never dream that you care for their perils or sorrows. Get a little nearer to them, and you will find yourselves a good deal nearer to God, and life will take on a nobler meaning.

Then there are evening schools where boys and girls from the streets can be put in the way of a better and brighter life. Cannot a little play or a little ease be better converted into giving such as these a brain and a soul?

Do you care for the moral life of the city? Open paths invite you on every hand. Help the "Law and Order League" in its labor. Enforce the laws, and find out if they work. If not, try to get better ways discovered.

But these hints are enough. The main point is that you cannot afford to live an isolated, selfish life. The past has made the present; and the present must make the future. And the hope of the future depends on each one's contributing what he can to the strength and intelligence of the common life. Each particle of dust in Mount Washington contributes toward and so partakes of its grandeur. Each drop of water in Niagara is a part of its sublimity. Link yourselves, then, in some conscious and purposeful way with the onward movement of humanity, and you shall feel the thrill of its mighty inspiration. The man who ignores his obligations to the common life, and who tries to get all he can and give as little as possible, who gets off by his little self in his own little world, he is the meanest thing on earth. But he who, in ever so small a way, if it be his best, helps on the life of his time, he shall be a part of the glory of the coming triumph.

When the coming winter is past, may we all know that our leisure moments have been at least dewdrops to moisten or el some sprouting plant of human promise.

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1859–1884.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF OUR

CHURCH DEDICATION.

"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." — JOHN xviii., 37.

I TAKE these words to-day rather as a motto than a text. It will not be my business to unfold and illustrate their meaning. I rather hang them out as a banner. If this Church of the Unity has indeed been a witness to the truth, then its life, however brief, has been worth while. If not, though it had existed a thousand years, no venerable antiquity could ever make it a church of the living God. Let these words stand, then, as our ideal and aim, by which our past is to be judged and toward which we are to strive in the future.

The occasion sets and limits my task to-day. I am to recall the circumstances of our birth, and to note some of the stages of our growth. To be intelligible and profitable, this must be done in connection with the contemporary drift and tendency of the age. We shall thus see which way the world seems to be moving and the part we have played in this movement; whether we have indeed witnessed to the truth, or whether we have been an echo of the conventional and the expedient. We are then to look backward awhile,

in order that we may learn how to look forward. And in our backward look there are two fields that we must try to cover.

I. Our Local and Personal Life; and

II. The Contemporary Life of the Time.

Anniversary days are the occasions for biographical review. I should not be forgiven then, if I let this hour go by without asking you to remember the more important facts of your own biography. Let us then turn to some of the main items of —

I. Our Local and Personal Life.

Last Thursday (November 6) was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of this building. The church is older than this, however; and we really ought to have celebrated our birthday two years ago. For on the 20th of May, 1857, about thirty gentlemen met in the vestry of what is now the Baptist church on the corner of Rutland Street and Shawmut Avenue, and voted to form a new Unitarian society. Various other meetings were held in furtherance of this object; and at last, on the 2d of the following July, the society was organized, articles of association were adopted, and the new movement was christened "the Church of the Unity."

It is said that a wise coroner's jury once reported that a certain child "came to its death by being born dead." I think it can fairly be said of the Church of the Unity that it came to its life by being born alive. It can hardly be said to have had an infancy: it was born, like Minerva, full grown.

Nor was it born of faction or strife. It was rather a healthy young swarm from an overfull hive. There were indeed some from other churches; but it was mainly a child of the South Congregational Church, at that time under the early ministration of the Rev. E. E. Hale, the then new successor of Dr., now Bishop, Huntington. They organized this new society to occupy the new and open field of the then new South End. I will not name over the full list of

the original corporate members; but, as a specimen of them, you will like to know what persons composed the first Standing Committee. Horatio R. Storer was the Secretary, and Ambrose A. Ranney was the Treasurer. To these two names were added those of William G. Crosby, Charles G. Greene, George R. Carter, Calvin A. Richards, and David Chapin. One of these, known and loved by all, is still actively with us. The genial, witty, gentlemanly founder and editor of the *Post* we occasionally see; but he is no longer able to be regularly in his pew. One, Mr. Chapin, has gone over to the great majority. The rest the drift of life has taken from our side, though we trust they remember us as pleasantly as we recall them now.

On the 11th of the following October (1857), it was voted to hire, for temporary use, the church still standing on the north-west corner of Shawmut Avenue and Canton Street. Though never ornamental, it is still useful, though not in an ecclesiastical way. The first sermon before the new society was preached by Dr. Rufus Ellis, from the text (Matt. v., 17), "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil,"—a good text, by the way, for a church that was afterward to hold and teach the "religion of evolution." Mr. George H. Hepworth, then fresh from the Divinity School, was asked to supply the pulpit. His ministry proving satisfactory, he was called to the permanent pastorate, his settlement dating from the 1st of July, 1858. On the 6th of October, he was installed, the service being held in the South Congregational Church, in its old building still standing on the corner of Washington and Castle Streets. The sermon on that occasion was preached by the Rev. Orville Dewey, D.D.

Meantime, the temporary home on Canton Street was found to be much too small, and steps were being taken in the direction of ampler and more permanent accommodations. The result was this house, finished and dedicated, free of debt, on the 6th of November, 1859. Mr. Hepworth preached the sermon. Mrs. Louise R. Hooper, who sang for us so delightfully on Thursday evening, was our soprano.

Henry C. Barnabee, who remained with us until a wider field took him away two years ago, was our basso. And Mr. Howard M. Dow, who began his services at the organ three months later and has continued there so successfully ever since, was sitting in the audience.

From this time on, it is fitting only that I should mark a few dates and avoid any personal comment. Both my predecessors are still living; and, if I should set the bad example of a critique on either them or their work, the man who comes after me may be tempted to follow that example to my own confusion.

Mr. Hepworth resigned his charge May 14, 1869, having been your settled minister a little less than eleven years. I will only add in passing that his ministry covered the dark years of the civil war, and that both he and you did your full share in bearing the burdens of those trying times.

After an interregnum of about one year (May 30, 1870), the Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn was called to the vacant pulpit, his installation taking place in the following September (14th). His ministry lasted almost precisely three years, the date of his resignation being Sept. 21, 1873.

Then followed another year's interregnum, my ministry with you beginning with the third Sunday of September, 1874.

I have no time to-day to go into details as to your condition during these years, even were it appropriate for me to undertake the task. Suffice it to say that, as you came into life full-grown, so you have maintained all the way through a vigorous and healthy existence. One or two points, however, for the sake of a clear comprehension of our present condition, I will take the liberty to mention.

When this church was built, the South End was the live, vigorous, growing section of the city. During the last few years, however, the drift of wealth and fashion has been in another direction. Already, a good many of our strongest families, financially speaking, are living on the Back Bay. *So far,* however, only two or three of them are permanently

lost to us. When the church was established, a quarter of a century ago, it was composed of vigorous men in the prime of life. It is only natural, then, that the twenty-five years in their flight should have carried away from us one after another of our strong men. And naturally, again, these changes have been most marked and rapid during the ten years that I have been with you. It makes my heart ache on Sunday mornings to look over the house and remember the fine, earnest faces of noble men and willing helpers that I no longer see. I need not mention their names. They are engraven on all our hearts. To say it is natural for them to go does not make it any easier to lose them. And their going leaves us weaker than we were. "Their bodies are buried in peace, but their work lives on forever."

Meantime, their loss to us is complicated by another fact connected with the present drift of the city, indicated above. All live bodies are in perpetual flux and change, losing old material and incorporating new. But to-day the young men, those who are making their fortunes and who are to make the future of the town, are not coming to the South End for homes. Of course there are some exceptions; but, generally speaking, this is true. So much for that side: now let us look at the other.

In spite of these losses and the drift of population, our church, for the last ten years, has been full, and often crowded even to standing. The cost of sittings has not been raised, but remains to-day what it has always been. And yet, during eight of the last ten years, we have had a considerable surplus in our treasury after all expenses have been paid. This surplus has amounted to several thousands of dollars. At any rate, all repairs have been paid out of it; and not one cent has been raised, outside our regular income, for anything except charitable and missionary work. During the last two years there has been no surplus, to speak of. Neither has there been any deficit. We have come out about even. But this change does not yet indicate a financial falling off. For, just precisely dur-

ing these two years, our expenses for music and the care of the church have been increased by very nearly the sum that used to be left over in the treasury.

There is only one thing further, in this connection, that I will speak of. The financial burden is at present very unevenly distributed; and this in two ways. The expenses of the society of course run on the whole year through, and somebody has to pay them. But there are large numbers of people who take seats only for the winter. So they help carry the load only for six or eight months, leaving the rest to bear a double burden for the remainder of the year. I sometimes wonder whether a little generous thought would not remedy this. Then, besides this, there are some hundreds every Sunday who do not help us at all: casual guests and strangers in the city we are ready to receive with open arms of cordial welcome,—I do not mean these; but those who, coming almost every Sunday, yet do not help by lifting their little share of the common load. Will not a little generous thought also remedy this?

In spite of all these "outs," however, I think we may review our financial record with a good deal of satisfaction. As we look forward to the future then, all I ask of you is that you will stand by me and the church, and see to it that it is kept in the front, where it belongs. I believe, with all my soul, that we stand for the future of the intelligent world's religion. And I am anxious that we should maintain a position that will give us all the natural advantages of leadership.

But it is time now for me to turn and consider:—

II. The Religious Changes and Growths of the period covered by our church life.

1. Within the year that saw the dedication of this church (May 10, 1860), Theodore Parker fell asleep in Florence. In conversation with a friend, on one of the few days preceding his departure, he said: "There are two Theodore Parkers now,—one is dying here in Italy; the other I have planted in America. He will live there, and finish my work."

He was too large a man to have a pers
And it is perhaps natural that those wh
measure him by the size and influence of t
the society he left behind him should suppose
for little that was permanent. But, like
Parker stood as only the most conspicuou
senting an epoch. That epoch marked the
a Christianity of texts and formulas to one of
Until Parker preached his famous sermon
sient and Permanent in Christianity," even
Unitarianism had been only a chrysalis. Tl
useless and cramping shell, and soared ir
buoyed up on wings of freedom, a symbol
The rest of the grubs saw only the empty
posed that it meant death and destruction.
of truth, no longer prisoned, took the grand u
for its home.

Into this epoch of free and wider life t
born. It would have been false to its o
recreant to its highest obligation, had it no
and been obedient to the impulse of this
life. With whatever temporary waverings th
to-day that I am able to say that the Chur
has kept in the van of the freest and most
tianity of the age. Never has this pulpit
Never has your preacher been reduced to tl
necessity of cringing about among his paris
the week to find out what it was safe for
Sunday. You have had freedom enough
and pew. You have respected his right to
thought, and he has respected your right to
So you have honestly and earnestly wro
anxious only that your united action should
unto the truth." Her only you have s
clothed, disguised, or despised; and, when f
been ready to bow at her feet and pay her t
to the eternal daughter of God.

2. During the period of your brief life, it is hardly too much to say that the orthodox world has been transformed. Claiming to be the perfect transcript of a finished divine revelation, it has also consistently claimed to remain always and everywhere the same. But, like an iceberg floating from its glacier home in the north, it has felt the fanning of other airs and the kiss of warmer seas. And, though it keeps its stately course over the ocean, flashing back the sunshine and still looking blue and cold as in the past, it is really honeycombed and changed throughout its whole structure. It has suffered

> "A sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

It is permeated with a softer atmosphere, and so transformed that the men of the olden time would not know it.

I mention this with no taunt in my tone, but only with a feeling of joy, and as being a part of the picture of the transition time in which we have lived and toward which we have contributed our part. When Channing first began to preach his new and nobler faith, there was not even a hall — to say nothing of the churches — in New York in which he was permitted to preach. To-day, Dr. Peabody and Dr. Clarke are invited to lecture on the "Evidences of Christianity" before the students of orthodox theological seminaries. And there are a hundred "orthodox" pulpits in America in which the preaching of Channing would be considered perfectly safe or even conservative. A few men, here and there, like Prof. Park and Mr. Joseph Cook, have been trying to persuade the tide not to rise,— for, as Lowell says,

> "We all entertain a sincere private notion
> That our *Thus far!* will have a great weight with the ocean";

but the only result has been that they have felt the spray of the advancing waves flung in their faces. No: the celestial forces are beckoning on the waters, and no human obstinacy can keep them back. They have already swamped the five points of Calvin,— the supposed rock of Biblical infallibility

is washed away; the fall of man is out of sight; the dark and craggy cliffs of God's hate for man are undermined; the divine jealousy of the human intellect is under the waves; and the fires of hell are drowned. Above the waters, a new continent is rising, bathed in the sunshine of eternal love; and its new soil shall be turned into an Eden, fairer than the visionary one of the past. Well may I say to you, "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see!" And more blessed still are you in having had your part in bringing about these glorious results.

3. There is one phase of our specially denominational life that it is fitting I should touch upon to-day. It was during the very month and year of the surrender of Lee and the close of our great Civil War that a little civil war began in our own ranks, the result of which * was the formation of the Free Religious Association. From our galaxy of ministers, some of the very brightest stars seceded, to form a constellation of their own. Frothingham and Abbot and Weiss and Wasson and Johnson and Potter and their compeers were such as we could ill afford to lose. It, like the larger national conflict just closed, was a clash of antagonistic principles. The question at stake was as to whether Unitarianism was brave enough and confident enough in the truth, to trust itself to perfect intellectual freedom, and subject its position to the test of the scientific method,—the only one that has ever been fruitful in truth-finding results. For a while, the majority drew back, hesitating to launch its bark fearlessly on the God-begotten and God-guided current of the age; and the little minority went out into the new wilderness, led, as they believed, like John the Baptist, by the Spirit.

But this was only a split in a growing tree, the vigor of whose life is able to heal again. These men have stood by their flag of utter intellectual freedom; and we,—let us confess it,—in our forward march, now find ourselves close by their sides once more. And the future will rejoice, not

* Two or three years later.

that for a time we lost them by our own fault, but that they were found again. As in the case of Parker, it will be discovered that they who were for a time cast out were the truer representatives of the divine purpose that was leading our life. They will be counted as a part of our heritage and pride.

The minister of this Church in those days was strenuously on the side of those who thought God's free spirit needed to be bound within the limits of formula and creed. But that time has long since gone by. At the meeting of the National Conference in Saratoga, two years ago, your minister was instrumental in introducing a change in the basis of its organization. When this change is complete, it is hoped that all trace of this old division will be blotted out. The stars will then be in conjunction once more, and all the once hostile rays will blend in one clear light for the guidance of human feet.

It seemed to me important to notice this episode of our history, as it covers the one great conflict over the question as to whether we shall be creed-bound, like all the great Churches of the past, or whether we shall be the first great religious body of the world that shall dare trust itself to the integrity of the human mind and the free spirit of God.

4. The brief period of our church life coincides with and covers one other change, blended with, but greater than all I have so far indicated. The year that saw the dedication of this house saw the — at first despised — birth of the grandest revolution that has ever affected human thought. On Nov. 24, 1859, the year and the month of our church dedication, was published the first edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. I mark this year because this book precipitated a world-wide conflict, out of which a new universe has been born. Seven years earlier than this, Mr. Herbert Spencer had published an essay whose implications involved the whole mighty change that was to come. But Darwin's book forced the recognition of the scientific world. These two master minds will, in the far future, stand like twin

mountains, sky-kissing in their sublimity and overlooking all the modern world. Spencer is the more far-reaching and comprehensive in his grasp, while Darwin outranks any purely scientific brain that the world has ever seen.

Why do I mention these to-day? Because our church life so nearly covers and runs parallel with this most revolutionary movement of all the ages. Neither of these men has said much about theology, but they have compelled theology to say a great deal about them. They have literally given us a new universe,— not by destroying any old truths or by creating any new ones, but by helping us to see things as they are.

> Kopernik's thought a new world made,
> Though Ptolemy's stars still shone.
> New eyes a new religion give,
> Yet not a truth is gone.

A new world, a new God, a new man, a new destiny,— nothing less than these will express the stupendous change coincident with the last twenty-five years. Never, in all earth's history before, has so vast a revolution of thought passed over the human mind. And yet there are those who think that human life is commonplace. If such people were in heaven, they would criticise the pavements of gold and find the angelic symphony dull.

I have a right to speak of this to-day, because no pulpit in Christendom has been more hopefully outspoken in regard to the religious side of this great movement than has this one. In successive series of sermons,— "The Religion of Evolution," "The Morals of Evolution," "Belief in God," "Beliefs about Man," and "Beliefs about the Bible," — I have tried to help on the readjustment of modern religious thought. I have held fast to my faith that no advance or broadening of human knowledge could leave religion behind, dethrone God, or darken in its orbit one single star of human hope. And now comes Mr. John Fiske, the foremost American disciple of Herbert Spencer, and in his new book, *The Destiny of Man*, gives scientific justification for all the

main positions I have taken and the hopes I have held. It will yet appear, as I have been saying for years, that the new scientific philosophy of Mr. Spencer is laying broad and deep and strong the grandest foundation for man's spiritual temple that the world has ever seen. The verified facts of the past are the sure guarantee for the most magnificent hopes of the future. Materialism, as a philosophy of the world and of man, is dead past resurrection. And, while the representatives of religion have been fighting science, this same science has been building religion's throne, and preparing for her brows an imperishable crown and for her hand a sceptre of world-wide dominion.

Such, then, in brief outline, are some of the changes that have been coincident with the short life history of this society. No more religiously eventful period has the world ever seen. In the great issue, we have been on the side of victory and the future. I am proud of our record, regretting only that I have been able to represent and serve you in it no more efficiently. In our second quarter century, we have only to go on in the pathway on which we have entered. Grand religious achievements await us, if we are only worthy to attain them.

And now, in conclusion, I wish to lay one thing on your consciences and hearts. In relation to the new life and thought of the age, this church occupies an enviable position. I care now only for one thing. I wish to take you all into my confidence concerning that. If you will do your part, stand together and keep the Church of the Unity in the position of power and leadership which it has earned the right to hold, I shall ask no better thing than — if you shall continue to wish it — to live and labor and die among you. To make me content to do this, I shall expect you, however, to see to it that no change in the life of the city shall be allowed to put us out of line with the forward movement of the city's growth. Keep me where I can do my work to advantage, and I will find no fault with its difficulties or its amount.

As then we survey the first quarter century of life, two words spring up in our hearts and see on our tongues,—gratitude for the past and h future.

APPENDIX

Extract from the *Transcript* of Monday, Nov. 7, 1859:—

The beautiful and convenient Church of the Unity last evening with appropriate religious services. The de cises were conducted by Rev. S. B. Cruft and Rev. J. F. Cl ure reading by Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, of Brookline. Orig Justin Winsor. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. G. H. Hepw text, Eph. v., 27, "A glorious church, not having spot or such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish

On Saturday, Nov. 5, 1859, occurred the public sale N. A. Thompson acting as auctioneer.

The first Standing Committee, after beginning servic church, was composed of the following gentlemen:—

Nathaniel Winsor.	Josiah M. Jones.	Stephen
A. A. Ranney.	W. H. Baldwin.	George
David Chapin.	Job A. Turner.	C. A. Ri

The first permanent choir consisted of the following:—

Miss Louise Adams, soprano.	Mr. W. H. Wadlei
Mrs. J. S. Cary, contralto.	Mr. H. C. Barnabe

Mr. H. M. Dow, organist.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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A COURSE OF READING.

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FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT

WE SUGGEST MR. SAVAGE'S

POEMS.

They have just been republished by Williams & Norgate in London; and, in its notice of them, the London *Academy* says:—

"MR. SAVAGE'S POEMS.—These poems were published last year in Boston, U.S., under the title of *Poems;* and the English edition has been rechristened *Poems of Modern Thought*, at the suggestion of a critic. We have found a good deal of pleasure in their perusal. That the author is a poet cannot be questioned by those who know what poetry is; and that he has much to say, and can say it as well as sing it, is equally apparent. Some of his lines are excellent pictures struck off at a blow. There is felicity and we think freshness in a line like this,—

'The sky is a sieve that the rough wind shakes.'

Strength of phrase distinguishes the book, which has picturesqueness and force in equal proportions. A poem called 'One Left' is a sweet rendering of an idea suggested by Leigh Hunt in an essay, being the theory that children who die in infancy are immortal as children in the memory of those who lose them. There are some good sonnets on Emerson and Darwin, but perhaps the poem which strikes us most is that entitled 'The Shadow.'"

Square 16mo. 247 pages. With portrait. Gilt edge, cloth extra, $1.50; full Turkey morocco, $3.50.

A COURSE OF READING.

SOME years ago, I preached a sermon on "Intellectual Culture," in which I took occasion to say that almost everybody might, if they really cared to, read all the really great books of the world. This statement started a good deal of discussion. Opinions, objections, questions, came pouring in, some in personal conversation, many by letter. Some thought the majority of people had no time for it: others wanted to know what ones would be called the great books: others expressed themselves as practically bewildered. They did not know what books it was most important for them to read, or how they ought to advise young men and women who came to them for guidance.

In answer to calls of this sort, I prepared and published what I called an "Outline for a Short Course of Reading." The demand for this was such that it was reprinted as a circular for distribution. This has now been long out of print. But the want still makes itself felt. As a specimen of the calls that come to me, I will mention the case of a lady in another city. She wrote me just a little while ago, saying that a bright and earnest young man was looking to her for advice as to what he had better try to read this winter. She had heard of my circular, and wished me to help her in the matter. I could only write her that the circular was out of print, but that I hoped to be able to devote a sermon to hints in the way of help in just such cases as hers. To this task, then, I now address myself; and I think we shall find that a morning is none too long for a proper treatment of our theme.

It goes without saying among those who think about it — only there are so many who do not think! — that the following treatment will be mine and from my stand-point. Others would doubtless recommend a different course. I can only use the best wisdom I have; but I am firmly persuaded that the general outline I have in mind is so fully in accord with the facts of the universe and the trend of civilization that, in its essentials, it cannot be safely departed from. But, of course, there are several, and sometimes many, books covering any one particular point; and among these there is wide room for choice and for difference of opinion as to their relative value. But now —

I. Let us glance at some of the many classes of persons who need hints or helps in this matter of reading.

1. There are large numbers of people who, in their hours of leisure, have a taste for books, and who would be glad to read to some purpose, if they only knew just what they wanted and where to begin. No wonder they are bewildered. If the old writer of Ecclesiastes thought, in his time, that "of making many books there is no end," and if he got tired of trying to keep the run of them, I have often wondered what he would say if he were living now. Only to gain a knowledge of the titles, authors, and tables of contents of the books now published in a year, would perhaps take nearly all one's time, let alone the matter of trying to read them all. And the very attempt to read thus indiscriminately would be like trying to eat through the whole bill of fare at a public dinner. It could end only in mental indigestion, instead of adding to one's intellectual equipment or education.

And if, leaving all the new books out of account, one only looks through a great library, he is confused and oppressed. Where shall he begin, and where leave off? On what principle shall he select? What shall he read for? What special end shall he have in view? These hint some of the practical difficulties that face any one who cares to read at all.

2. Then there is another class which needs help in this

matter. There are large numbers of people who honestly cheat themselves into believing that they have not any time to read, except in some desultory and useless way. But this is only a very transparent delusion. They have, at least, that time which they now waste in this same purposeless and desultory reading. And it does not take any more time to read for something than it does to read for nothing. These people are like the ones who never have time to keep their rooms in order or to put things in their places. It takes them a good deal longer frequently to find something they want than it would have taken to have put it in its proper place at first. These persons, whose lives are all at loose ends, have just as much time as other people: only their lack of order and plan wastes and fritters away their leisure. They have "a place for everything, and everything in it." They have time for everything; but the lack of all order prevents their getting the fragments of their time into any sort of relation to each other.

If, then, you really do not care anything about reading, say so frankly; but do not delude yourselves and attempt to delude your friends with the plea that you haven't time. If you really want to do anything very much indeed, you will always manage in some way to find or make time.

3. Then, again, there are many who frankly do not care anything about it. What leisure they get they spend in amusement or mere physical rest. In some cases, I am afraid, it is sheer laziness. When not compelled to work, they seem to enjoy the dull vacuity of a life such as I imagine a comfortable oyster might lead. Others have never thought on the subject, and are in the negative condition of insensibility toward a thing to which their attention has never been called. Others, still, recognize the fact that certain people seem to enjoy it, but they have never had any taste developed in that direction,—like a person with no taste for music who yet hears other people go into raptures over an oratorio. "If they like it," they say, "all right. I don't"; and that is the end of it.

It is very difficult to say anything of value to these classes of persons. It is like shooting cannon balls at a sandbank. The balls sink out of sight, the bank closes over them, and looks about the same as it did before. If they only knew what they were losing! If they only knew what an amount of positive harm they were doing merely by their negative passiveness! They are dead obstructions in the way of all good movements. And, as we shall see later on, they generally take the wrong side in life's great conflicts,— when they move at all,— chiefly because they do not know any better.

4. Then there is one more class that needs to be stirred up in this matter. They are the ones,— very common in our modern life,— who read a great deal, but rarely or never anything that does them or anybody else any good. They are like windmills that whirl perpetually in every breeze, but, being disconnected from any machinery outside themselves, never turn a mill, draw any water, or accomplish any practical result. They read just as they would whittle, or whistle, or crochet, or go to a millinery "opening," — merely to pass away the time.

Now most of this is sheer waste of time. It is worse than that: it desiccates and fritters away one's intellectual capacity. It actually unfits for any real brain-work. People fool themselves with the idea that they are doing something, when practically it is worse than nothing at all. Such are the ones who read every new novel that comes out, but could not, for their life, get through a valuable article in the *Popular Science Monthly*. In the first place, they wouldn't know enough to place the article in its proper relation to the real thought of the age; and, in the next place, they would not know enough of the theme to understand this particular contribution to its discussion. They are like grown people fed on pap, and never allowed to use their muscles, — intellectually flabby and incompetent.

So much for the persons who need to consider this matter. It is time now to turn to the next point, and raise the question —

II. As to why people ought to read with some purpose. And,

1. As I have already had occasion lately to say, it is all well enough to read only for the sake of recreation, provided you have earned the right to it, and provided further, that you do not confine your reading merely to this. But this part of my subject will take care of itself, and does not call for any special discussion now.

2. People ought to read and study in the line of their special work. In the case of some, such as ministers, lawyers, and physicians, this has to be done, in order to any success. But I once knew a druggist, who, apart from all the technicalities of his trade, read and studied widely concerning the minerals and plants in which he dealt and the countries in which they were found. Such a course as this tends to idealize one's labor, lift it out of mere routine and drudgery, and set it in wider and more human relations.

But however thoroughly one reads and studies his business, if he does only that, he narrows his life. The man who knows only his own business does not know his own business; for a very important part of any one business is the relation in which it stands to the larger life of the world. It would be impossible, for example, to know the Mississippi River, except in relation to the vast continent it drains. Everything is what it is by virtue of its relation to something else. An eminent Doctor of Divinity once told a friend of mine that he never allowed himself to read any book that would have a tendency to disturb his beliefs. And most religious people read only their own denominational papers, cultivating thus a profound ignorance of all the rest of the world. Such people can never know even themselves. Shut up within their own little circle, like the Chinese, in what they fancy is the "Central and Flowery Kingdom," they fall behind the rest of the world, and earn only its contempt, while all the time they think they are leading it. The man who knows only his business very soon tells all he knows, and then can do nothing more than tell it

over again, until he becomes like a violinist who should forever rasp away on one note of one string.

3. A wider than any mere business reason for reading, then, should be found in the idea of general culture. Beyond any special business in which he is engaged, a man is a man. His work calls for the exercise of certain faculties and powers; but these are only a small part of him. He possesses, at least in germ, whatever is human. All the tragedy that has ever made men weep; all the comedy that has ever made them laugh; all the ambitions that have ever stirred, all the sublimities that have ever awed, the human heart; all the grand hopes and dreadful fears; all the summits of success men have climbed, all the abysmal failures into which they have fallen; this whole tremendous drama that has earth for its stage, the clouds for its curtains, the "great cloud of witnesses" for spectators, and whose tremendous *dénouement* no one can yet foretell,—this certainly should claim at least a part of the attention of a man; for he is so cunningly keyed an instrument that he is capable of responding to whatever has touched or thrilled the race.

And he who knows good books may always have good company, and find resource and companionship in every trial.

4. And there is one other reason why people ought to read.

Being, as this is, a world of growth, there is always a struggle going on between the lower and the higher, the worse and the better. This struggle is all-pervasive, touching every phase of life. Great questions are always up for settlement,—questions social, political, moral, or religious. And how shall the unthinking, the unread, know which way lies the better hope for man? Thousands of people, all the time, and with the best possible intentions, are conscientiously working against the best interests of their fellow-men. All the evil of the world is by no means wrought by intentionally bad people. For

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as want of heart."

People ought to read, then, as a pilot studies his chart, that they may know which way to steer.

We are now ready to consider —

III. What we ought to read. And

1. Let me indicate a few things in general before I come to the outline of that which ought to be the foundation and framework of every intelligent person's thought. There are certain matters that every person ought to be more or less familiar with, if he wishes to be considered ordinarily well-informed. I think it is Gail Hamilton who says that, "if a person cannot be well-read, the next best thing is to be well-smattered." A smattering, at least of certain things, is essential, if one wishes no more than to be able to converse without embarrassment in ordinary society.

One needs to be familiar with the more important facts of the history of his own country. His country's literature also, at least in its main outlines and characteristics, he should know. Next, he should make himself acquainted with the principal English authors and their books. There is no body of literature on earth that is equal to that of the English-speaking peoples. But beyond this one should go. The few greatest names, at any rate, of the world should come to be a little more than names in a catalogue. One need not know other languages for this. Something of the flavor and nicety of expression is lost to him who reads a book in another than the original tongue. But the loss is not so great as many imagine. All the great books are translated; and even Emerson said he would as soon swim across the Charles River, instead of going over on the bridge, as read a book in the original, when he could get a good translation. All that is really valuable to ordinary people is easily accessible in our own language.

And here let me say a word about familiarity with the Bible. I speak of it now, not as a religious book, but merely as a part of the world's literature. I think one should be ashamed to be ignorant of it, treating the matter from the stand-point of mere common intelligence. No book

has played so large a part in even the history of England and America. It is bound up with the science and art of the Christian world. No one can intelligently walk through the picture and sculpture galleries of Europe, unless he has its story at his fingers' ends. The literature of the modern world is full of allusion to it. On any theory of its origin and meaning, it is the one most remarkable book of all the world. And yet there are thousands of people who would be ashamed to be ignorant of Hamlet or Cordelia who blunderingly mix up the great characters of the Bible without a blush. But now —

2. Let us get back of and deeper than all this superficial information about the superficial facts and movements of history and literature. I use the word "superficial" not in any slighting sense, but to distinguish these surface indications from the deeper and underlying forces that have determined the course of human history. The course of reading that is more important than anything yet indicated is still to come.

Chiefly and before all else, a man ought to read so as to have in mind a clear-cut outline of the universe of which he is a product, and in which he lives, and of the main lines of human progress. He needs this outline as a sort of framework of things in which each nation, each great man, each great book, each great movement, may have its appropriate and logical place, so that his mind may be an orderly room and not a lumber or rubbish shop. A man is not educated because he knows a lot of facts. He is the educated man who knows what he wants to know, who knows where to find what he wants to know, and who knows what to do with it when he does find it. An educated mind is like a carpenter's tool-chest in a well-regulated shop. It may not contain so very many finished facts; but it is so arranged that the workman can put his hand readily on the tool which he wants, and out of the raw material can shape whatever he will. Every disciplined literary worker has a large number of drawers, or pigeon-holes, or compartments, in which are distributed in an orderly way the references, scraps,

dates, facts, extracts, and other helps, so that he can put his hand at any time on whatever he may happen to want. Otherwise, everything is confusion, and he neither knows what he needs nor where to find it.

Now, every man needs just such an orderly outline or framework of the world, into which to put the isolated facts he may be able to learn. Thus things will fall into their logical and proper order. Then, when he learns something new, he will know where to put it, so that it will appear in its proper place as a part of the orderly whole. One of the popular children's playthings at the present time is a map or an animal or a picture of some kind cut into irregular pieces, so that the child's amusement consists in putting it properly together. Most people's knowledge is like such a picture with the fragments all jumbled in inextricable confusion. They see no order or beauty or meaning anywhere, because the fragments of their knowledge are out of all proper relation to each other. One must have a key to the drift and tendency of things before one can understand which way they are moving or what it is all for. A certain religious or social or political movement is going on. Is it a part of the main stream of progress that you ought to help on, or is it only a side eddy or temporary current that you ought to resist? How can you tell, if first you have not got in mind some general conception of what human progress means and what it consists in?

If I have made myself clear so that you have been able intelligently to follow me thus far, it is time now to suggest —

IV. The course of reading that ought to be the framework of all intelligent culture.

But, lest I have frightened any of you by the apparent magnitude of the work I am laying out, it is necessary right here to make two preliminary remarks.

In the first place, it does not require any extraordinary ability or extraordinary cultivation to do all I have so far indicated or shall indicate before I am done. Let me illus-

trate what I mean. Suppose you pick up a number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and attempt to read an article on Sun-spots or the Glacial Period or Political Economy. You get lost in the course of two or three pages, and throw the magazine down in despair, thinking that all this is beyond you, and that there is no use in your trying. But just think what you have been doing. Suppose you take a child, and the first time you put an arithmetic into his hands you give him a sum in long division. Because he cannot solve it, do you straightway think he is stupid, and that there is no use in ever trying to teach him mathematics? In these things, you are sensible enough to know that the child must begin at the beginning. Then the long division will be plain and simple enough in its proper order. To begin with such articles as the above is as if you commenced a story at the fifteenth chapter, and expected to understand it without knowing what had gone before. The fifteenth chapter is plain enough after you have got the drift of the story.

It is not vast or unusual intelligence that is needed, so much as following a right order, and training the mind to a little logical thought. Nothing that is worth reading at all can be read carelessly. Such reading dissipates and injures the mind. "What do you mix your paints with?" said a pupil one day to Opie. "With brains," was the significant reply. And, fortunately, everybody of common intellect has enough for all I ask him or her to do.

But, in the second place, some one is saying, You have already laid out work enough for a lifetime of leisure, to say nothing about a busy man; and you are not through yet. In one sense, this is true. A lifetime of leisure can be spent on almost anything. You have heard of the German professor who spent his whole life on one Greek particle, and then regretted that he had spread his attention over so wide a field. But I am not talking to-day of what concentration or thoroughness may be profitable to a specialist. I am speaking of what is quite practicable to any busy man, if only he cares enough about it to do it, or really appreci-

ates its value. The general information and the general outline I have in mind any ordinary man or woman can master, however busy the life may be. A man may walk over a field, take in its general features, appreciate its beauty, and be able intelligently to talk about it afterward; or he may camp for life on some one spot and devote all his time to the study of the botany of some one of its many species of plants. There are handbooks and guides that will lead you in this general exploration. Enter the road at the right end and then get interested, and you will find time enough to go on. In five years, at the outside, even a busy person ought to be able to comprehend the general field, and get what would be to them — as compared with their present fragmentary ideas — a liberal education. And, if people generally had this preparation for receiving the best thought of the modern world, if they knew what and how much it meant when they heard it, if they knew what to do with it, then all the great progressive movements of the age would receive an impetus that would hasten the "good time coming" by hundreds of years.

I am now ready to indicate this outline. And

1. This old earth, considered simply as one of the planets, is the stage on which this great life-drama of our race is being played. In some way, out of the dust beneath our feet, these wonderful bodies of ours have come. On the surface of this planet, in the shadow of its mountains, in the sight of its seas, rejoicing in its sunshine, beaten by its storms, loving its trees and brooks, waited on by its animals, sung to by its birds, laughing a little, shedding a few tears, clouded by fears, thrilled by hopes, awed by sublimities all about us, we pass our brief lives. Under a little mound of this same earth, with its grasses and flowers above us, our bodies are to sleep while the rains weep, the winds sigh, the sunshine smiles, or the far off stars look down with their suggestions of other worlds. This beautiful old world is our home.

Now ought not every intelligent man to know something

about it, where it came from, by what process it has been developed into its present condition, and toward what far-away destiny it sweeps along its star-attended pathway? Read some book then on geology. If you haven't time for Lyell, take the larger or even smaller work of Dana. Shaler's and Winchell's are also good. You want, as a part of this, to know something of the nebular theory, which will explain how the cooling sun gave birth to his family of planets, of which the earth is one. Any good encyclopædia will give you this. You need also to become familiar with the theories of the world that preceded and led the way to our modern knowledge,—what primitive man used to think about his dwelling-place. As interesting as a fairy tale is Flammarion's *Astronomical Myths*, from which you may learn all this. Then

2. When you have learned the great general facts about the earth, you want to know the marvellous story that science has to tell about the development of life on our cooling planet; and by what steps it has climbed until man appeared, the future master of his own and the earth's destiny. If you cannot go through the more comprehensive treatises of the masters, you can at least read a little book recently published by Lee & Shepard, and named *The Development Theory*, written by Joseph T. Bergen. This will give you an admirable, brief outline of the great wonder story of life. Then

3. You ought to know something about what kind of a creature man was at first, what he thought about himself and the world and God, what was the starting point of his long journey across the ages and toward his present high outlook of civilization. If you cannot go more deeply into it, at least read Mr. Edward Clodd's two admirable little books, *The Childhood of the World* and *The Childhood of Religions*. If you have more time, add to these such a work as Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, and others which you may easily find. Next

4. You need to find out along what special lines of social,

religious, political, and industrial progress the race has advanced, what things have hindered and what things have helped this advance. Then you will know enough — and few at present do know enough — to favor or oppose the right things. Most people fight blindly, and are in danger of doing as much harm as good, just because they do not know these things. We need, above all else, to put up the prayer of Ajax, when fighting in the darkness under the walls of Troy,— a prayer for "light."

To help you in this, if you cannot stop for more, read Hittel's little book, the *History of Culture.* Also Miss Buckley's *A Short History of Natural Science.* If you can do more, take in hand the first volume of Spencer's *Sociology*, Morgan's *Ancient Society*,— one of the best of all,— Coulanges' *The Ancient City*, Draper's *The Intellectual Development of Europe*, Tylor's *Early History of Mankind*, or any other such standard works. Then,—

5. You need specially, in these times, to learn the outlines of the origin and development of man's religious beliefs and customs. Most people to-day are in these matters completely in the hands of ignorance and prejudice. They inherit their religion as they do the color of their hair, or they are guided by the drift of fashion or social convenience or pleasure. If they go to church at all, they go because their wife wants them to, or their children have become accidentally interested in Sunday-school or a dramatic club, or their friends go to a particular place, or it is convenient, or the minister happens to please their fancy. But religion, friends, is a progress from the lowest fetichism on and up toward the eternal light and truth. It is of the first consequence whether you cast in your lot with the divine tendency toward the higher and better outcome that the future is to see. Then be men enough to have an intelligent principle about it, and choose your road in the direction in which progress lies. There need be no doubt nor any prolonged hesitation, if you really care to find which way the world is moving. I will not say now that such study will lead you to me; but I do

appeal to you, as intelligent and responsible men and women, to have convictions on the subject, and then to count for something more than a nonentity,— cast the weight of your influence and active support in the direction of what you believe will make the world better.

Such, then, is the outline I would have you follow in your reading. I have not indicated any more than all of you can do, if you will. At least, two or three of the books I have indicated — and which will be found in their order in a supplementary, printed list — you can each get through with in a year. You will not find it over hard, if you begin at the right end. And, in the course of four or five years, you may know what the world is, where it came from, and by what process; what humanity is, by what pathways it has travelled, and which way it is going: and which way lies your duty in helping on a brighter future.

And, beyond all questions of duty, this knowledge will constitute for you a storehouse of delight and a refuge from petty cares and sorrows. Seeing yourselves as a part of the larger life history of the race, you will feel broadened and ennobled as you try to help work out the common destiny of man.

A COURSE OF READING.

NOTE.— Every person can and ought to be familiar with the outline or framework of knowledge indicated in the following list. For only thus can one occupy an intelligent stand-point in the modern world, from which he may be able to survey the course of the earth's development and the lines of human progress.

The books whose titles are printed in small capitals constitute the briefest possible course for those whose time is very limited. The titles of additional works, for those with more leisure, are printed in smaller type.

Sometimes, the title of more than one book is given on substantially the same topic. In such cases, a selection may be made according to convenience or time.

OUR HOME, THE EARTH.

First two Chapters of GENESIS.
Flammarion's ASTRONOMICAL MYTHS.
Ptolemaic Theory in Introduction to Masson's Milton.
The Nebular Theory in ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, or any good cyclopedia.
Le Conte's GEOLOGY.
Lyell's Principles of Geology.
Any good work on Geology.
Spencer's First Principles.

OUR ORIGIN.

First two Chapters of GENESIS.
Bergen's THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.
Darwin's Origin of Species.
Haeckel's History of Creation.
Darwin's The Descent of Man.
Romanes' THE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCES OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION.

EARLY CONDITION OF MAN.

Lubbock's ANTIQUITY OF MAN.
Clodd's CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD.
Spencer's SOCIOLOGY, Vol. I., Part I.
Tylor's Primitive Culture.
Tylor's Early History of Mankind.
Maine's Ancient Law.

LINES OF PROGRESS.

Hittel's HISTORY OF CULTURE.
Miss Buckley's SHORT HISTORY OF NATURAL SCIENCE.
Morgan's ANCIENT SOCIETY.
Coulanges' The Ancient City.
Peschel's The Races of Man.
Lesley's Man's Origin and Destiny.
Spencer's Sociology.
Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe.
White's The Warfare of Science.
Fiske's THE DESTINY OF MAN.

MORALS.

Bain's MORAL SCIENCE.
Spencer's DATA OF ETHICS.
Sidgewick's Ethics.
Savage's Morals of Evolution.
Lecky's History of European Morals.

RELIGION.

Clodd's CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS.
Kuenen's Religion of Israel.
Knappert's RELIGION OF ISRAEL.
Sunderland's WHAT IS THE BIBLE?
Savage's Beliefs about the Bible.
Chadwick's Bible of To-day.
Oort and Hookyaas' Bible for Learners.
Newton's Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible.
Arnold's Literature and Dogma.
Chadwick's THE MAN JESUS.
Savage's Talks about Jesus.
Clodd's Jesus of Nazareth.
Keim's Jesus of Nazara.
Clarke's Ten Great Religions.
Books on Buddhism, Islam, etc.
(Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)
Johnson's India, China, etc.
Müller's Origin and Development of Religion.
Savage's BELIEF IN GOD.
Savage's Religion of Evolution.
Caird's Philosophy of Religion.
Herford's Story of Religion in England.

It has been suggested that I add to the above a brief list touching American and English History and Literature.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Higginson's YOUNG FOLK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Bancroft's History of the United States.
McMaster's History of the American People.
Johnston's AMERICAN POLITICS.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Underwood's HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.
Tyler's History of American Literature.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

Dickens' Child's History of England.
Green's SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.
Green's History of the English People.
Hallam's Constitutional History of England.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Brooke's ENGLISH LITERATURE.
Taine's History of English Literature.

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UNITY PULPIT.

BOSTON.

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

VOL. 6. NOVEMBER 28, 1884. No. 10.

THREE SERMONS ON TEMPERANCE.

I. A BASIS OF FACTS.

BOSTON:
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET.
1884.

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

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'The sky is a sieve that the rough wind shakes.'

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THREE SERMONS ON TEMPERANCE.

I. A BASIS OF FACTS.

THOSE who have followed the line of my work since I have occupied this pulpit are aware that I have dealt with the matter of temperance only incidentally, and as being but one in the general group of virtues. I have not attempted in any public way to canvass and solve the great social problem. Now and then, it has come to me that some friend has wondered what position I really occupied. And, very likely, my attitude may have been misinterpreted. The red-hot advocates of certain methods and ideas may have supposed I cared nothing about the matter, while free-livers may sometimes have imagined that I was at least opposed to doing anything about it.

But my comparative silence has not been due to any lack of interest in the subject. I knew all about it some years ago; and at that time I preached and lectured a great deal. But, as I have grown older, I find I am not so wise as I used to be. As Lowell says, in one of his *Biglow Papers*,—

> "I sometimes think the furder on I go,
> Thet it gits harder to feel sure I know."

And then there has been such a very Babel of talk on the part of a multitude of speakers, all of them still as wise as I myself once was, that I have questioned whether my quiet voice could get a hearing. I think no one who knows me will believe that I have been actuated by any feeling of timidity. I have wanted to observe, to think, to study in quiet,

until I could feel that I had something to say. Careless talking and ignorant zeal are not virtues, though they carry with them a great impression of one's enthusiasm for good. But less talk and even less action, wisely directed, may accomplish a vast deal more. All reformers would do well to ponder the advice of David Crockett: "Be sure you are right; and *then* go ahead."

You would sadly misunderstand me, however, if you should suppose me even now to claim that I am in possession of the final wisdom on the subject. I have only certain well-matured convictions; and I am ready to modify them either way in the light of fuller knowledge. But some things at least are tolerably clear; and these at any rate ought to be pressed on the attention of all. Young men are the ones that need especially to be reached. But since they are so largely influenced by young women, as well as by fathers, mothers, and friends, these also need to have intelligent convictions on the subject.

It will require at least three Sunday mornings for any adequate treatment of the theme. And, as a matter of simple justice, both to the subject and to myself, I ask all fair-minded persons to suspend their judgments and keep their minds open until I am through with them all. I say fair-minded people; because, if I did ask other kinds to do it, it would do no good.

I propose to devote this morning to the laying down of certain fundamental facts. We shall then be ready, in subsequent sermons, to discuss methods of moral reform in general, and of temperance reform in particular.

I shall not delay you with any attempt to portray the evils of drunkenness. Temperance literature is full of such portrayals. An open-eyed walk through our streets is a sufficient revelation. If the shadow has not passed over your own home, it has over the home of some friend. Dives and attics and police-courts and prisons have each and all their dismal story to tell; while, now and again, in the highest social circles some dread secret is revealed, to make plain

the fact that no rank or grade of life is beyond the limits of this danger. I cannot agree with those who think and say that this is the one greatest and darkest evil of all the world. It is, however, pre-eminent in its dramatic quality, and so in its fitness for impressing the popular imagination. If a man is often drunk, it is easy for people to find it out; and so it is easy to prepare a tremendous array of statistics, and thus to picture the great army that, as the phrase goes, is "marching down to a drunkard's grave." A gentleman told me the other day that, estimating each of the dram-shops of Boston as taking up a frontage of twenty feet, there are so many of them that they would completely line both sides of Washington Street from opposite the Norfolk House down to the Boston and Maine Railroad Station,—a continuous line of about seven miles. I have not verified these figures. I speak of it only to illustrate how dramatically this drink evil can be portrayed. If it be true, as I suppose, that as many people kill themselves by eating as by drinking, it is quite impossible to set forth this evil in a similar dramatic manner. The wrongs that exist in the various relations toward each other of men and women are doubtless quite equal in magnitude to those connected with intemperance; but they cannot be counted like the army of drunkards, nor measured on the street by the mile. So, I suppose, that lying in all its forms, including social pretence and business dishonesty, is responsible in a year for as much harm as drink. Statistics and measurements, however, cannot gauge its extent. As another equal evil, I would also mention those passions out of which the private feuds and public wars of the world have sprung.

Now, a man who is earnestly engaged in fighting against any particular evil is very apt to magnify its extent until it fills his whole horizon. He loses sight of other things, and seems to suppose that, if this one could be done away, the millennium would have come. It is not my purpose to belittle at all the evil of drink, but only to suggest that they who are working for human welfare in other directions may be

as true friends of man as those who are fighting this. This, I think, needs to be said, because there is a certain class of reformers who seem to feel justified in charging everybody with moral indifference or secret sympathy with evil, who do not handle their weapons and fight in their way against their pet aversion.

We are now ready, after so much of preliminary, to lay down our basis of facts. It is very easy for partisanship on either side to look through the small end of the telescope when surveying one class of facts and to use a microscope when looking at another. But, until we can get clearly in mind a few at least of the great headlands and main outlines of our theme, we have no starting point for our discussion. And, until we know where to start from, how shall we know where to go? Now, then, for the facts. And

1. We need to note, at the outset, that the desire for something in the way of stimulant appears to be natural and universal. I am not now touching the question as to whether it is right or healthful: I am only recognizing a fact. From the very earliest time something of this sort has been in use. Whatever else they found or whatever they may have lacked, I think no people has ever been discovered who had not searched out some means by which they could stimulate or narcotize the nerves. Alcohol is a comparatively late discovery. But, long before distillation was known, soma, the juice of the grape, the betel-nut, hashish, opium, tobacco, and many another stimulant, were in use among the ancient races.

Now, what shall we think of this natural and universal hunger? Is it something only and wholly evil? If it is, then it is utterly unlike any other of the great hungers of the race. All the other great, world-wide passions are not only healthful and right, but they are even essential to human life and progress. The evil of them—and this evil is something fearful to contemplate, as in the case of ambition and love—is only incidental, and springs from the abuse or excess of that which is right. It seems to me that

here, also, we may be in the presence of one of the grand, elemental forces that — like that which produces earthquakes — is the source of devastation, and yet is essential to the growing world. If it be not so, and this hunger is evil and only evil, everywhere and always, then here is a tremendous indictment against the wisdom or the goodness of the Power that made and moves the world. I cannot believe that evil is so inwrought with the essential nature of things.

Please mark one thing carefully. Saying all this is no palliation of the abuse of these agencies. It is only the voicing of my trust that this stimulant hunger of the world is essentially a good, and that it shall prove, in the long run, to have played an important part in the development of the race.

2. It is interesting to notice that these stimulating agencies were at first regarded by the ancient races as the direct gifts of the gods. Some of them were worshipped even, either personified as deities themselves or regarded as being able to confer on those who used them a veritable divine inspiration. The intoxicated priest, in his unconscious ravings, was supposed to be possessed by the deity, who was speaking through him.

But it was not long before the evil, the destructive effects of drunkenness were learned by experience. And the result of this was that the regulation of this matter became an integral part of some of the great religions. The Ten Commandments of Moses say nothing about it; but, among those of Buddha, "Thou shalt not become intoxicated" held a prominent place. Mohammed was the first prohibitionist, forbidding entirely the use of wine to any and all of his followers. And in the New Testament, though drinking is not forbidden, the drunkard is one of those who is to have no place or part in the kingdom of heaven.

In spite of all this, however, the drinking habit was very widely spread; and its abuse played no small part in the destruction and downfall of the ancient civilizations.

3. We need to notice, in passing, the fact of the knowledge of distillation, and so the coming into wide and general use of the different kinds of alcoholic drinks. Who first discovered the process of distilling, and so of the manufacture of alcohol, we do not know. It first became common and wide-spread in Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Its discovery was hailed as the finding of an unspeakable boon for man. It was called the "elixir of life"; and men fancied they had come at last on the secret of universal health, if not upon perpetual youth itself.

By the time the wise men had found out their grievous mistake, it had so entered into popular use among the ignorant masses, the love for it had become so common, that it was found impossible to take back their dangerous gift. As in the *Arabian Nights'* story, the prisoned spirit had escaped from the uncorked bottle, and the conjurer could not get him back again.

4. We will pass now to consider the drinking habits of to-day. Why is it that men drink? We are here looking merely for facts, for the reasons that lead to it. Underlying all the conscious reasons is, of course, the great natural universal hunger for some sort of stimulant, that I have already referred to. But what are the surface reasons which men would speak of as the excuses for their personal habits?

And in the first place there are a few cases where there is an inherited and definite taste. In some cases, people are born with a defective nervous system; they are a little under tone, as we might say. And such as these feel a craving which they thus seek to satisfy on the first opportunity.

But, generally, men begin to drink just as children take up any particular play that is in vogue among their fellows,—through the mere tendency to imitation. Others about them drink, it is put in their way; and so they drink. After they have thus formed the habit, the acquired taste becomes the all-sufficient reason.

Thousands drink merely for the pleasurable effect. Against

this, I should have not one single word to say, if the effects, in the long run and on the whole, were pleasant and only pleasant. There is none too much happiness in the world; and, if alcohol were really the source of pleasure, I should certainly favor its universal use. But it needs no saying of mine to teach the world that its abuse always and everywhere results in misery. Whether it can be safely used by any, for the sake of the pleasure it is undoubtedly capable of producing, this is another question.

Others use it when they are worried about business or suffering depression for any cause. They take it because, for the time at least, it drowns their care. But, if a man is in any trouble or difficulty, he certainly needs all his brains to help him out. And this attempt to drown sorrow or care only results, as everybody knows, in the resurrection of a bigger trouble than the one which was drowned. This, then, is the resort of only cowardice or folly.

Still others drink because, in some general way, they fancy that a little of it does them good. They think they need it to tide them over some stress of work, or it is good for some bodily ailment, or they resort to it when they are cold or when they are over-heated, until by and by they take a little in almost all the emergencies of life. Now, I shall not undertake to be very dogmatic here, in those cases concerning which the wisest doctors and scientists disagree. But two or three things, at any rate, I think, are perfectly plain. It is palpable nonsense, if it be not worse, for any tolerably healthy man under forty to claim that in the ordinary exigencies of life he needs any stimulant as a matter of health. Still more foolish is it for him to indulge in its indiscriminate use on all sorts of occasions. When a man has passed the summit and is on the down-hill grade of life, it may then, for aught I know, be well for him to make a temperate and discriminating use of something of this kind. But even he should remember that alcohol is a powerful drug; and any promiscuous use of it is as foolish and may prove as dangerous as would be the going into a drug store and sipping the

contents of the bottles on the shelves, with no clear idea of one's bodily condition or of the effects of what was being taken. If a man thinks he needs anything of this kind, the sensible way would be for him to consult his physician first.

But it is now in dispute, among the wisest physicians, as to whether alcohol is needed even in the way of medicine. Many hold it is proved, beyond rational question, that it does not add either heat or strength to the system in the long run. Many claim that men bear exposure and fatigue better without it. And in cases of disease, during epidemics, in surgical operations, or when suffering from violent injuries, they tell us that the habitual users of alcohol are always the first ones to succumb.

As to the dietetic use of light wines or beers, I do not feel competent to decide. Many wise men say they are useful as an aid to digestion. Many other wise men say they are not. I suppose it is better to use a good light wine than it is to drink bad water. And, if a man never drinks, except with his dinner, we may conclude that he will be tolerably safe. Large numbers of the best physicians, in Europe and America, claim that alcohol, in small quantities, is a food; that it is useful to take by those whose digestion is enfeebled; or when a sudden accession is needed to one's strength or endurance, and there is not time for this want to be supplied by ordinary food. They say also that in cases of disease, when ordinary food is out of the question, it is able to tide one over days of weakness under which, without such aid, they would sink into fatal exhaustion. Other physicians vigorously deny all this.

Very likely, some zealous prohibitionist will denounce me for not being wiser than all the doctors, and because I do not settle this off-hand. But I am trying to state facts now; and I would be a coward to shrink from stating them as I think they are.

But, in general, is it not true that men can give no very good reason for their use of alcoholic liquors? And, for their abuse of them, they can give no *good* reason at all. It is

said that, on a certain occasion, a Quaker was sitting in the bar-room of a hotel. One man came in, and called for a drink because he was chilled and wanted to get warm. Another came in and did the same because he had been running and was overheated. A third wanted one because his stomach felt bad. And so on, through the whole round of excuses. At last, the Quaker, in the hearing of them all, called the waiter, and said, "Bring me a glass of whiskey, because I like it." In his frankness, he was doubtless speaking for the crowd.

However they began, most people keep on drinking simply because they "like it." I need not here dwell on the amount of drinking to-day in Europe and America. The statistics are easily accessible. The quantity consumed is something enormous. The money thus expended by the poor, and the consequent want and suffering are appalling. This drinking habit is bound up with crime and misery of every kind. But one point in this connection we need to have definitely settled. So I pass on

5. To raise the question as to which way the world is moving in this matter. Is the drinking habit throughout the civilized world growing worse or better? Some enthusiastic would-be reformers seem to delight in picturing the world's condition in the blackest possible colors. And, in one way, I confess it is hard to make it out as worse than it really is. But it is possible to overdo this, and so, instead of rousing people to activity, make them feel that all effort is useless. If, for example, I really believed that the civilized world was worse than it used to be, and was rapidly drifting onward with a Niagara current toward the abyss, I should see little use in calling on you to do anything about it or in trying to do anything myself. But the men who raise this kind of alarm are, in plain words, not telling the truth about it.

The simple matter of fact is that drunkenness is not on the increase, but has decreased enormously in a hundred years. If the facts were otherwise, I should have no hope

about it. There are doubtless more drunken men in London and Berlin, in New York and Chicago and Boston, than there used to be. But this is only for the reason that white sheep eat more than black ones. There are more people in these cities than there used to be. But the percentage of drunkenness to the total population of the civilized world is doubtless a great deal less than it was a hundred years ago. If a man is not old enough himself to remember, his father must have told him how the drinking customs have changed since the nineteenth century came in. Hayings, raisings, huskings, weddings, christenings, funerals,— indeed, all social gatherings,— were made occasions for drinking and almost always to excess. The deacons and the minister took their dram between services on Sundays. And, if a friend called, the man who did not set out the decanter was regarded not as temperate, but simply as mean. And, after the ladies left the table, it was the common thing for the men to remain behind over their bottles; and not infrequently they remained until it was difficult for them to leave the dining room on a straight line. Drunkenness has ceased to be respectable; and so, among respectable people, it has, at any rate, ceased to be what it once was,— common. It is much to have driven it under cover, and to have turned it into something that decent people are ashamed of.

Let us rest, then, in the fact that the world is improving in this respect; and so we may have courage to work, and believe that effort in this direction is not thrown away.

6. I am now to touch on a point concerning which I may easily be misunderstood. But I believe that nothing is gained to any reform by misrepresenting the facts. And I charge all honest people to listen well, and not to say afterward that I said what I do not say. It is commonly said that all "moderate drinking" generally, if not necessarily, leads to drunkenness. So the moderate drinker is frequently reprobated as worse than the drunkard himself. I heard a minister once say that the man who drinks a glass of wine is worse than the one who commits a murder. Now, what we

are after to-day is not to decide as to whether moderate drinking is wrong, but as to whether it is generally the first step to the inevitable result of becoming a drunkard. Of course, if a man never takes the first glass, he will never be a drunkard; and of course there was a time before the drunkard began, and when he never had been drunk. But now the point is as to whether, as a matter of fact, even the majority of those who can properly be called moderate drinkers ever do get drunken. Let us see. Perhaps it is true — I believe it to be — that the great majority of professional men, artists, editors, historians, poets, novelists, essayists, physicians, lawyers, university professors, and the best people generally in Europe and America, for a hundred years have been what a teetotaller would call "moderate drinkers." And I believe, also, that I am safe in saying that not five in a hundred of them all were ever drunk in all their lives.

Now, mark you, I am not defending them as moderate drinkers: I am trying simply to get at the facts. There are plenty of ways of helping on the temperance cause without lying about it. And, when we have misrepresented, we have lost our hold. Let a young man find out that we have been trying to keep him from drinking by a reason that is not true, and he will straightway begin to doubt all our most impregnable positions. Whatever moderate drinking may sometimes lead to, it is drunkenness that is the evil we wish to prevent. And to hold up as a criminal a man who was never drunk in his life is to blot out all moral distinctions, and to indulge in another kind of intemperance that may become almost as mischievous as that produced by alcohol.

7. Another point also we need to guard against. Because drinking is associated with so many of the different kinds of crime, it is far too common to assume that drink is the one great cause, if not the only cause, of crime in general. A mistake here is important, because it misdirects our efforts for the reformation of society. To listen to a great

many very well-meaning people, you would suppose that the only thing needed for the abolition of all crime would be the destruction of drink. I wish indeed, and with all my heart, that this were true; for, then, we should have only one enemy to fight instead of a thousand. But the wild running on no one single crusade is going to bring in the millennium. Drink, as a fact, is associated with by far the larger number of crimes. But, lest we practically confuse ourselves, and mix up cause and effect, we need to keep clearly in mind at least two things.

In the first place, it is absurd to suppose that hate and jealousy and envy, and avarice and ambition and anger, would either cease to exist, or cease to produce their natural results, even if there were no such thing as alcohol in all the world. Crime may associate itself with, or disguise itself in, alcohol; but it is older than drink, and, even though drink should cease to be, it would still exist.

And, then, in the second place, instead of alcohol's being the parent of all crime, the excessive use of drink is only one of the lawless manifestations of that imperfect, defective, unbalanced type of organization which is the common parent of that and all other evils. Drunkenness then, like any other crime or vice, is only one in the great family of sorrow-breeding ills that show the beast in us as only partially outgrown. A man begins to drink, and soon he is a physical or mental wreck. In such cases, most people jump to the conclusion that the drink did it all. But, in many such cases, it is quite possible that cause and effect have been reversed. His taking to drink may have been only one of the morbid symptoms of his physical or mental degeneracy. Only a study of each case can decide this matter.

8. And now it remains for us, before coming to our conclusion this morning, to note the attitude of the Bible and of Jesus on this question of drink. It is needful to do this, because a zeal that is more earnest than scrupulous is in these days continually misrepresenting the positions they take. The motive for this is not far to seek. It is the same

kind of feeling that leads people to refuse to see any indorsement of slavery, or any cruel spirit of persecution, in the Old Testament. They have made up their minds that the Bible is divine and infallible in every particular, and that Jesus is the incarnate deity: therefore, they argue, it is impossible that either of them should ever have indorsed or permitted what has come to be recognized as wrong. But what are the facts?

In some parts of the Bible, wine is spoken of as good, the gift of God, bringing cheer and strength to the sorrowing and the weak, making "glad the heart of man." In other places, it is referred to in terms of bitter opprobrium; it is "a mocker," bringing sorrow and disease; and, at the last, it has the serpent's bite, the adder's sting.

Now, since the temperance sentiment has grown strong, the attempt has been made to prove that, in these two cases, two different kinds of drink are referred to, one of which did not possess the power of producing intoxication. But all this is only pious fancy, if it be not pious fraud. The different writers were only speaking out of their different experiences, propounding their different views, and setting forth what are the apparent effects of the use of drink. Drink does seem to cheer, and make strong and glad; and many writers, outside the Bible as well as in, have set forth these qualities of the grape. Drink also does produce all the horrible effects that any writer has ever been able to portray. Men, then, would never have thought of thus wrenching the Bible away from its obvious meaning, had they not first started with a false and untenable theory of the book itself.

Substantially the same is true concerning the attitude of Jesus. He was accustomed, without question, to drink the wine which was the common beverage of his people. The only folly about the whole business is in dragging Jesus out of his conditions in the first century and setting him up in our conditions in the nineteenth century, and saying that he could never have properly done anything that we may not believe in now in the modern world.

We have had eighteen hundred years more of experience concerning the effects of drink than had any one of the Bible writers or Jesus himself. It is a question then not to be fought out on the basis of texts. The texts of the chemist, the physiologist, the writers on society or political economy, on morals,—these are to us to-day of more authority on such questions than any word in any Bible. For these are the writing of the finger of God on the brain, the muscle, the wealth, the character, and civilization of the world. This is the place to look for God's last and growing revelation in matters of health and conduct. These are words that must be heard, laws that cannot be disregarded with impunity. Individual happiness, social growth, national prosperity,—these are matters that hang on the popular decision. If we keep the laws of life, we go onward and upward; if not, we go down into inevitable destruction. What these laws are experience only can teach. Well will it be for us if we read them aright!

I have tried then this morning to trace and make clear a few of the facts that seem to me fundamental to our discussion. We need first of all to get our bearings, to know where we are and which way to look. If I have taken any position which is untenable, I shall be glad to abandon it when it is proved to be so. But to see just the facts all round seems to me the first essential. In my next sermon then, we will try to find out what is the method of all moral progress.

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FOR WHAT SHALL I BE THANKFUL?

What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it? — I. Cor. iv., 7.

Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors.— John iv., 38.

If there is any word in the dictionary that is in danger of being worn threadbare, it is "thanks." And yet I sometimes wonder if the wealth of expression be not like the sound of steam escaping from an engine,— the expenditure in mere noise of what otherwise might have been serviceable force. It is so easy to pay one's debts with promissory notes! There is such a difference between the word on one's lips and the sentiment of grateful appreciation in the heart. So much of our conventional language and perfunctory religious forms is only a fossil shell, from which the life has long gone out!

But, even when people stop to measure their language, I take it the feeling of gratitude is not a specially popular one. People are apt to think of themselves as drifting on a chance current of life, and picking up what they can of such things as are washed by the waves within their reach.

Where the stream comes from, where they come from, where the good things they pick up come from,— these they rarely trouble themselves about overmuch. They are apt to take to themselves the credit of whatever is pleasant in their careers. The saying of King Nebuchadnezzar, "Is not this Great Babylon that *I* have built?" is the utterance of a self-esteem that is not very uncommon. But, when evil of any kind befalls, they look about for some victim on whom they

may charge the responsibility. And, in the presence of this evil, they easily forget that there is any cause except for finding fault.

Is it not, then, about this way that the matter stands? Most people have no very lively sense of gratitude, except to themselves; and, during a large part of the time, a sense of dissatisfaction predominates over all feelings of thankfulness.

If, now, this morning, I should ask you to enumerate the reasons why you should *not* be thankful, I doubt not that the most of you would find at least one that would seem to you conclusive. Some of you are worried over home troubles. The children or the help or the fall dressmaking or the refurnishing of the house or your inability to refurnish, or something about the home, clouds over the sitting-room and throws everything into shadow. Or it is a business trouble,—the depression of the past year, increased competition, the diminution of profits. It is not easy to be grateful in the face of a diminished bank account. Or it is a physical weakness. You are not so well as you were a year ago, or you bear about some permanent infirmity, or you have met with some serious disappointment. The magic ship you expected, laden with wondrous treasure, has struck an unseen rock and gone to pieces, or, when plain in sight of harbor, turned into a mirage and vanished into air. Or you are discontented because you are not differently constituted and fitted to fill some other sphere of life. You are domestic, but wish you could write a book; or you long for the voice of a singer, while you only play the piano; or you wonder why you have not the orator's gift. Or, perhaps, you are inclined to institute discouraging comparisons between your condition and that of some friend or neighbor. They live on a better street, in a better house, or move in society that is not open to you.

This list of reasons for not being thankful might be drawn out to almost any length; but I have suggested enough for my purpose. You do not need much of my help in this

direction; for most persons are quite competent to find all the fault they need for themselves.

Let all these stand as they are, and add to them as many more as you please. But, when you have put them all in the scale, let us turn and see what may fairly be put in the opposite scale, and whether, after all, we have not something to be thankful for.

A noble independence is a grand thing. But, when we carry it so far as to overlook the things that we have "received," and to "glory" in them as though we had not received them, forgetting to acknowledge, much less to repay our obligations, then we are doing a thing that is not grand. Not to pay a debt of gratitude is indeed a wrong to the one to whom it is due; but it is a deeper wrong to ourselves. It results in the atrophy of our own noblest qualities. I propose, then, to present you a bill for things which you have received. Whatever you may have done for yourselves, however largely you may have been the architect of your own fortunes, there are certain benefactions in the getting of which you have had no hand, and for the possession of which you are as much in debt as is the most helpless and dependent creature on earth.

1. You are alive. What this mystic thing that we call life is, the wisest man in all the earth knows not. The difference between a particle of dead matter and a living creature that seems only matter: there lies the secret of the universe. If I could read that, I should know all things. Look upon the body of a man who has just died. It is all here, every part and organ; and yet everything that made the man is gone. What is it that was here, but is not now? We call it life; but with this word we only cover our ignorance of the deepest mystery of the world.

But how great a gift is this mystery of life that comes out of the darkness, and kindles the light of conscious thought in you and me! We feel, we think, we walk about, we open our eyes; and what a universe of form and color and beauty is ours! A sunset; the blue night sky,

"*Thick inlaid* with patines of bright gold,"

and all suffused by the moon's silver; a landscape of hill and forest and river, and this perhaps touched with human interest by some gray ruin that looks through the trees or the smoke from a country fireside; a reach of ocean, blue in the far distance, and curling into white-tipped breakers at our feet; mountains that seem stairways to the clouds; flowers and the faces of those we love,—these as hints of what life sees through the magic windows of the eyes. And then the sounds of the world,—the thunder, the roar of breakers, the ripple of brooks, the winds in the trees, the songs of birds, the symphonies of Beethoven, the more priceless music of happy voices, and the laughter of children. Then the odors and flavors that thrill the nerves with pleasure. And, beyond all these, the affections of the heart, that mean for us all the immeasurable good for which the two words "friendship" and "love" stand as symbols. Then the thought that studies the past and forecasts the future; the thought that "wanders through eternity," that tracks the stars through their immense cycles, and pictures the orbit of the invisible atom; the thought that traces the steps of life from the ooze on the shores of some now non-existent primeval ocean until,

> "Longing to be man, the worm
> Climbs through all the spires of form";

and, then, that is able to sound the deeps of the future, looking

> "Far as human eye" can "see,"
> Sees "the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that" will "be."

All this only suggests some of the things that the little word "life" has meant to man.

Does any one say it is not worth having, and calls for no thankfulness? Does any one talk of sin and sorrow and pain, and question the kindness that puts this mingled draught to our lips? I, for one, have had moments of ecstasy, gleams of insight, mountain summits of vision, that were lavish reward for months of doubt or pain. I do not

measure my life by the mere quantity of breathing. A drop of nectar may mean more than gallons of commonplace. And, then, when I note the fair and sweet blossoms that so often spring from thorny stems of pain, when I see that sorrow is only the discord of nerves attuned to joy, and when I see that this great universe is only as yet in process, *en route* toward some grand consummation, then I say, Life's sorrow is but a paltry price to pay for what has in it such infinite possibilities of joy. Every day I feel a new spring of gratitude bubbling up in my heart. I am so glad to have had a look at this brave show of the world. Let it end as it will. I've seen the stars and the ocean; I've heard the birds and the winds and human voices; I've clasped the hand of a friend, and looked into the eyes of one who loved me; and no power can make all this not to have been.

But now it is time for us to consider some of the special incidents and circumstances of life that have not been of our own making.

2. Think what it means that you were not born in Patagonia, Lapland, or Central Africa. One of the strange things of life is to see people not grateful for the opportunities of existence conferred upon them by the place of their birth and the race from which they spring, but making these things occasions for pride, and for contemptuous treatment of those who are so heavily weighted for life's contest, and all through no fault of their own. "If thou didst receive" this gift, "why dost thou glory, as if thou didst not receive it?" Be thankful, if you will, and remember *noblesse oblige*,— nobility is obligation.

3. Another gift conferred upon the most of us, and all through no merit of ours, is a healthy physical organization. Consider how large a part of the happiness of your life is due to the simple fact that your nervous system is in tune, so that all the sights and sounds and activities of the world make music as they play upon you. Suppose you have outstripped some competitor in the race for money or station

or fame. It may have been no merit of yours, neither greater ability nor goodness, but only a better digestion. Not a feeling of selfish triumph, then, but sympathy and a gratitude-born wish to equalize matters so far as possible, should be the dominant one in your heart.

4. Then how wondrous a boon was bestowed upon you, when you came into possession of that network of nerves and the mass of gray matter that are stowed away beneath the dome of the skull! Are you indebted to nobody for this, and is there no call for a sense of grateful obligation? Through a long line of inheritance, the ever-increasing estate has come down to you; but, back of and beyond all that, its ultimate source takes you into the mystic presence of the God who hides in the shadow. To him, then, first and above and beyond all else, you owe all that is comprehended in the power to think and feel. But, besides this, do you know what tireless and slow-moving centuries of toil have gone to the work of building up your brain? Millions of years ago, some tiny creature first began to feel. There was a dim sensation of light, a faint thrill of pleasure or of pain. Thus it was, when the first track of the first nerve was being laid out through some minute speck of jelly-like living substance, that the foundation of your brain was laid. And ever, as the forms of life rose slowly, as the nervous system grew more complicated, as the brain increased in bulk and complexity, so life struggled on, never hasting, never delaying, until it built up the brain of Jesus, of Shakspere, of Copernicus, of Newton, of Darwin, of Spencer, and to us gave enough of this same mystic power of thought to comprehend them and their labors.

When the first man first thought of tearing a limb from a tree and using it as a weapon to reinforce his muscular strength, he was working to make your brain. When the first bow and arrow was invented,— one of the most notable steps in all the line of human progress,— he was working at your brain. When he first thought of chipping a flint and so making it into an arrow-head or a knife, he was working

on your brain. When he first discovered fire, learned to cook his food, invented a way to make clay vessels and harden them in the fire, he was working at your brain. When he invented figures for counting, and after ages of experiment hit upon an alphabet of arbitrary signs by which he could incarnate his thought, lay it away for future reference, or transfer it to others at a distance,— in all this he was working at your brain. And so, on up along the ages, every new advance in thought or life was so much more work done in the building of your brain. For the brain is not made first, a completed machine for the turning out of thought. It is the progressive thought of the world that creates the brain. As breathing builds the lungs, as hearing creates the ear, so does thought make the brain. All the hopes, the fears, the loves, the hates, the contriving thoughts, the grand imaginations, the aspiring struggle after larger capacity,— all these have added keys to the wondrous instrument that makes the music of human life. Every nerve-line, every crease or convolution, every addition to the extent of brain surface, every increase of fineness in structure, all its growing sensitiveness, its power to respond to every touch and thrill to every emotion,— these are our inheritance from the sorrow, the joy, the struggle, and the achievement of our ancestors. All these have toiled and died and built their lives into a monument on the summit of which we stand, and so gain our magnificent outlook over the centuries.

> To-day is but a structure built
> Upon dead yesterday,
> And progress hews her temple-stones
> From wrecks of old decay.

Here we are then in the midst of modern civilization. And it seems to me it may be worth while for us to look about us a little, and see if we are free from obligations here.

5. We will then glance at the question of our independence in the matter of our business successes. Thousands of men go on gathering in their gains, attributing them all

to their own shrewdness and enterprise, and feeling justified in buttoning them up tight in their pockets, using them only as personal whim or liking may suggest. "May I not do what I will with mine own?" is their motto. If it were all your own, perhaps; but let us see how large a part is your own.

If you have succeeded in any direction, it is only because humanity has taken you into partnership. Suppose an older business firm takes you in as junior partner. The store, the stock, the widely established connections, the good will of customers, and the human needs it is your business to supply,— these were all there before you began. Do you owe nothing to any one in such a case? "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors." Now, a preparation like this, only much deeper in its significance, precedes and prepares the way for all the business of the modern world. Let us note a few particulars concerning the mechanism on which your business depends, and which you are using every day.

To the first man who, by the help of fire and flint knives, first made a dug-out; to him who first thought of a mast and a sail to catch the wind; to him who first was bold enough to sail out of sight of land; to him who invented the compass; to Columbus whose faith created a new continent; to Magellan, whose scientific belief in the earth's shadow on the moon inspired him to sail around the world; to each one of the thousands whose labor has resulted in the modern merchant marine, and turned the Atlantic into a ferry-way; to those whose numberless inventions and improvements have given us the great railway systems of the world; to those who have enabled our whispers to leap over mountain chains, and flash under the seas; to those whose age-long experience has created our systems of banking and exchange; to the slow lifting of the level of civilization that has created the ten thousand wants that it is our business to supply,— to all these you are indebted for your business *prosperity*. Where would have been to-day Vanderbilt's

two hundred millions, but for the tens of thousands of toiling men and women who have opened the mines, raised the crops, and built the towns of the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific shore? What is it that makes the value of Jay Gould's "Western Union," except the labors of the million workers of the land?

You have received as an outright gift, then, all the opportunities that have made your successes possible. "Why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received" them?

6. Consider now your obligations as to the intellectual life of the world. This means two things, and two things of perhaps equal importance.

Suppose you wish to deliver a speech, to write a poem, a novel, a play, an essay, a political leader: an intelligent and receptive audience is as necessary to you as you are to those whose mental hunger you feed. If you wish to imagine how great is your debt to the people who read what you write or listen to what you say, only conceive yourself as living in the midst of a people totally deaf and dumb, and with whom you could establish no means of communication. You would go mad in your isolation.

And then, on the other hand, picture the debt you owe to those who have made your library table a possibility. In the first place, what ages of toil and struggle were necessary for man to enable him to feel his weary way from the rude picture-writing — like the chalk scrawls of a child — on to the alphabet and papyrus scroll! Then, how many ages more, till he had invented movable type! And then the toilsome progress from Caxton to the roller steam-press!

Open now your favorite poet. In an agony that crushed out his life perhaps, he has expressed for you his tears and his heart's blood to fill the cup of dainty nectar that is put to your lips. Sit down to your favorite novel. What experiences of sorrow, of ecstasy, perchance of sin and shame, have enabled him to lay bare for your delight and instruction the mechanism of the human heart! Hardly anything

fills me with more of wonder and of gratitude than to look at my books, and to think of how much of all that is saddest and sweetest in human life and history has gone to the making of my little library.

7. One more point I must notice; and that is our religious inheritance. The highest type of human character is undoubtedly that in which love and reverence combine to make one worshipful toward all above him, just toward all about him, and tender toward all below him. But man began as an animal, under the influence of brutal passions, fighting simply for the satisfaction of his own selfish appetites. Try to think of the long ages of heart-aches and tears, of crouching fear and noble daring, of victims' cries and conscious self-surrender, before a Jesus was possible.

We are born into a life made sunny by the smile of a God of love. Justice and mercy are our highest thoughts of duty. A hope that seems almost too grand and sweet to be true gleams as a vision above what was once the horror of the grave and the darkness of hell. To whom are we indebted for all this? I met the Rev. John Weiss on the street one day, and said he, "Mr. Savage, you ought to be grateful to me and the rest who have been theologically sacrificed to make your freedom possible." And, indeed, I am. But, when I try to recount those to whom I am indebted for my freedom, my glad worship, and my hope, where shall I begin and where leave off? Far, far away, across the weary centuries, in the dim twilight of the world's early morning, I see one beginning to be a man. He trembles at the thunder. He sacrifices to the ghost of the dead. Then, reverence and worship had their birth; and to him I offer thanks for the beginning of that that makes my nature dare to think of transcending the limits of the world and overleaping the gulf of death. And so, as I come up the ages, along the pathway of human advance, I stop a moment by the side of every ruined altar, and note with reverent gratitude each step that man has taken in tears and blood. *With* Moses at Sinai, with Zoroaster on the Persian hill-tops,

with Gautama, the Buddha, in Indian jungles, with the prophets of Israel while they lift up their cry, with Confucius at the Chinese courts, with the Egyptian priests, with the Chaldeans watching the stars, with Socrates in the market-places of Athens, with Jesus by the Galilean lake or in the temple porch, with Paul on his toilsome journeys, with Savonarola in Florence, with Wiclif in England, with Luther in Germany, with Servetus at Geneva, with the Pilgrims on their winter voyage, with Channing and Parker, — with all these I pause for a moment, and pay my poor tribute of thanks for the thought that pondered, the hope that dared, for the bravery that faced wild beast and faggot and rack, and for the constancy that won the victory over even death itself, and all to make me free and glad and hopeful to-day.

Perhaps you hold it a little thing,— this free and simple and trustful service of ours this morning. But, if only you will reckon up its cost, you will find that no gem in all the earth is half so rich and rare; and, if you estimate its significance as it looks out toward the future, no kingdom of all the world were rich enough to buy it from you. Think, then, how much in this direction you have "received." Think how "other men labored, and ye are entered" upon the fruits of their labors.

It only remains for me now to make a few brief points by way of hint and suggestion.

1. If any one shall say that all mankind does not possess these good things, and so there can be no universal goodness, or if any one thinks that the very process of tears and blood through which our good has come casts doubt on the goodness of the universe, I can only hint an answer. I believe the process was necessary, since man only knows what he has experienced. And I believe that every soul that ever lived is *en route* toward all the best that is possible for us all. If there were either annihilation or hell for failures, I could not keep my trust. But I believe that the only hell is a purgatory in which we go through the needful stages of growth.

2. If any of you have not all you want, or think you have been ill-used at the hands of life, suppose you go to work and try to reckon up just how much you have deserved and on what precisely you would base your claims for more. All the good you have is an outright gift; and what you lack or wish does not represent any debt to you that any one has unjustly refused to pay.

3. The grateful spirit, the one that makes the best of things and seeks even on cloudy days for streaks of sunshine, this, you know without my telling, is the one for happiness. Its inheritance is worth more than a fortune; and no fortune ever yet made the fault-finder happy. And not only is this the secret of happiness, it is also the secret of all great achievement. It is the glad, the hopeful, the aspiring souls that have done all the best things of the world. The fault-finder grumbles over what is not: the grateful spirit turns what is not into what is.

4. And now, in closing, a hint as to how this debt of gratitude may be paid. I believe that, in the last analysis, we owe it all to God, and should carry daily in our souls a sense of grateful recognition. But we cannot pay God in words, or money, or service directly. Neither now can we render any service to the past for all the wealth of our manifold inheritance. What, then? What are the suggestions of thankfulness that are nearest at hand and most easily carried out? We can try to make others happy. That is a commonplace, but so is sunshine: and one is as important to human life as the other. We can be tender and charitable to those who do not succeed in life, remembering that it was not ourselves that made us to differ; and so there is no just or rational ground for pride or the hateful spirit of contemptuous superiority. We can remember that all the best things of life have come to us by inheritance; that we hold only a life-interest in them; that we have no right, even during life, to do merely as we please with them; and that we are under the most sacred obligation to see to it that we pass on the torch of human life and happiness undimmed.

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Four Years among the Children of the South.

"A little child shall lead them."— ISAIAH xi., 6.

EARLY in the year 1863, I went as a minister to the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, then the border land of our great Civil War. For ten years, I remained there, occasionally journeying through the South-west, and observing carefully the state of affairs in the adjacent portion of the former slave States. Unable to go to the field, I was all the time asking myself what was to be my work in the upbuilding that I was sure must follow the complete wreck of the old Southern order of society, and how I could best meet the call of God to every patriotic heart.

It was not long before I came to a very distinct opinion that, after the politicians, the ecclesiastics, and, possibly, some other sorts of people, had reached the end of their favorite plans of national reconciliation, the real work must begin at the foundations, by establishing among the children of the South, of both races and all classes, a system of universal education, which in time would lift up the very ground floor of society, and develop everything there according to the ideals of our new American life.

This opinion slowly consolidated to a resolve that, when the call should come, I would go over and try to help these people in the beginnings of this mighty work. I could see it was to be a work difficult beyond expression; for, up to 1860, there had been through a large part of the South no very serious or sustained attempt to establish a system of education for any but the superior class of white folk, and their five millions of slaves were, of course, in almost com-

plete ignorance. So for fifteen years, till 1880, in the North-western, Middle, and New England States, I prepared myself industriously for a ministry of education,— by services and studies in educational affairs, tracing the relations of universal education to American history, and forming a large acquaintance with educational and public men.

Before I was half through with this preparation, I heard the big horn blowing for me down in Dixie, and made haste to answer the call. I went forth, and, with such support as a few benevolent people of the North and the hospitality of the South gave me, representing no party in politics or sect in religion, have traversed this South-land now for more than four years in this ministry of education. During these crowded years, besides a great deal of work in behalf of the cause done at the North and constant occupation with the press, I have visited fourteen of the Southern States. And so satisfactory has been this experience that I have resolved to keep on doing the work of this ministry, as long as God grants the strength and good people furnish me the opportunity and means to do it.

By invitation of the pastor of this church, I appear before you this morning to tell a plain story about things I have seen and a part of what I have been able to do in these deeply interesting journeyings among the children and youth of the South. My talk will be in answers to these three questions: —

First, What is the actual state of affairs through this vast region, as I have seen it?

Second, What opportunities have been afforded me for such work as mine, and just what have I been able to accomplish?

Third, What can we all do in behalf of the present movement by the Southern people for universal education,— I do not mean alone by aiding the effort the North is making to establish and support schools in the South, but rather by helping the Southern people carry forward the great system of free, popular education which they, of their own will,

have begun within the past fifteen years,—a movement incomparably the most interesting and far-reaching of anything that has happened in our country since the close of the war in 1865?

And, first, a word upon the situation.

You can read for yourselves the figures of Southern illiteracy that appear in the national census of 1880. There you will see that, in the sixteen States, once the fifteen slave States, there are nearly four million white children and youth under twenty-one, with little more than two million enrolled in any school; that not one-half of the one million eight hundred thousand colored children and youth are even enrolled in schools; that the average attendance on schools is far below the enrolment; and that the vast majority of these pupils are in public schools, which, at best, in Virginia, give five months, but in several of those States do not represent three solid months of annual instruction; that the teachers in those schools are paid more poorly than the servant and nursery girls in any large Northern town; that the city of Boston, with four hundred thousand people, pays yearly once and a half as much for education as the great State of Georgia; that one-third the voters even of Kentucky cannot read or write, and one-third of her children are in no school; that not one-tenth of the colored voters or two-thirds of the white voters of the whole South make any appreciable use of reading and writing, even when they can read their ballot or write their name. You can also look upon the shrinkage in the valuation of these great States and cities in the years that followed the war, and understand how powerful commonwealths like Virginia and Tennessee are convulsed even now by the question of paying a State debt which at least three of our new Western cities could carry on their back as easily as a soldier his knapsack. I need not repeat all this, which is public record, disputed by no man who reads. All this I confirmed in the fourteen States visited in my journeyings through more than four years.

But, friends, it is one thing to sit in your parlor at home, in this city, and read these columns of dead figures out of the census, and quite another thing to look through and through the state of society represented thereby, as I have seen it in the shape of living men and women and children.

Imagine, if you can, an old State, as populous as Connecticut, more than half her people emancipated slaves and their children; another great multitude, white people, dwelling in such ignorance and aloofness from the higher influences of our time as no native-born class can possibly experience in an old Northern State. Now fancy what we, who regard ourselves an intelligent Christian people, should do in such case, if, after a twenty years' struggle, we found ourselves where the superior class of white people in one of these States — South Carolina, for example — is found to-day.

I have come to understand how, in 1865, the whole upper story of Southern society was overturned as completely as the roof of a house was ever blown away in a cyclone; and how the foundations of society were represented by five million freedmen, largely without knowledge, without property, the prey to every sort of vice, their very religion a half pagan superstition, suddenly shot up into full citizenship, to do the work of legislation, to hold every office of honor and trust through sixteen States. And, opposed to them, the other part of the foundations,— another multitude of white people, in every grade of ignorance, full of race prejudice, accustomed to the violent life of a border civilization, ready to break out, at any emergency, into something worse than ordinary civil war. All that can happen in such a state of things I now understand from what I have seen.

I stood, one day, in a village of Northern Alabama, and looked at a typical group,— a family of these poor white mountain folk journeying toward some new home; a wretched scarecrow of a beast dragging a shaky wagon, loaded with the miserable effects of the household, and a woe-begone, aguish man, sprawled in front, driving the team. Behind came the wife, bareheaded and barefooted, her skirts in

strings below her knees, leading the lean and sickly-looking family cow. Then tramped the children: two or three wild-looking boys romping with the inevitable crowd of dogs that is the annex to every poor Southern family; two pairs of girls, with hair in snarls and bare feet, heavy with the red mud of the roads, and such strange looks in their faces, with arms thrown over each other's shoulders, slouching in the rear. There may be a larger number of such folk in these sixteen States than there were people in the United States of America when Washington became our first President, and not immigrants; all of them home-made, descended from original English, Scotch, Protestant Irish, or good Continental stock.

If anybody has really looked upon the sort of crowd that seventy-five per cent. of the colored people of the South is to-day, as these people toil in the fields of its vast, lonesome country, or swarm the streets of every village on a holiday, he will understand what it means to have a State governed by such a majority, and how probable it is that any large body of Anglo-Saxon people in any part of America will consent to be so governed. I have seen how multitudes of these poor people must live, how loose must be the whole *morale* of their social life, how they behave under religious excitement, how helpless many of them are to meet poverty, pestilence, even a change in the weather; and I marvel not at the social chasm that yawns between them and the white race, and am not surprised at anything that happens.

I have seen how improbable it is that these awful rivalries and repulsions should be kept out of the drawing-rooms and the churches; how impossible that there should be just now any wide-spread practical manifestation of democratic society and fruitful co-operation between classes and large and beneficent public spirit in some of these States.

Of course, I have seen the best side of Southern society; for my ministry has carried me through all regions of its higher as well as lower life. But, the more I see of the superior people of the South (and a more attractive people

does not exist upon earth), the more I feel its utter helplessness to deal with the tremendous difficulties that involve the whole lower region of society. The class itself is comparatively small in numbers. Its families, with growing exceptions, are still struggling with poverty, just getting on their feet from under the wholesale wreck of twenty years ago. Their young men are scattering, to seek their fortune; and their young women facing life against more difficulties than confront any set of Northern girls I ever knew.

And how all this tells on every form of industry and enterprise; making the laborers on the land the dullest peasantry in Christendom, making progress in the development of that vast region slow and unstable, keeping down manufactures and skilled mechanics, throwing all classes of people into the hands of sharpers, wicked money-lenders, and plunderers, who hover over the country like buzzards over a battle-field; and how all this must unsettle the very foundations of private, State, and municipal credit, you can easily comprehend. Add to this the awful flow of bad whiskey and a frequent loose administration of the criminal law, and the dark side of the picture is faintly outlined before you.

But I have seen, also, a bright side,—so bright, indeed, that it has always kept me above discouragement, and brought me out, at the end of four years' observation, full of hope and confidence for the future of the South of our beloved land.

Beginning at the foundations, I have seen how wonderfully God has wrought in the history of the freedmen. Two hundred and fifty years ago, the first slave-ship landed the first cargo of African savages on the beach of old Virginia, in plain sight of the spot where now rise the towers of Gen. Armstrong's Normal and Industrial Hampton School. Only seventy-five years ago, slave-ships from New England and Old England were landing thousands of the same people in all the seaports of the South. These people were often slaves at home, degraded beyond the degrada-

tion of any race we have known. But they were scattered among the families of a Christian country that became a republic nearly one hundred years ago. They learned, in their estate of slavery, the three fundamental lessons in the progress of any similar people: first, the art of steady, profitable work; second, the language of a civilized country; third, the religion of Jesus Christ, which is destined to break every yoke on body or soul, and redeem every son and daughter of God. In this school of bondage, they multiplied like the leaves on the trees, till now they number more than six million; and, last year, every soul of them was represented by a bale of cotton in the bounteous harvest fields of the sunny South.

Never was such a spectacle before as this development, so rapid, from savage life to citizenship in the world's chief republic. Spite of all that is discouraging in the life of the freedman to-day, no such great work was ever before wrought on so vast a scale in the annals of civilized man. The colored people of Georgia, last year, represented at least $8,000,000 of property earned and saved within fifteen years, and owned one-twelfth of the live stock of that enterprising State; and these people own $100,000,000 in the whole South. I have spoken to several thousands of their young people within four years, gathered in the great schools supported by the Northern Christian people, with occasional aid from their State governments; and, when I see how easily they take to good schooling in letters and in manners, and mark their slow but sure growth in good morals, I have no fear of the future of the colored man, if he can be kept out of the hands of his foolish and wicked friends, and guided by the best wisdom of the whole American people in the years to come.

I have marked this: that the various classes of the poor white people of the South (and there are many grades of intelligence, character, and industry comprised in the several millions of this class) still hold fast the bottom quality of the old British stock, and are developing every year, in pro-

ductive work, in *morale*, in the desire for education, in thoughtful attention to public affairs. We shall do well to put in all possible good work among the children of the poor white man of the South for the next fifty years; for he is bound to become a prodigious power in those States, and can be educated up to a mighty power for good. Every little white girl in the beautiful school of Amy Bradley, at Wilmington, N.C., would have grown up as wild, as unkempt, as hopeless as that group I saw in Alabama, had not the Lord come by in the form of a good schoolmistress, and made of them all such a kind of children as we might not be ashamed to call our own.

And I have seen that, as fast as education lays its forming hand on these poor children, colored or white, they begin to draw near each other in justice, peace, and harmony. I have no enthusiastic anticipations of a Southern social millennium; but I can believe that a generation of good schooling, better churching, intelligent industry, and improved homes will at least enable these classes to dwell together in the unity of a common citizenship in the land we love. The war was also a revolution of emancipation to the poor white man of the South; and, henceforth, his way is open to the summit of American life, and already he is beginning to walk vigorously therein.

I have seen, with an interest I cannot express, the present attitude of the higher classes of the Southern people. Of course, we are not to look at people past middle life, the survivors and sufferers from the awful wreck of war, for the most hopeful view. Yet even they are often bearing themselves with a patience, dignity, and spirit of returning friendliness, to which some of us, I fear, have not yet attained. But my ministry has been chiefly among the children, the youth, their teachers and friends,—the *young South;* and there I have found little to deplore and almost everything to hope. I have spoken to thousands of the daughters and sons of the men we were fighting less than twenty years ago, many of them children of the leaders in that great conflict;

and never have I spoken of the grandeur and hope of our common country, and the opportunity of our new American life, without a response as ready as I would expect here in Massachusetts. The young men of the old upper class of the South are doing just what our young men did in my boyhood: getting such schooling as they can, and going forth to seek their fortune to the new cities and towns of their own States, to the great North-west; swarming in all the Eastern cities south of New York; and everywhere showing themselves as men. The class of stay-at-home, do-nothing, vicious, lazy boys, is not half so great as we have been told. The young women of the best families are teaching the new public schools, pushing out in every direction toward new employments,—so like our own good girls, as I remember them in the past years, that I cannot see any real difference between them and our "sisters, cousins, and aunts." Our own young people, with all their splendid opportunities, will do well not to count on the stupidity, laziness, or any other defect of their companions of the South; for a generation of such work as many of them are now doing will bring them abreast of us in every good word and work.

I have seen how earnestly a large band of the Southern clergy are toiling at their sacred work; how faithfully the majority of their teachers are caring for the children in their schools; how the Christian people of both races are pondering the awful social problems that beset them; how the public men of their State and municipal governments are generally working on lines of progress; how every man that is anybody seems to be moved with a desire to be at harmony with us of the North. And I am astonished at the amount of building up in education that has been done by these people themselves within the past fifteen years,—more than was ever done by any people in so short a time before. This year, the South will pay $15,000,000 for education. And, now, I note everywhere among these people the waking up of this mighty desire for the educational and industrial uplifting of the young. It is the most powerful and pro-

found inspiration of the new Southern life. If we meet it as we ought, it will bear this Southern people out into calm water, over all breakers and rapids, in the lifetime of many who hear me to-day.

In short, I sum up all I have seen in this. The Southern white people are Americans, trained in American republican institutions. A chronic social disease, slavery, preyed on their vitals for two hundred years. But, spite of that, so powerful is the schooling of our American republican form of society that, now this malady is cast forth, they are springing up, eager to run the race with us, chiefly needing that we will give them the hand of fellowship and the Godspeed of love and reasonable confidence through the years to come.

There is nothing inconsistent between these two pictures I have drawn. The darkness is of the night that is far spent, and the radiance is of the glorious dawn which already kindles the sky with omens of peace and good will,—for our beloved America at first, and then for all the children of men round the world. For let us always remember, our triumph here in vanquishing the foes of republican society in America means the emancipation of Europe, the conversion and civilization of Africa, the unlocking the gates of the Orient, the social and political redemption of mankind.

You may now divine, in answer to my second question, the way I was received and the work I have been able to do in the past four years.

I went of course, as any man should, thoroughly indorsed by the best educational and civic authority in North and South, but with no official, ecclesiastical, or any other entanglement, as an independent, friendly minister of peace and light and hope. I carried nothing in my carpet-bag but the New Education, mighty to bless all sorts and conditions of women and men. My one method of operation was to blow on every live coal I came across, and waste no time stirring up ash-heaps or scolding at piles of burnt-out cinders. And, because of this, far more than because of any special ability above other men (thousands of whom could do this work

better than I, if they felt the same call), I have been met in a spirit of welcome of which I cannot trust myself to speak in public, and hardly can realize in the recollection. In all my public and private meetings with every class of people under every variety of circumstance, I have heard scarcely a word of private discourtesy or public opposition.

But you may ask, "Just what have you been doing in these four years, journeying through fourteen Southern States, and in what interest are you at work?"

In the interest of nobody save the children and youth and the general good of the American people, as it will be promoted by the abolition of the fearful illiteracy that now oppresses all these sixteen Southern States, and the general uplifting of their lower white and colored populations by the education of the head, the heart, and the hand. I go forth upon my own individual responsibility, and offer my work as "a labor of love" wherever I go. I probably owe a great deal of my success to this fact of my perfect independence of operation, nobody being able to assert that I have any purpose in view save the desire to help the Southern people in their great effort to help themselves in the education of the children. Although my labors are largely in the interests of public schools, yet I am constantly and most warmly received by the collegiate, academical, and private seminaries in every region that I visit. Indeed, so far as I am concerned, the Southern educational "latch-string" is always out, and all doors fly open at my appearance. I have been accorded the most ample freedom of speech, as great as any man could use, unless he desired to appear as a partisan political or sectarian religious missionary. And the hearing accorded to me by both races has been uniformly good, often enthusiastic and numerous; while, without exception, the press and the public men of all these States have most heartily co-operated in my Ministry of Education.

My vocation is that of a "man of all work" in the advocacy of education. While not attempting to establish schools or place teachers, I visit all sorts of institutions of

learning, from the college to the plantation district school; talk to the children and youth; meet their teachers; lecture at institutes and to groups of instructors; address legislatures, and co-operate with legislative committees and boards of education; labor with the influential classes of towns where the public school is not well established; make frequent popular addresses to the people of both races; use the press on every occasion for furtherance of my views, and almost every week preach in white or colored churches, Christian and Hebrew, on the moral and religious aspects of the great theme. And, all the time, the endless "talk by the way" goes on, the people everywhere being far more eager to question than I have strength to answer. With the single exception of teaching, I am doing everything that a friendly minister of education can do for the cause I have so much at heart.

Such is a brief statement of the work in which I have been engaged the past four years. I have no words to express my gratitude to God that I have been spared to give the closing years of a long Christian ministry to this Ministry of Education to the children and youth of our Southland. I cannot trust myself, in public, to speak what I feel of the kindness and personal friendship of thousands of the best Southern people; of my obligations to public authorities, State and national; to the press, the churches, and the clergy, for their hearty countenance and too favorable estimate of what I have done. It is worth living half a century to look into the kindling faces of these many thousands of American boys and girls, of every class and both races, as they have shone before me like a mighty sunrise of hope and promise upon this great land of the future; for no part of the civilized world has a grander outlook than these Southern Commonwealths. And I cannot express what I would about the generosity of my friends who have helped me to be in at this sunrise of a great hope, through a realm so late beneath the cloud. It is, indeed, a glorious opportunity to be with a people who have "walked in darkness" when first

they "behold a great light," prophetic of brighter years to come.

And, now, I will briefly answer the first question: "What can we do to help on this work of the Lord, this beginning of the good time, which, if we are faithful, is sure to come?"

First. Tell your members of the House of Representatives, in Congress, speedily to pass the bill for National Aid to Education, which has come down to it from the Senate, where it received almost a two-thirds indorsement, without respect to partisan divisions or sectional lines.

This bill proposes to distribute some seventy millions of dollars, during the next eight years, in annual instalments of seven to fifteen millions, among all the States and Territories, on the basis of the actual needs of the people. While every State will receive something, the object of the measure is to afford temporary aid and encouragement to the Southern States in overcoming the heavy burden of illiteracy, which is the greatest danger now threatening them and the nation, from that direction. Eighty per cent. of the colored people of the South are to-day abiding in an ignorance which implies all other personal, social, industrial, and civic disabilities. While the Southern States might be able to grapple with their white illiterates, which in some States constitute from twenty to thirty per cent. of their class, I am confident, from four years' observation, that they cannot overcome that black cloud of semi-barbarism — the combined ignorance, superstition, shiftlessness, vulgarity, and vice of both races — without immediate and generous help from the people of the United States.

The Senate bill proposes to distribute this money only for elementary education, in public schools and for the instruction of teachers, through the agency of the State Governments; giving to no State more than it raises itself, and withdrawing the appropriation in case of abuse. It is believed by its authors that this National Aid will be such an encouragement and stimulant to the people of the South

that these States will be able, in ten years, so to establish their public school system that, henceforth, it can be supported by themselves, as all States eventually must.

I do not argue this question to-day. The argument was so thoroughly presented in the great debate in the Senate last winter, calling forth the greatest efforts of all its foremost men, that nothing can be added. It was shown there that this appropriation is in the line of the policy of the government, since its foundation; that the South, within the past fifteen years, has shown a commendable disposition to help itself, by rebuilding its old system of collegiate and academical instruction, and establishing for the first time a system of public schools for both races, in every State, improving every year, although unable to meet the pressing need because of the continued poverty of the masses of the people. It was proved that the public school funds in these States, with scarcely an exception, are fairly distributed among all classes and both races, and the safety of giving such moneys to the State authorities vindicated. The great and growing desire of the leading classes of the people for popular education is another assurance that this bounty will not be abused; as indeed it cannot be, with the checks and safeguards incorporated in the measure.

I can bear testimony, from wide and careful observation, to the correctness of these views. And, more than this, I believe such a gift from the people of the United States to these States would do more to bind the Union together and attach the children and youth of all States and sections than any one cause, save the reuniting of the three great Churches, now separated on sectional lines. This bill now awaits action in the House of Representatives, and an earnest letter from any man or woman to the district representative in Congress may expedite its passage, as during this very week the topic may be launched upon the House.

Second. While we continue to give freely to the educational establishments for the colored people in the South in charge of our great Northern churches and missions, let us

not forget that the great work of educational uplifting must be done by the Southern people themselves, and largely in their common schools. Nothing better can be done by any benevolent man or woman than to send a library, support a teacher, give or loan money to superior young people, aid an impoverished Southern neighborhood to build a better school-house, and generally put in material aid whenever and wherever it is evident it can be used wisely to encourage, stimulate, and help the people. A great deal has already been done by the Government and the Northern churches; by great donations like the Peabody and Slater Funds; by women like Mrs. Hemenway and Mrs. Stone, and by thousands of similar gifts, since the beginning of the great war. Probably fifty millions of dollars have thus gone South in twenty-five years past, largely for the colored people. I am convinced that no money has been better spent, and that the South, to-day, shows the result of what has been done for it in the revival of its industries, the improved conditions of society, and the great awakening of its educational life. But this sum, great as it may be, is so little for the education of eighteen millions of people, with more than three millions of children and youth of elementary school age. Within that time, the South itself has expended more than seventy-five millions from its own poverty. It will require the uttermost effort at home, reinforced by the national bounty and encouraged by all that the benevolence of the North can furnish for a generation to come, to place these people within sight of the least favored of our Northern States in that education which is the soul of every good institution and the security of the nation. And no money, public or private, can be so well invested for a generation to come as that which helps lift up the lower side of American society everywhere to intelligence, industry, religion, and patriotic devotion to the new life of the republic.

I make this claim, because I know, from actual observation, the wide-spread poverty and the great necessities of, at least, ten of these States, as contrasted with the marvellous

prosperity of every portion of the North. Within the past four years, I have journeyed through every Northern State from the Atlantic to the Mississippi; have skirted its Atlantic coast, sailed upon its lakes and rivers, penetrated its open country on all its great lines of railroads, and visited almost every city of fifty thousand people in its imperial domain. I know and see with what lavish hand our people are spending for their own comfort and for all good and noble causes; and I deplore the awful waste of money in our new Northern luxury,—millions wasted every year only to curse our children and youth and blight every sacred interest of the land. Oh, could one-half the money that has been thrown away in useless, almost criminal self-indulgence by our Northern people during this past summer be used for these perishing minds and clouded souls, what a glorious expansion might be given to God's kingdom of light and peace and love through half these United States!

And, finally, the humblest of us can pray and talk and help create a public opinion that will speed this good work of reconciliation, and hasten the day when all our people shall be as one in the common hope and heritage of a Christian patriotism, the final bond of the union of hearts and of States.

But, now, dear friends, are you still incredulous of the truth of my story and the wisdom of my counsels? Do you say, "It is impossible that a people so lately our bitter enemies should have come into any such accord as this, should be really so eager for the building up of American society, or at heart be ready to welcome the Ministry of Education with its prophecy of the new time"? Let me answer by a little picture of what once befell me, in my wanderings up and down these broad South-lands, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was."

Late in the autumn of the doleful year 1862, I went out from Albany, N.Y., where I then lived, with a party of friends, to make speeches for the Union, and persuade young men to enlist in the army, depleted by the disastrous penin-

sula campaign. We came to a pleasant village under the shadow of the Catskills, and were welcomed most heartily by the young Presbyterian parson of the place. He opened our meeting with a mighty prayer for the Union, and closed it with a solemn consecration of himself to the cause, and an appeal to his young men to fall in; and a whole rank of them did fall in, and he went with them to the field. We left him, and his very name had long been buried out of sight under the avalanche of twenty revolutionary years. One rainy day in February, 1882, my feet first touched the soil of the State of South Carolina at a village up in its north-western corner. The bottom was out of the muddy little town; but a deputation of friendly men were there to offer me the "freedom of the city," establish me in the chamber of honor at the hotel, and escort me to an evening reception by the master of the public white school,— a pushing son of Pennsylvania who had built his own school-house and cottage for a private school, but, when he saw the public need, had turned it over for the people's use. Next morning, the sun came out; and we went, all together, for a forenoon with the white children. After the round of ceremonies that always follows a stranger's visit and the regulation speech to the assembled crowd from the stranger, the boys and girls were dismissed for the day; partly as a compliment to "the visitor from Boston," and partly that the group of ladies and gentlemen and the teachers might wait on him to the colored public school.

So, crowded, in a procession of spacious vehicles, we slowly navigated the red mud sea across the town to the colored school. All the way, the people were filling my ears with praises of the famous schoolmaster from the North, who had come there after the war, gathered the little colored folk in a shanty, and so wrought himself into their hearts that, when the Presbyterian Church, North, built for him a great school-house, they paid his teachers and used his seminary as their public colored school.

In the midst of their praise, the omnibus came to anchor

in its last rut; and we all streamed out to where the wonderful master stood to bid us welcome. A moment of startled recollection, groping down through the crowded past; — and my hand was caught in both the hands of my young parson of twenty years ago. There he was. He had fought it out in the line of battle to the end, then taken up the grander campaign of peace, bound for the kingdom come. So, through that sunny afternoon, we all sat on the platform in the big school-hall together, the son of our friend conducting recitations worthy of any school, himself already known as a rising young naturalist in the North. The children sang their pathetic songs; the "stranger from Boston" made as good a speech as the choking in his throat would let him; and we were all of one mind and heart together.

Think of this! Twenty years before, that good man and I were praying to the God of battles to go down with lightnings and thunders to overwhelm that furious chivalry who were flinging fire into the very magazine of the nation, and boasting that the Union was gone and slavery should abide. Now, in that room, the Minister of Education from New England, the schoolmasters from New York and Pennsylvania, the schoolmistress from the West, the home-bred teachers, and the best group of people in a South Carolina village were making a spring holiday together, with no shadow over their heads and no rock of stumbling beneath their feet. And the hand that led us up to this mount of union together was the dusky hand of a little negro child. Verily, in this "grand and awful time" in which we live to-day is once more verified the word of ancient prophecy from the far-off past: "A little child shall lead them."

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THREE SERMONS ON TEMPERANCE.

II. MORAL REFORM IN GENERAL.

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THREE SERMONS ON TEMPERANCE.

II. MORAL REFORM IN GENERAL.*

THE one object that we have in hand, in discussing the temperance question, is the same object, of course, which is held in common by all lovers of their kind, and those who wish them health and prosperity and happiness. We desire, if possible, to further the cause of temperance and to diminish the amount of drunkenness and of the consequent sorrow and loss and heart-break that come from intemperance. But, when we desire to find out the method by which we may advance the moral progress of men along some particular line, we shall, if we are wise, take up and consider a broader theme; that is, the methods of moral progress in general, and the processes by which slowly, age after age, men become healthier, wiser, better, happier.

This is what we mean by moral progress. How are these results brought about? It is a very curious superstition, and a very wide-spread one, I am sorry to say, that leads people to believe that they can take humanity to pieces, as it were, and treat it in sections; in other words, that they can pick out some special moral reform and carry that on to completion,—finish so much of the work, and say, "There, that is done,"—and then go back and take up something else. This idea is founded on a false assumption as to the nature of humanity and the methods of its growth and progress in any direction. If humanity was an inactive, passive, dead substance that could be wrought on from without, then there would be some hope of success in a process like this. To

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

illustrate what I mean, a sculptor can take a block of marble, and determine that, when it is done, it shall be a statue of Apollo. If he chooses, he can go to work and finish the ear or the hand, even to the finest and minutest detail of the part, making it as perfect as he knows how, leaving the rest of the statue in a crude, unfinished condition. He can do this, because marble is passive; and he can select any part of it to carry on to perfection, leaving the rest of it in any condition that he chooses. But humanity is no such passive substance: it is an organism. It is not made by outside forces, but it grows. Look at the difference between the work of the sculptor with his statue and that of a gardener with a tree. The gardener cannot take a tree and set it out and cultivate it, and say, "Now, I will let part of this tree grow on one side, and carry that out through the development of the buds and leaves and branches and blossoms and ripened fruit, and leave the rest to be finished at another time." A tree grows, and grows all around. It advances to its perfect development on every side, in every limb, in every twig and leaf and blossom. And so humanity is a growth, an organism. It cannot be wrought upon in this external manner to the perfection of one particular part, while all the rest is neglected. It has always been so: all human progress demonstrates it. Humanity has grown little by little. Virtues have advanced year after year and age after age, and vices have decayed and fallen off and become a little less. Each century shows that the world becomes gradually better all through and all around, advancing just as the dawn advances, little by little, until it is broad day across the horizon. It is not noon in the east while it is still early morning in the west. In the horizon that we can discern, it is first twilight, then dawn, then morning, then noon, clear around the blue sky.

Humanity, to change our figure to one from which we may draw some instructive analogies, may be compared, not only to a growth, but to an army on the march. First there is the vanguard. It is small in number, always in the minority,

always has been, and, in the nature of the case, always must be. Behind that is the main body, the great mass of the army, organized together, touching elbows, shoulder to shoulder, moved by a common enthusiasm, thrilled by a common impulse, animated by a common purpose, reaching out after a common end. Behind this main body there is always a small number of stragglers or camp-followers or hangers-on, persons who for one reason or another have fallen out by the way or have not been able to keep up. This is the condition of every army on the march. It is the condition of the great army of humanity on its march toward the ideal city and perfect kingdom of God.

There is one thing in this figure of the army that has always given me a vast deal of comfort. It used to be the theory that all the evil of the world was the result of a fall, of degradation; that the stragglers and camp-followers, or their ancestors at any rate, were once the vanguard of the army, but that they have fallen behind; that this process of degradation and decay is going on, and has always been going on in the race. But a truer knowledge of the facts has demonstrated to every rational mind that this is an utterly false view of the method in which human advance has taken place. There never was this ideal man except in the ideal realm. Man has never fallen from this higher condition. He started away back and down, and by slow processes is coming up along this line of march that promises so much for the future. Instead, then, of the rear-guard having ever been once the vanguard, and having deteriorated to where it is to-day, it was once far in the rear of where it is now. The vanguard has been constantly going on in advance, the main army following after, and the stragglers and camp-followers coming behind. So this process of advance, year by year and age by age, goes on; and there comes into our hearts the magnificent hope that this process of human development is, and always must be, ever to something better and better.

We may get an illustrative view of how this is by looking

at some other developments of human life. Take it in the matter of houses. There was always a certain number that lived in better houses than others. The main body of the people, perhaps, live pretty comfortably, but not so well as these few. They do not so well know the laws of sanitary living, their houses are not so well arranged for health or comfort or beauty; but they are still comfortable. Then there are the few who live more meanly and poorly than the great majority. But as we look back a little, even no further than the Middle Ages, we remember that the common people of to-day are living much more comfortably, more healthily, more in accord with sanitary laws than did the nobility and princes three hundred years ago. The vanguard has gone on; and the main body has come forward to take a better position than that ever occupied by the vanguard in past centuries. And the position of the poorest is better than the position that was once occupied by the whole great mass of mankind.

The same is true in regard to education and intelligence. There are always a few wiser than anybody else; always the great mass less intelligent than the few; then the few that are ignorant and lacking in almost all the elements and principles of intellectual development. But, as the vanguard goes on, the main army follows it; and the stragglers bring up the rear. The most ignorant men among us to-day are intellectually almost unspeakably superior to the average mass, or to even the wisest, in some of the ages that, thank God, have been hundreds of thousands of years in the past. This is the way, then, that humanity progresses.

We come now to what is perhaps the most important part of our theme. Let us note the impulses, the motives, the force by which this advance is all the time taking place. What is it that makes men grow a little wiser and a little better and a little happier? What makes them live a little more freely each year? What is it that is the inspiring force to this great mass? What are the conditions that are covered and included in the one word "civilization"? In order

to find this out, we must recall where humanity started; for we are now pretty familiar with its origin.

Man then, at the first, was very largely animal, with a small development of intellect, with almost no knowledge, with no experience as a man, with strong passions, with very little self-control, governed by impulse or whim, and led this way or that according to the dominant passion that had him for the moment under control. That is the kind of being that we must look upon as the ancestor of the human race.

What kind of a world was he in? In a world of which he was almost entirely ignorant of the thousand forces with which we are to-day more or less familiar, and through the knowledge of which and the use of which there was the possibility of developing our present civilization and of going on to that which lies before us in the future.

Man, in the midst of these conditions, began to conduct a series of experiments; for life was an experiment at the outset, and it is an experiment all the way through. Take it in the matter of food. He was hungry. What should he eat? He must find out for himself. He discovered at last by experiment that certain things were wholesome, and he called them food; that other things were not good for him, even though not poisonous, not suitable for the development of his physical system, and he learned to let these alone. And in this way, in every department of life, he instituted these experiments, finding out thus what was good for him and what was not good for him, and so progressively, as the ages rolled along, learning the things that were good for mankind.

What was the motive force under which he was acting all the time, and under which he is acting to-day in carrying on these experiments? It is that which lies at the basis of all moral action in the world. What is that? Kant may, if he choose, talk about a "categorical imperative" somewhere in the universe, that makes it necessary for every one to believe that he ought to do right. The intuitionalists, if they choose, may talk about a transcendental ideal of morals — spelling it, if they please, with a big T — off somewhere in

the reaches into the infinite; but, except for theoretical or philosophical purposes, it does not concern us. Practically, it comes simply to this. Men have found, as the result of age-long experience, that certain courses of conduct, certain types of character, result in the welfare and happiness of men, and that certain others are injurious. They have agreed among themselves by common consent to call those things that are for the welfare and happiness of men virtues, and to call those things that are injurious to men vices. There is not an exception to this. You may analyze every virtue and every vice in the world, and you shall not find a single exception to this general statement. Virtuous are those types of character or those courses of conduct which are for the good of man: vicious are those things which injure him.

Under what impulse, then, was man moving forward in this development toward his ideal? Under the impulse, always and everywhere, of a desire for life,— for happy life, for prolonged happy life. That covers it all. Analyze every action that was ever performed, and it will resolve itself into that ultimately. Men have made a thousand mistakes. Men have, through these processes of mistake, made themselves victims to a thousand destructive passions; but the one thing that every man, woman, and child has always desired, does desire to-day, and must desire forever, is life,— happy life, prolonged happy life. If there are any apparent exceptions to this statement,— persons who do not wish to live,— it is through lack of adjustment between them and the circumstances of society that makes them despair of attaining such an ideal. This, however, is the one thing that men have desired. Is this selfishness? No. It is simply a necessity of a living, growing being. Selfishness is only such a desire for something that you conceive good as leads you to be willing to sacrifice the welfare of others for the sake of its attainment. One must be self-regarding. One must desire that which is good for himself. He cannot help it. The thing so desired can, if he be wise, ultimately lead him into

such courses of conduct as will be not only the best for himself, but for every one else; for there is no possibility of contradiction between them. Men desire life then, and must forever desire it, and forever make it the object of their search.

I am aware that the old theology taught a different theory: that man was entirely depraved, and never could desire that which was good; that he was always under the influence of these degrading passions and purposes; and that it was only by a process of conversion that he could be wrought over into desiring that which was the best. It taught that men should crucify all their natural inclinations, and desire simply and only to be conformed to the will of God; and this for no other reason than that it was the will of God. Some divines have taught that the highest attainment of virtue has been by those who were willing to be damned forever, if it were God's will. At the same time, by a curious, unconscious contradiction, the Bible and Christianity have forever held up precisely the same motive which I have just held up,—the desire of life and happiness. For what is heaven and what is hell? Only the most tremendous motives that can be conceived by the human mind to be brought to bear upon man to lead him to escape suffering and attain felicity. Jesus himself is represented as being influenced by this one grandest motive of all; for the apostle speaks of him in this language: "Who, for the joy that was set before him,"—the joy of lifting men up and leading them on by his better teachings, the joy of the approval of his own conscience and ideal, the joy of the approval of God and of all good intelligences in all worlds,—"who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." The same motive which I have outlined, then, is the motive of Christianity. It is the human motive, and we cannot escape it.

Consider what would be the result, if we could. What is pain? Pain is a sensation which is disagreeable to us, that we try to get out of our consciousness. What is pleas-

ure? That kind of sensation which is agreeable to us, and which we try to keep within our consciousness. Analyze it a little further. We know that pain is always an indication that something is wrong in the man's body or mind or heart. Carry that far enough, and the result will be the destruction of the organ. Suppose, then, that people everywhere could possibly and should generally come to desire pain. It would mean, before a great while, universal suicide, the destruction of humanity. Desire for pleasure, then, is the desire for life, in spite of the mistakes people make about it; and the shunning of pain is the instinctive shunning of death. This, then, is the motive that is controlling and governing men all over the world and in all time.

Let us see a few of the steps men take under the influence of this motive in the way of moral progress. What are some of the forces? I want to distinguish these forces from other mistaken forces that people suppose they ought to bring to bear to produce the results which they have in mind.

The mightiest force in the moral shaping of character and conduct is public opinion. How has this public opinion come about? Under the inspiration of this mighty influence that I have spoken of, people have made experiments, and have become wise enough in this and that direction to find out that certain courses of conduct are injurious and wrong; and so public opinion comes to condemn those courses of conduct. It is a curious type of contradiction in some characters that a man who is willing to steal himself does not want his neighbor to steal, because he might then lose some of the property which he is so fond of. Another might like to lie, if he thought he could gain anything by it; but he does not want his neighbor to lie, because it would interfere with his business. A man might like to kill; but he does not want his neighbor to have the same privilege, because he does not want to be killed himself. So in regard to all the virtues and vices. If there is one man who wants to lie or steal or kill, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine who are decidedly opposed to it, except in their own case. Public

opinion is generated in this way; and it is always in favor of those things which are clearly demonstrated to be right, and against those things which are wrong and injurious. It is the mightiest force that controls thousands and thousands of lives. The fear of hell is not half so tremendous, even in the case of those who believe in it, as public opinion. For this public opinion is always imminent, hanging over the head of every man. He cannot appear on the streets, he cannot look his neighbors in the face, and so meet the flash of a million eyes that are angry, a million looks of contempt!

There is a little narrower illustration of this thing with a heightened force. There is the little circle of the family and immediate friends whose opinions the most of us care more about than we do for public opinion. A good many of us could face the world in arms and take its anger, if we were only surrounded by the little group of those we really love and care for, and if they looked on us with approval. Men learn to care more for the looks on the face of the wife than for all the world beside. They become afraid of the possible disapprobation looking out of the innocent eyes of their children, and under this force their character is shaped day by day.

Then there is something stronger still in the case of many individuals,— the personal ideal, the sense of honor, of pride, the desire not to have to treat one's own self with contempt. There comes, some time, a higher development yet, if possible,— the artistic sense of goodness as that which is fitting and beautiful, until we talk about the beauty of holiness, the beauty of outline, of finished proportion, of noble character, as we talk about the beauty of a statue; and there comes the artistic love for it, that is offended by any personal departure from it, just as a painter is disturbed by a bad picture or a magnificent singer is hurt by a discord.

There is another grand power at work in the making of men more moral; that is, the increasing number of resources, the development of intellect, of taste, of science,

of art, and all the different forms of occupation in which a man can engage. To illustrate: Suppose a young man should come into the city from the country to go into business. If he love music, either singing or instrumental, so that he would naturally turn to it in his leisure hours; if he love science, so that, in mineralogy or in any other department, he would naturally take his leisure time to pursue his investigations; if he loved art and was an amateur painter, or if he cared for it so that he would haunt the picture galleries,— I should feel that that young man was tolerably safe from the ordinary gross temptations of city life. But let a young man come who has no taste for anything in particular, but is simply an undeveloped human animal who has come to make money and does not know what to do with himself during his leisure time, he is the ready victim of temptation of every kind. He has an intensified human appetite for something, and he becomes the prey of any temptation that comes to hand. Here we find the explanation of life among the noblemen of the Middle Ages. What was the nobleman four hundred years ago? He did not know how to read or write, and looked on the clerk who did with contempt. He had no taste for music, except a war ballad or a love song of the minstrel. There was nothing to do but to drink or fight or engage in a quarrel with his neighbors. He had no resources. One of the mighty forces for morals is the development and multiplicity of resources which in themselves are healthy and uplifting.

One thing more,— the development of sympathy. As men grow, they come to develop a broader power of imagination and a tenderer ability to feel the woes and sufferings of others, until they thrill with pain at the sorrows of others. This sympathy kindled by the imagination becomes another of the strong forces leading men to desire to diminish the suffering of the world and the wrongs of society.

In spite of the fact, however, that the world does grow better and better under the influence of these forces, there is still a large amount of evil left. There are always the

stragglers and camp-followers that fall by the way; and people, as they grow better and more sympathetic and desire that all humanity should reach this higher level, become impatient with the slow methods. They wish to hurry matters, and make the world good all at once. Would to God there were some way of doing it! But I have never yet found a way. There is always a tendency to exaggerate the amount of evil in the world. It is like a man who, for the first time, gets a touch of rheumatism. Having never had it before, his attention had never been called to it particularly; but now he begins to think that all the world has rheumatism. That is the tendency, to exaggerate. So let a man take the evil of intemperance into consideration, and straightway he begins in this perfectly natural way to exaggerate it. It is bad enough, God knows; but let us not discourage humanity by representing it as worse than it is. Let us try to see it as it is. I saw, recently, certain statistics showing the number of arrests in Boston last year for intemperance. It was simply appalling. It seemed as though every other man in Boston must have been arrested. But I remembered an incident that reassured me. When I was in Brooklyn a year ago, a gentleman told me that, during the course of the year, as many people passed over the New York ferries as there are inhabitants — white, colored, old, young, men, women, and children — in the United States. Of course, that did not mean that forty or fifty millions of different people go over these ferries in a year. Some pass several times a day; and so the actual number of different persons is very small in proportion. So, when we look at these statistics of arrests for drunkenness, we see that it means that the same person may have been arrested a great many times. And, then, Boston gets the evil credit of all those who come in from the country and get arrested in the city for their drunkenness. If each arrest meant a different person, I should give up the whole matter in despair. I speak of this, not to have you underestimate the evil it represented, but to show that it is only a small proportion of

the people of Boston that get drunk. It is only a small number that steal. It is only a small number that break into banks. If everybody was engaged in the business, there would be no use in making efforts to improve matters; but people exaggerate it first, and then they want to abolish it all at once.

I now come to a point that I want to correct. So long as it is uncorrected, it is in the way of rational reform. I have heard it said for twenty years that there were once two enormous evils in the land,—slavery and drunkenness. We have abolished slavery, now let us abolish drunkenness. But they overlook this difference, that slavery was a political institution. A political institution can be voted down. Intemperance is not a political institution. It is a matter of personal habit and self-control. You might just as well vote down lying in a community by a constitutional amendment as to vote down intemperance. Law can help the matter a little. But to talk about abolishing intemperance by law seems to me inexpressibly absurd. We are on a false track.

What can law do? What is a law?

In a democratic community, where everybody votes, a law is nothing more than the enactment of the majority placed on the statute-book, and having certain penalties attached to its infringement. It means that the majority of the people are in favor of it. If they are not, why, you cannot enforce it. If you can, in the majority of cases you do not need it. In other words, there is a large amount of truth in the saying that, by the time you can get a law, you have ceased to need it. This is true in a large number of cases. The majority of people must be temperate, and must show a wish to make other people temperate, before you can get an absolutely prohibitory law, and be able to enforce it; and, by the time you get that, there will be little need of the law. You cannot legislate people into moral character. Moral character is the result of experience, of personal self-control. If you can keep a man from doing something which he is anxious to do all the time, he is just as bad as if he did it. You may

protect the community, but you have not helped him. We are to look in another direction. The public opinion which can get itself incarnated into law is always the opinion that is fading away. When you get an opinion to be popular, there is always a minority, a vanguard, away ahead of that opinion; and the majority are beginning to accept the higher opinion of the minority. A law, then, is of very little use in the matter of helping on the moral progress of the world. It can do something in the establishment of conditions, in taking temptation out of the way, in making it a little easier to do right and harder to do wrong; but the main use of all laws is to protect the orderly element of the community from the comparatively small number who would interfere with that order. Law is not a power that creates. It is simply a power that protects. It is public opinion that creates character, and creates laws, too. Never yet did law create public opinion. Public opinion must create the law; and, if you have the public opinion dominant and controlling, then the law is of little practical use to you, after all, because the best people in the community are away ahead of the law, and are going on to something better. The law must always be behind the best sentiment of the age; for, by the time you can get that sentiment incorporated into a law, the best thinkers are beyond it.

Morality is the result first of knowing what ought to be done, and then of bringing to bear the whole force of public opinion on the impulses of men along the line of what they ought to do. If we misplace our emphasis,— if we put it where it does not deserve to be placed,— we interfere with the very progress we are trying to help along. Take the case of a man who is intoxicated. Who is to blame chiefly? Is it the moderate drinker? Is it the seller? Or is it the man himself? We need to put our emphasis in the right place, to bring the moral force of public opinion to bear in the right direction. I shall not discuss the responsibility of the seller or of the moderate drinker to-day. But, before I can answer the question as to who is to blame for the per-

son's becoming intoxicated, I must say that there are two kinds of persons who are likely to become intoxicated, who are so entirely unlike that they must be kept separate. There is, in the first place, a large number of people, especially young men, who become intoxicated wilfully,—for the fun of it, to have a good time, or because somebody invites them and they have no moral strength to resist the temptation. They do it when they could refrain from it, if they chose. There is no compelling power that works upon their wills. In such cases as this, whatever blame may attach to the men who sell them the liquor and the men who invite them to take the first drink, the blame should come home with tremendous severity upon the young men themselves. They knew they were getting drunk: they knew they could stop, if they chose. I, for one, am decidedly opposed to making such young men feel that they are helpless victims, to be pitied, nursed, coddled, and petted; while the blame is thrown on some one else. I should like to say to any young men here present, if you ever do become intoxicated, —unless you have the disease of inebriety,—do not be mean enough, enough of a sneak, to shift the responsibility on somebody else, and try to make yourself feel as though you were a victim of society that needs to be sympathized with, instead of blamed, for doing wrong.

There is another class of drinkers, in whose case it has become—no matter how it began in the first place—a positive and outright disease. They are not to be blamed any more than a man suffering with fever or cholera is to be blamed; and public opinion ought to be brought to bear to make them feel that this is a disease, and that they ought to be treated for it. A man with the disease of inebriety has no more business to neglect it than a man who has diphtheria or cholera in his house has a right to neglect that. His own welfare and the welfare of his friends, neighbors, and family hinge on it. It ought to be treated and cured; for it can be.

We must learn, then, that the possibilities for doing wrong

in this universe can never be abolished. You can never make it impossible for a man to become intoxicated. If he is determined to be, he can be, till he is the very last man in the world who wants to do wrong. Even then, he would be able to manufacture liquor himself. So long as there were two, one would be always ready to help the other.

It is then simply impossible to make such conditions that a man cannot do wrong, if he will. Men can do wrong, if they will. God has built the universe on that plan. We cannot change it. The only way for a man not to do wrong is for him to develop in himself the ability of magnificent self-control. No one else is safe. No one else is moral.

NOTE.— The best book I know of on the abstinence side of the Temperance Question is Gustafson's *The Foundation of Death*. I wish everybody would read it.

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III. TEMPERANCE REFORM IN PARTICULAR.

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THREE SERMONS ON TEMPERANCE.*

III. TEMPERANCE REFORM IN PARTICULAR.

THERE are three points with regard to temperance that I regard as practically settled; and I shall use them for a starting-point for what I have to say to-day.

In the first place, it seems to me settled that we must regard and treat the matter of temperance reform as a part of the larger general reformatory movement of the world. Intemperance is one of those diseases that spring out of the condition of the general constitution,— not something local, not something that can be treated by a specific and special application. Temperance reform is a part of the general progress of the world.

In the next place, although this progress is very slow, although we have been ages in reaching the point that we occupy to-day, and although all of us will have passed away, and our children will have to fight over substantially the same battles,— making, I hope, a little more progress than we shall we able to make,— yet we must regard it as settled that the world has made progress in this matter. It is growing better year after year and age after age. Each generation leaves behind some of its infirmities, and looks forward to attaining something higher and sweeter and finer in the way of manhood and womanhood.

The next point is that law has very little practically to do with it. Law can touch the question of intemperance only indirectly; and it plays a very small part in the devel-

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

opment of that condition of humanity toward which we look as our ideal.

I wish to illustrate this point a little more specifically, because it seems to me that it is one of the grand vices of our age,—this over-dependence on law, this shifting and shirking personal moral responsibility on to some intangible and unreal thing which, outside of you and me, has no existence. Statute law is not a force. It is not a power. It does not do anything, and never did do anything. It is simply the expression of your life and mine. It marks the high tide that the world has reached; and when, as I said last Sunday, we are able to put on the statute-book and carry out into active execution any law, we have reached a point where it is not very much needed. When the law is incorporated in the hearts and lives and thoughts of the people, it is then a vital power, no matter whether it is in the statute-book or not. It is of use then only as a protection against the very small minority of those who would like, if they were unhindered, to prey upon the life and welfare of the community.

To illustrate and enforce this idea, let me call to your attention the effect of law in other directions. Take the law as influencing the matter of duelling in any country. If there is a public sentiment against duelling, so that it is considered a disgrace, you need no law. If public sentiment is in favor of it, and if the man who does not accept a challenge is considered a coward, all the laws on all the statute-books of the country would never suppress it. The laws will be evaded; juries will acquit; judges will commute or pardon just so long as public sentiment is in favor of any special course of conduct.

Look back to the criminal law of England one or two hundred years ago. There were then very many cases where the death penalty was meted out. Not only was a man hung for murder, but for a large number of other crimes; and men were harried and imprisoned and abused and made the victims of corrupt officials, for any petty debt

which they might not be able to pay. Were those laws effective in the way of moral reform and moral progress in England? Those laws were only the outcropping of barbarism; but, as the nation grew better, such laws were abolished and others made to represent the higher, better, finer public sentiment of the time.

As one more illustration, let me recur to the time of the abolition of slavery and since. We abolished slavery,—that is, we abolished the institution by a proclamation and at the point of the bayonet; but did we abolish the evil? We abolished the political side of the evil; but the moral results of slavery on the slave and on the master and on the poor white,—did we abolish them? Nay, they remained just precisely the same as they were; and they remain so very largely still. They have been dealt with slowly by moral forces, and will be so dealt with as the years go by; for only moral forces can touch and solve the great questions involved.

Some questions, then, must be dealt with by moral power, and not by ballots, not by political machinery. At any rate, the ballot and political machinery can only work very slowly and indirectly in creating certain conditions that may be a little more favorable for giving that moral force a somewhat better opportunity to work.

Now, then, there remain for us as our task this morning two questions to be answered. I dare not hope that I shall answer them to your satisfaction or completely. I only wish to hint certain things that seem to me the most important as touching them. A very large amount of intemperance still exists, in spite of the progress that the world has made. Who is responsible for it? On whom must the responsibility ultimately rest for so much of intemperance as yet remains? That is the first question.

And the second question is, What can we practically do about it? In what direction shall we make our efforts?

Some of the points under the first question as to where responsibility for intemperance should rest I shall treat posi-

tively, and some negatively, taking them up in this general way because they are in the popular mind, not because they are necessarily connected by logical order.

In regard not only to intemperance, but to every evil that ever did or that does or that ever will exist, we must go back to the constitution and course of nature. Ultimately, the Author of this universe is responsible for whatever exists. This I say, that we may pause and think a little more deeply concerning these great problems than we are accustomed to, and that I may raise the question whether we ought to be discouraged and troubled in the face of the great evils that afflict mankind.

I do not believe that it is possible to create a world and to put free and intelligent persons into it as its inhabitants, without at the same time creating the possibility of every kind of suffering and wrong. And I believe that the problem set before humanity is to learn by experiment, year after year and age after age, how to live, how to control, and how to deal with those forces; and that only after we have passed through this process of experience, of failure, of sorrow, of wrong, of final triumph over the sorrow and the wrong, have we learned to be independent, free men and women, made in the image of God. I speak of this only that you may learn to think of this matter in a broader, deeper, higher way than merely looking after and dealing with minor and secondary causes.

There is another cause of intemperance that we must recognize, if we look broadly over the world. I am told by those who have lived in Japan that such a thing as intemperance as we know it here is almost an unheard-of thing among the Japanese. Is that necessarily because the Japanese are, on the whole, a very much better people than any others in the world? I cannot think so. Any one who has dwelt in Scotland, or studied Scottish character, knows that intemperance is one of the commonest and most grievous of all the Scotch vices. Does that mean of necessity that Scotch character is very much worse or made of poorer

fibre than that of the Japanese? Not at all. In spite of this characteristic of the Scotch, in spite of the freedom of the Japanese from these evils, it may still be true that, on the whole and in the long run, the Scottish type of character is the nobler, and that it has rendered greater and nobler service to the world. We must recognize that there are differences of races, differences of climate, differences of food, differences of surroundings of every kind, which have everything to do with these questions of personal morality in these races. You will find one race with peculiar liability to one set of vices, and another race to another. This springs out of something deeper than the fact that they choose this or that thing wilfully. They are constituted so, and they resist temptations each in a different way. Here, then, is another thing that is responsible for a large part of the intemperance that we can discover in any particular race, or the freedom from it in another.

There is another point. We are continually told how much the law of heredity has to do with this matter of intemperance,—that a person inherits from father or mother a tendency or taste in this direction. And we are warned against the action of this law, and rightly so; for it plays an important part, not only in tendencies toward this particular vice, but toward other vices as well. But we need to look carefully into this law, and see just the way in which it works, lest we make a mistake in our teaching. If it were true that every man whose father or grandfather or great-grandfather ever drank must of necessity inherit a tendency toward drunkenness, then the whole world, by this time, ought to be one wild orgy. Take the kingdom of England, for example. There is not a man in England to-day who is not the descendant of somebody who, some time in his life, was drunken. What does this mean? It means that there is a hopeful side to the working of this law of heredity, as well as a disastrous one; and that, in the long run, the force of heredity tends to the elimination of vice rather than to its perpetuity. For what is vice? The breaking of the laws of

life. Break the laws of life and carry it far enough, and it means death. Under the working of this law of heredity, vice is of necessity discouraged, eliminated, and dies out. But those who keep the laws of life are the ones that live, that are strong, who leave descendants behind them that, at last, occupy the world.

Another point bearing on the responsibility for intemperance. I had something to say last Sunday about the moderate drinker.

I have one thing more to add to-day. I trust you will not misunderstand the force and emphasis with which I speak. We are perpetually told by a certain class of temperance agitators that moderate drinkers are more responsible for the drunkards of the world than any other class of men. . . . They make the statement that moderate drinking leads necessarily and almost always to drunkenness, which is not true; and that every such person is setting the example to others to become drunkards, and that they are responsible for the abuses in this direction that exist in society. I wish to say an emphatic word concerning this. It seems to me a perversion of all moral laws and all moral influences and all moral theories to say that any man sets an example to some one else to do something that he never does and never did in his life. If never from my cradle to my grave am I intoxicated, then by what use of language can I be said to have set an example to any one to become intoxicated? It seems to me that to say that I have turns the emphasis aside from the place where it belongs, and lays it upon one who is utterly innocent of that which is laid to his charge. I am responsible for what I do. I set an example according to what I do; and I never set an example to anybody by doing one thing to do another.

Take it in regard to other things. I know persons who cannot eat a certain article of food. It always injures them, and they have learned at last to let it alone. Suppose some one else who can eat this particular article of food sits down beside him and eats it. The first person, although he knows

he has no right to do so, indulges in the article, and is made ill and suffers. By what law of right or common sense is he entitled to go away and shift the responsibility on this other man, who did what he had a perfect right to do?

If I do right, I do not set the example of doing wrong; and I hope no man after he has done wrong will be mean enough to charge the responsibility on some one else, who has never done what he has.

There is one other man who is charged with the responsibility of the drunkenness of the world; and that is the dealer or seller. I cannot go into so large a theme as this to-day; but I wish to say that I think there should be a little sensible discrimination in this matter. Alcoholic liquors are never going to be blotted out of existence. They are always going to be used in one way or another; and, since this is so, somebody must deal in them. Now, then, we need to discriminate here, just as we do in regard to individual example and character in any other direction. Whether the dealer is a sinner against society and against his own soul or not depends entirely upon the peculiarities of his own case,—how he deals, to whom he sells, under what conditions he sells. That is, each case must be judged by itself, not by any general sweeping law that condemns one man at the expense of another, and that lays the moral responsibility where it does not belong.

Again, it is being perpetually charged by newspapers, platforms, and pulpits all over the land that those persons are responsible for the continuance of drunkenness who do not join their efforts with the particular class of reformers who are engaged in their propaganda. It is said that the use of alcoholic liquors might be prohibited by law, and that those who are opposed to that principle, or who do not actively support it, are responsible for the drunkenness of the modern world. I, for one, am willing to take my share of the responsibility, and announce that I do not believe in political prohibition as a principle. And, if the responsibility lies on those who are opposed to it, then a part of that

responsibility rests on me. I was born in the State of Maine, and brought up under the Maine law. I have studied this question as well as I could from Maine to California, and, what I have been able to, abroad. I have been a member of every temperance organization I have ever known of. To-day, I am not an active member of any of them. I am where I am as a result of study and as a result of facts of which I have attained knowledge. In the first place, I do not believe that prohibition prohibits. There is not a town in Maine to-day where anything that any man wants cannot be obtained.

I should like to relate one little personal experience since it bears on this matter. My father was the most rabid prohibitionist that I have ever known. I do not believe that, even under a physician's orders, he would have been willing to have bathed himself with anything that contained alcohol, though told that it was necessary to save his life. On account of this devotion, he was chosen to be the agent of the town to have charge of this business; and the only recognized place where anything of the kind could be found was with him. At the same time, I attended a large district school of perhaps one hundred and twenty-five scholars, a large proportion of them boys and young men. And, although there was not any recognized place in the town where liquor could be obtained by them, a large proportion of those boys and playmates of mine turned out drunkards. They got it; and I believe that getting it under these conditions is more disastrous than getting it where it is perfectly free and open, because it involves the element of deceit and concealment. They go away by themselves, and, as they say, "make a night of it," feeling that they are under the stigma of public disgrace, and their moral nature is unspeakably more degraded than as though they had taken it in the face of the world. I do not believe in their taking it under either of those conditions; but, if they will take it, I prefer the open way.

I am told by those who have made a careful study of

the prohibition law in Maine that the use of opium has so enormously increased there as to make it a question whether it is not working more injury to the health and life of the people than would the freer use of alcoholic liquors. So much for the responsibility.

I believe that — in spite of what is said concerning law, concerning the seller — the responsibility comes back upon the individual, and must rest there. All moral responsibility is personal. It cannot be shifted upon society, upon laws, upon machinery, upon general movements. It is personal; and the man who has power to control himself must do it, or bear the responsibility of his action. If he be diseased, so that he needs treatment, he must either bear the responsibility just the same or submit to treatment as one who is diseased.

I must now pass rapidly to some suggestions as to what we can do: —

1. I believe that we must go a good deal farther back than most people do in discussing this matter of temperance, as well as of all other moral problems of the world. I have not a great deal of hope concerning the practical reform of men who become habitually intoxicated after they are thirty or forty years of age. There are cases of men, and I honor them above almost any others because of this, who do fight their way back upon their feet, and stand strong in the victory of a noble manhood; but the hope of the world is perpetually in the youngest generation. It is to the children, to the personal moral training of the children in the home and in the school, that we must look to better the world in all directions.

We ought to go back even of this, before the birth of the child, to begin the work of the world's reformation. Every child that comes into this world ought to have the opportunity of starting out endowed, at least, with physical health; and there ought to be created a public sentiment which should make men and women feel that they are doing wrong to bring a child out of the infinite into this world, unless they

can start that child dowered with physical health. There ought not to be children born by the hundred and thousand, all through civilized communities, who are crippled at the very outset, unfit to enter upon the struggle of a personal existence in a world full of temptation, evil, and dangers. I warn you, then, do not dare to bring a child into life, unless you believe that you can bring one that has health and that is fitted to enter upon the race and struggle that is before it. Let us do what we can to create a moral sentiment that shall make fathers and mothers feel that they are guilty of a crime to be fathers and mothers of diseased and crippled children,—children unfit for the labors and burdens that must come upon them.

2. Then, beginning at the very cradle and at the breast, we need to remember that much depends upon the feeding, upon the personal training of the children. Do you know, fathers and mothers, that, from the time the little one first sits in the high-chair beside you, and even before that, you are carrying on a process of feeding this wondrous physical organization in such a way as to equip your child for the toil and struggle before it or to unfit it for that struggle? I do not believe that many persons become intemperate who are well, who are physically perfect. There is something wrong about the physical system; the nervous system is under tone; there is something out of order when the boy or the girl grows up a criminal in any direction. Whatever may be said about personal responsibility, criminality almost always begins in disorder or disease somewhere. See to it, then, that the child has health; train it into eating and drinking those things that shall build up a perfect physical condition, and then see that it is taught from its very infancy a sense of personal moral responsibility; that this is a universe in the midst of which we are to walk firmly, surrounded by all kinds of dangers and difficulties.

3. Then, both in the home and in the school, there ought to be taught the physical facts concerning the results of the use of all that is injurious. Let people know what effects

they are producing upon themselves. Let them consider that life and happiness depend upon health more than upon almost anything else, and then let them know what the inevitable effects of these habits are. Let them face the problem of personal responsibility intelligently and with open eyes. The great majority of men and women do not know a tenth part as much about their bodies as they know about their watches; and most people are better fitted to take their watch to pieces and put it together again, or attempt any matter of repair in it, than to deal with their own bodies, on which their health, their life, and happiness depend. It is a shame that children should be allowed to grow up so ignorant concerning these things which are of prime importance in an earnest, honest, and successful life.

4. Besides all this, we must train our children into tastes for things that are noble, inspiring, and helpful. We must develop in them a love for those things that are above the mere animal indulgence of the senses. Let them know what a wonderful universe we live in, of which they are a part. Let them care about something which shall open to them a career. Let them learn to know how noble and sweet a thing it is to be men and women in these higher ranges of thought and life, and the lower shall die out simply for lack of food, of appetite, of care. Teach them to outgrow that which is beneath them and live in the higher realms of their life.

5. What may be done toward lessening the evils of intemperance in our great cities? I believe that much can be done slowly, indirectly, by modifying the sanitary condition of the lives led by the people. The great masses live unhealthily, —they eat and drink and breathe unhealthily. There is disease or a tendency to lower the tone of life in everything about them. Teach them to keep the laws of life and health. Lift them up in regard to these things, and the taste for lower things will gradually die out and pass away.

6. Then I would like to tell those who are so very urgent *to do something through* the medium of the law that there is

one thing that they can do, if they only care about it. Do you know what kind of laws there are on the statute-books of Boston that the people are paying almost no attention to? They lecture, they talk, they write in regard to getting laws on the statute-book; yet there are laws now there, that are a a dead letter, that ought to be enforced. There are laws in regard to Sunday selling, in regard to selling after certain hours, in regard to selling to minors. If these could be enforced, an immense gain might be made even within the limits of a year; but it is almost impossible to get anybody to do anything about the matter.

7. Then there is another step that I believe might be taken, if all those who really desire the improvement of society desire it more than to have it improved after their own methods. It seems to me that there is a class of reformers so wedded to their own peculiar ways of doing things that they would rather society should go to ruin than have it cured in any but their way. They will have nothing to do with anybody — except to denounce them — who does not agree with their special method of bringing about human reform. If all the men and women of Boston who really desire that Boston should be less intemperate would join hands and work heartily, something, at least, might be done through the medium of law.

Let me preface this by giving one article of my belief. I believe that men and women rarely become drunkards by what they drink at home in the presence of their families. And, even if they did, I should say that what my neighbor did after he had passed his own threshold was none of my business. The good of the world is not to be reached by my interfering there. If I cannot reach him by moral means, I have no right to spy out his home life. But there is one thing that we might do. We might abolish in Boston this whole business of low groggeries and standing drinks. It would wipe out half the evil, if we could only do that. We might make it a necessity for any man, if he chose to drink at all, to buy what he pleased and carry it home, and

not allow him to drink it on the premises where it was bought. This is the easiest to remedy and, at the same time, the most serious part of the evil, as it seems to me, as it exists at present.

But, ultimately, we come back to the matter of personal responsibility. We must, by our own conduct, by our own personal habits, our own personal teaching, contribute our share toward a common public sentiment in favor of right living, right thinking, and right action in all directions. We must face the fact that the possibilities of evil can never in this world be abolished. We cannot level all the mountains even with the plains, because now and then some one chooses to fall from a precipice. We cannot evaporate all the oceans and dry up all the lakes and rivers, because every year a certain number of people are drowned. We cannot abolish all foods of the world, because people injure themselves by intemperate eating. We cannot take away the possibilities of doing wrong. They are a part of the nature of things; and no man is safe who does not recognize them and who does not learn for himself to say: "Here are a hundred pathways, each of them equally open to me. Along some of them are life and happiness: along others are trouble and sorrow for myself and others; and I have no right to walk in them." Each man for himself must learn this lesson; and, when it is learned in regard to temperance, in regard to honesty, in regard to all the great moral problems of the world, then the kingdom of God will come; and it will not come one single moment before.

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THE TRUE INCARNATION.*

"The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. . . . One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. . . . I and my Father are one. . . . As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they, also, may be one in us."— ACTS xiv., 11; EPHESIANS iv., 6; JOHN x., 30; xvii., 21.

THE ancient world is full of stories of divine incarnations, —of the coming down of the gods to earth in the likeness of men. With only one of these, however, are we specially concerned this morning. Let me refresh your memory of that which you know so well by recounting the bare outlines of that story.

We are told that, somewhere about eighteen hundred and eighty-four years ago, the Almighty God of this infinite universe came to this little planet and was born as a child of a virgin, in a manger; that he grew as a little child in the home, playing with other children, like them increasing in wisdom and knowledge as he did in stature; that he learned his father's trade of carpenter, and worked with him like a common man until he was thirty years of age; that for one or for three years — for the authorities are not agreed as to the time — he went about the country, followed by a little band of disciples, teaching and preaching and working miracles; that, at the end of that time, he incurred the opposition of his people to such an extent that they prevailed on the Roman authorities to put him to death; that he suffered this ignominious death on the cross; that, after lying dead for three days, he rose again, and, after conversing for a time with his intimate friends and disciples, rose visibly through the air into the heavens, and sits, from

* *Phonographically* reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

that time to this, the second person in a trinity of deities, upon the throne of the universe.

The purpose of this coming, we are told, was to redeem man from a fall which occurred immediately after the creation by this same deity, some four thousand years before; that he sits on the throne of the universe to-day, as intercessor and mediator between God and man, that he may satisfy divine justice and enable the Father to forgive and redeem such of his human children as accept this propitiatory sacrifice and conform to the laws of the Church, which has been organized to tell this story and to carry out and complete the work. Such, in briefest and baldest outline, is the story of the incarnation that fills the thought and the heart of Christendom at Christmas time.

As we stand facing this old-time story, three questions spring up, which it will be my purpose, so far as possible, to answer: —

1. Are we to regard this as a literal statement of actual fact?

2. If not, are we to consider it only as a fairy tale, a legend, a traditional story that to-day has no vital connection with the real life of the world?

3. If not, then is it a premonition, a prefiguring, a prophecy, an attempted though partial utterance of a grander, deeper, higher truth? One of these three it must be,— which?

That we are here this morning, in this Church of the Unity, not only willingly but gladly and proudly wearing the name of Unitarian, is declaration of the fact that we do not accept the literal truth of this story. If we did, we should not be here. We should not be called by this name. But, since this story is so universally, so earnestly, so reverently held to be true by a large part of Christendom, it seems to me that it may be fitting for me to indicate why it is that we occupy the position that we do in regard to it. I cannot, of course, go into any profound or complete discussion of the questions involved. I only wish to hint the direction in

which such a discussion would lie, which you yourselves may follow at your leisure, if you will.

In the first place, we do not accept this story as literal truth, because we find it coming down to us from a long past as an unsupported tradition, like a hundred others that are told the wide world over, but that do not seem to us to have any adequate foundation in fact. When we look at the records, we find that they do not bear any careful, critical examination. Indeed, the earliest writers do not say anything about this fact, which, if it be true, is the most stupendous fact in the history of the planet. The father and mother of Jesus, judging by their conduct, by their attitude toward the child, by what they are reported as having said to him, do not seem to have ever heard of it. Their conduct and their words are utterly inexplicable on the theory that they knew the nature of this wondrous child. Then the old first church of Jerusalem, which was presided over by one of the twelve apostles, never accepted this theory of the nature and character of Jesus; and when, in after years, it sprang up, they rejected it, and held to the belief of his simple humanity to the end. Again, the different gospel writers contradict each other as to the most essential details of the story; and Paul, the oldest writer of all in the New Testament, makes nowhere the slightest allusion to it. We do not find, then, in the records the finger marks of veritable history, but rather indications of legend and tradition that sprang up in after time.

Another reason why we cannot accept this as history is that we have discovered at last how it grew. We can find a time when it was not in existence, when it was not known. We can trace its birth; we can study the materials out of which it was formed. We can see it in the process of *becoming;* and we have learned that it was composed of Hebrew prophecy and foretelling mingled with Oriental mysticism and the Platonic philosophy. We know that it was an aftergrowth; *for the first time* that we find this story told by any *of the authentic* writers of this old period was one hundre

and fifty years after the supposed fact, and then it is related in such a way, mingled with such instances, justified by such parallels, as compel us to reject rather than to accept it.

There is a third reason why we cannot accept it; and that is that we find, as we study the records of the ancient world, too many incarnations for us to feel justified in accepting as literal truth any one of them. Not only was there an incarnation of God in Palestine, there was one ages before in Egypt. There were a good many in Greece; there was one in India; there was one among the old Aryans; there were incarnations here in America, in China, and in almost every part of the world. And every scholar and thoughtful student knows that, when he finds a similar story told as historic verity in half a dozen parts of the world, he has come upon the traces of a myth, a legend, instead of authentic history.

To illustrate what I mean: it was easy enough to believe in the story of William Tell until it was found out that, if the world was to believe in one Tell, it must also believe in several others; for the story was told and located in many parts of the world. It was found that this was one of those mythical tales which the primeval world told itself, with, perhaps, a significance far deeper and higher than it dreamed. We are not troubled to-day, as we visit Switzerland and sail over Lucerne, to find Tell's chapel on the bank in one place, and to be told that here he sailed and that there he leaped ashore, and at another point he shot the apple from the head of his son, and that at still another he put to death the tyrant that compelled him to the deed. We cannot find any Tell in authentic history; but we find him everywhere in story and poetry and song. And so we find too many divine incarnations to make it rational for us to believe in the literal verity of any one of them. I say to you, in all frankness and simplicity, that, if we are to believe in the story of a virgin-born God in Palestine, there is quite as much reason *for believing* in the story of a virgin-born Horus in Egypt, *of a virgin-born* Krishna in the East, of a virgin-born Gau-

tama or Buddha in India, and of many other virgin-born heroes and demi-gods all over the world. It cannot be that so many gods have thus been born.

There is one more reason. We find this belief fading out of the modern world, because of the great change that has come over our conception of God, of the universe, of man, and of history. This story of the incarnation sprang up in another world than the one that we inhabit to-day. It sprang up as part of the conception of God, of man, of human history, and destiny, which no longer exists. It sprang up as part of the machinery for redeeming man from a fall which we now know never took place. There is, then, in our modern universe, with our modern thought of God and man, no place for a doctrine like this; and the supposed need for such a stupendous miracle has passed away. To-day, we are so overwhelmed with the magnificence, the majesty of the real universe in which we live and of which we are a part that this wonder-working jugglery of miracle belittles our thought. We cannot accept it, because it is not grand enough to fit in with our new conception of things. It seems like child's play to one who has become a man.

We, therefore, reject this story as being literal history. What then? Is it, then, only a fairy tale, a story with which men have amused themselves, something out of all vital relation to the life of man? Nay: I cannot think it. Suppose you call it legend, myth, or fairy tale. Have you ever given one deep thought to the significance of myth and legend and fairy tale? Have you as yet outgrown the shallow conception that these are only nursery stories with which children are amused at the fireside? What is a myth? What is a legend, what a fairy tale? Go over all these wonder stories of your childhood and all those that scholars are collecting from the lips of the tellers all over the world, and you will find that, at their heart, they possess the deepest human significance. They are not idle imaginings. They are the childhood world's way of telling magnificent truths, hopes, and aspirations. One of the mos

significant things about these wonder stories of the world is that they are always of some hero who comes to help and deliver men. They are always about some wicked giant, who has oppressed humanity, getting at last his deserts. Justice, love, and hope — the finest human aspirations and intuitions — are the heart of them all. They are only the man's legendary, childish, poetic way of representing the underlying truths of human progress and human hope.

If this, then, be only legend or fairy tale or myth, it does not at all follow that it has no significance as connected with the modern world. I believe that this story of the incarnation of Jesus, coupled with all the other stories of incarnation that have ever been told to man, are a prophecy, a foregleam of a reality grander than the story itself. They are but partial utterances of a truth, deep and high and vital and eternal.

Let us turn now, and see if we can discover the nature and importance of this truth. There are two points that I must speak of here, before passing on to the concluding thoughts of my theme,— two thoughts that lie at the root of all stories of the incarnation, and which must be comprehended before we can understand their real significance to the world.

What does it mean when they tell us that God comes down and lives in a man, thinks with a man's brain, feels through a man's emotions, acts through a man's organs? It is the child-world's forefeeling, premonition of one of the deepest and grandest truths of modern scientific philosophy. That is the actual identity of nature between God and man. "I and my Father are one," said Jesus; and the world has busied itself since then with constructing out of such statements as that the mighty half-truth which lies at the heart of the orthodox theology of the world. Is it not strange that they never placed beside that the complementary statement, to see how it modifies and illuminates it all? For he not *only said,* "*I* and my Father are one," but, in that wondrous prayer for his disciples, he speaks of man as capable

of becoming one with God in the same sense in which he was one with him,— "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they, also, may be one in us." Have you ever thought of the significance of one famous sentence of Herbert Spencer? I regard Mr. Spencer as having the most remarkable and comprehensive mind at present existing on earth; and, as a summing up of his scientific philosophy concerning the nature of the universe and of man, he utters this profound and pregnant truth: The same power which is manifested through the entire visible universe is precisely that power which wells up in the form of consciousness in man. The outcome, then, of the finest scientific philosophy of the world is the statement that the power that manifests itself in the star, in gravitation, in all the marvellous force of the universe about us, is identical with that same power which wells up in the form of consciousness in the human soul. "I and my Father are one," said Jesus, eighteen hundred years ago; "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, may they be one in us." And modern science echoes this by putting precisely the same thought into modern language. How much does this mean?

This thought of the absolute identity of nature between God and man negatives and makes impossible the old theory of the incarnation. God can come into man only because they are alike, the same. The old theory was that God was something different from man; yet it attempted to blend the two. But what does it mean when you unite together two beings of different natures? You can make a griffin, if you will, in imagination, with the head of an eagle, the body of a lion: you can made a sphinx with the head of woman and the body of a beast; but, in these cases, it is neither eagle nor lion, neither woman nor beast, only a monstrosity. If, then, God and man were unlike, and you attempted to unite them, that fusion could not produce either man or God, but only a monstrosity. When we remember that they are identical in nature and accept this profoundest truth, then we see not only that God can and does come

into man, but we see how he comes and what it means. For I believe that it is God that comes, that whatever is in us of noble or true or beautiful and high is just so much of the divine; and, however it may be personified in us, it is still the same divinity that moves and lives through all things. When we go down to the sea-shore, we name our creeks and inlets and bays, as if we regarded them as something separate, distinct from each other, but yet knowing all the while that they are filled up and throb in unison with the same one ocean that sweeps around the globe. So whether it be in grass-blade or in star, in Jesus, in Shakspere, in you, in a little child, it is the same one divine, universal life that sweeps into and fills us up to the measure of our capacity. And all that is finest and best throbs in unison with that eternal life of things. This, then, is the first truth, this identity of nature between God and man.

The other truth gives us the key to the nature of all true incarnation. How is it that God can come into man, into anything? Through what channel does he come? How much of him can come?

Let us begin with one or two simple illustrations. Suppose I find a pebble on the street or on the sea-shore: here is a manifestation, so far as the pebble nature admits, of the same mystic and inexplicable power and life that is everywhere. How much can come into it? Only so much as makes a complete and perfect pebble. No more: if any more comes, it ceases to be a pebble. How much can come into a grass-blade? Only so much as makes a complete and perfect grass-blade: no more. How much into a violet? Only so much as is needed to make the ideal flower. How much can go into an animal? Only so much as makes him perfect as an animal. Suppose enough of this power and life should go into the life of a dog, so that he should possess the brain of a Newton, the heart of a Wilberforce, the capacity to execute of a Michel Angelo: he would be a dog no longer. He would be all this which was manifested in and through him. So, if more than is necessary to complete

and fill up the ideal nature of a man should come into the man, he would be a man no longer. He would be God. So it is not possible that more of the divine can come into a man than that which is enough to fill up and complete the ideal of a man. Divine incarnation, then, can mean no more and no other than this: it must mean simply the development of man to the fulness and perfection of his ideal nature.

And what will this mean, when it is realized and practically carried out at last? I can only hint now of two or three channels through which the divine life comes into human nature and what its coming practically means.

What is the ideal man? If you should find a perfect man, what would he be? Leaving aside the perfection of his physical nature, taking that for granted, I indicate three things necessary for his perfection: —

1. He would have a perfect and clear perception of the truth: intellectually, he would be ideally complete.

2. He would have a complete and perfect development of his affectional and emotional nature: he would be perfect love.

3. He would have a complete and perfect development of the conduct side of his being: he would be right in all his actions.

The complete and ideal man, then, means three things: right thought, right feeling, right action,— truth, love, righteousness,— these three. Now, then, it is through these, through the brain, through the active nature, that God comes and must come to man.

How has he come? From the first dawn of human intelligence, he has come just as fast and just as far as man has been capable of perceiving the truth of things. He has come, I mean, as truth through the intellect. I wonder if you have ever noted the beautiful significance of that passage in the Book of Revelation, significant it must be forever, told in this beautiful, poetic way. The universal spirit of God, in the address to the seven churches of Asia, says: "Behold! I stand at the door and knock. If any man

hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Here is that truth, profound, high, and eternal, that God comes into man, into brain and heart and action, just so fast and just so far as there is capacity to receive him and the door is voluntarily opened to his coming. Light, as we now know, has progressively created the eye. At first there was no room for the light, because there was no eye to receive it. The pressure and play of this light upon the nervous system, which created the eye, created the capacity and then filled it. So, progressively throughout the world, in the course of human history, it is the play of truth upon the human brain that has built the brain, created the capacity for it, and then filled it. Truth stands at the door knocking, and must forever stand. It is one of the curious things, and yet one of the necessities of human life, out of which so many tragedies spring, that the coming of God, whether through the channel of the intellect, the heart, or of conduct, is at first always rejected and despised of men. It is only as it plays upon human life and creates the possibilities of its coming that, at last, it is received. Then a larger truth comes, to be met in its turn by rejection and, afterward, by acceptance. So the world grows toward its ideal.

Every new truth, then, that has ever come to man, is just so much of God, as truth, coming into human life. And he comes in precisely the same way into human hearts as love. Think for a moment: every emotion contrary to love is anti-human and anti-divine. Take envy, jealousy, unscrupulous ambition, that kind of pride which is personal vanity, hatred, —all these feelings that are opposed to love tend to separate men, to disintegrate society, and make communities, or human life in society, impossible. They destroy human progress. Just as soon as men have learned the right relations in which they ought to stand toward their fellow-men and the corresponding emotion of love has sprung up and become dominant in the heart, just so fast has God, as *emotion,* come into the life of man; and then, in the light of

true thought, under the impulse of true feeling, man goes on progressively, age after age, to regulate his conduct so that it is right. A man will be perfect when he learns to treat himself rightly; when he learns to treat the members of his own household rightly; when he learns to treat all those with whom he comes in contact in society rightly; when he learns that business, or commercial life, is not a selfish scramble, a selfish competition for personal gain, but such a relation established in the exchanges of the world as ministers to the life and happiness and welfare of all; when he learns in the sphere of politics and of wider national life that justice is for the interest of all,—when he learns all these things in the realm of conduct, when he sees these as truths, when he loves them so that the truth becomes a motive force, and he lives them out in character and conduct, then God will have come in the sphere of human activity, and the perfect kingdom of God, which is nothing else than the perfect kingdom of man, will have found its reign and complete establishment on earth.

In closing, I want to ask your attention to a brief comparison between this universal, age-long, progressive incarnation of God in humanity and that other story with which we started. That told us that nearly two thousand years ago God came to one man, in one little village, in one little country, once for all. This tells us that God began to come when the first conscious life sprang up on the old planet; and that he has been coming with every new step of truth, of love, of righteousness, from that day to this; and that he is to keep on coming until the perfect world is here. It tells us that he comes in every man, in every clime, among every people, just as fast and as far as they are capable of receiving this advent. This makes God, not the savior of an elect few merely, not the Friend and Father of one small race, but the all-Father of all his children. It gives us faith to believe that, under whatever name, through whatever rites or service, in whatever clime, wherever the human heart has felt nobly, wherever thought has perceived the truth, wherever conduct

has squared itself with the highest standards, there has been the incarnation of the divine. It gives us an infinite hope as we look toward the future. This Christmas joy and Christmas promise throb in our hearts; and we can say, "Glory to God in the highest," because we know that through him and through us is progressively coming this gift of "peace on earth and good-will to men."

"Now is the time approaching
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold.
Now, Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore.

"Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.
Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love.

"O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray:
Then shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away!
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray and hope and labor
Till the dark night be gone."

MARY'S DREAM.

One night, upon the Nazareth hills
  The stars were looking down;
And white among the olives slept
  The houses of the town.

In one, the village carpenter —
  His work done — lay at rest;
And Mary, restless in her sleep,
  Her babe clasped to her breast.

The stars had now begun to pale,
  When, startled by her fears,
Up Mary sprung and caught her child:
  Her eyes were wet with tears.

And then she hugged him to her heart:
  "He is my Jesus still,"
She cried: "Jehovah will forbid
  He should such dream fulfil!"

Then Joseph started up, afraid:
  "What words are these you speak?"
"I've had a dreadful dream," she cried,
  "And fear hath made me weak."

And then she told him how she slept
  With Jesus on her arm,
And how a vision strange unrolled
  Its scenes of dread alarm.

"I dreamed," she said, "and lo! a cross
  Stood outlined in the gloom;
Two others near; and not far off
  There yawned an open tomb.

"Near by stood soldiers; laugh and oath
  Re-echoed on the air;
Forms fled into the dark; and, near,
  Some women stood in prayer.

I, trembling, crept anigh; one turned:
'Twas I stood in her place!
I looked awe-struck upon the cross:
My God! 'twas my boy's face!

"I thought I fainted: when I woke,
The scene had passed away.
I started up and looked, and here
My baby sleeping lay.

"But once again I dreamed: I thought
Long years had come and passed.
In some strange city, people strange,—
A concourse wild and vast.

"And they disputed in a hall:
They seemed both great and wise.
One told me that it was about
Some Jesus in the skies.

"He told me that some of them said
This Jesus was a man;
Some said he was th' Eternal God,
Who was ere time began.

"And they had gathered here to see
Which doctrine should prevail.
And I, who knew one only God,
Stood shuddering at the tale.

"And, while I stood, a cry arose:
'He's God of very God!
Let those who dare to call him man
Feel our great Emperor's rod!'

"And then a persecution rose;
And gray-haired men were sent,
For saying God could not be born,
To lonely banishment.

"I wondered much that men should thus
Their worship high accord
To one of woman born, and not
To Israel's only Lord.

"But sudden horror froze me quite:
  I hardly caught my breath,
When some one told me this new god
  Was born in Nazareth;—

"Was Jesus, Mary's son. Once more,
  I woke in strange affright.
O Joseph, what strange things are these
  That come to me this night?

"And then I slept once more: once more,
  The dreadful vision came.
I tremble still,—the blood! the cries!
  The scenes I cannot name!

"'Twas in a city far away:
  Wild, brutal cries arose;
The people seemed akin, and yet
  They fought as fiercest foes.

"The streets ran blood, oaths rent the air;
  And, oh! one awful sight
Still seems so real that my eyes
  Still see it with affright.

"A noble, old, and gray-haired man
  Was flung into the street
From some high window, and his form
  Was tramped by horses' feet.

"'Twas some saint's day, then I was told:
  They slew for love of one—
My little babe, I found it was—
  Declared to be God's son.

"They said he'd come in wondrous wise
  Down from the heavens above,
To teach mankind to be at peace
  And lead a life of love.

"And then, far off, I heard a chant,
  Te Deum high and grand,
Because so much of brother's blood
  Had flowed throughout the land.

"And then I cried: 'What have I done?
  Is this my babe to be
Jehovah's scourge to bring to men
  Such wrath and misery?'

"For, in the name of him they called
  The prince of peace and joy,
They've turned to brutal beasts! Alas!
  What art thou, my strange boy?

———

"The horror woke me. But again
  I slept, and dreamed once more.
I seemed to wander, as with wings,
  A new and wide world o'er.

"I saw strange countries, peoples strange;
  And everywhere on high,
From churches scattered far and wide,
  Spires lifted to the sky.

"The books, the creeds, the preachers, said
  My little boy, when grown,
Had risen to the heavens, and sat
  Upon th' Eternal's throne.

"They said he taught that only love —
  Not words, nor forms — could save;
That he was Christian who his life
  To men in service gave.

"And yet, alas! the strange, strange world!
  They envied, hated, strove;
And then, with hollow ritual, thought
  To pay the price of love.

"Above the temple's gateway, made
  For those who entrance sought,
They had erased my boy's word, *Love*,
  Which only he had taught,

"And in its place had written high,
  In words to all men clear,
Through robes and rites and creeds alone
  Can lost men enter here!

"So then I found that brave men stayed
  Without for love of Him
Whose glory they who claimed his name
  Had hidden or made dim.

"I wept to see men strayed so far
  From Him whom we confess;
Who, Moses and Isaiah taught,
  Is love and righteousness.

"I wept to think my winsome babe
  Had such an idol grown,
And wondered if God's wrath had placed
  A man upon his throne.

"And, weeping, I awaked and saw
  My boy look up with fright,
As wondering at his mother's tears
  On such a quiet night.

"O Joseph, what can mean my dream?
  My pretty boy, your play,
Now that the sun is on the hills,
  Shall drive my fears away!"

Then Joseph soothed her with his words,
  But wondered if there might
Be some strange meaning hid within
  These fancies of the night.

And that day o'er his work he paused,
  And to himself he said,
"Do dreams come to us from the Lord,
  To warn us what to dread?"

And from that day he watched the boy:
  Hence sprung his fear and awe
When Jesus in the Temple courts
  Disputed of the law.

And when to him the stories came
  Of Jordan and of John,
He cried: "Woe's me, the boding dream
  The vision hasteth on!"

Alas! the world has dreamed this dream
  And only now the sun
Begins to touch the eastern hills,—
  The dawning is begun.

The wondrous boy is ours once more;
  No god, but just a boy,—
A boy, a youth, a man, whose love
  Foretells the future's joy.

For he, the blossom fair, the fruit
  Sprung from our human tree,
Becometh thus a prophecy
  Of what the world shall be.

For he was human; and, since man
  Such fruit for once could bear,
The future's harvest-field shall see
  Such fruitage everywhere.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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THE NEW YEAR:

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?

BOSTON:
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET.
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Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

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The New Year: What shall we Do with It?*

"See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time." — EPHESIANS v., 15.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" — MATTHEW xvi., 26.

A WORD, first, by way of explanation of these texts and to enforce their central thought. "See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise." That is, as you go through life, look about you and note the facts in the midst of which you live, the facts that concern your daily life; see what they are, the relation in which they stand to each other and to you, because these are the things with which daily you must deal. Be wise, then, as rational men dealing with the realities of life, and not with vain fancies and imaginings as to what these realities are. And, as you go on and find that so much of life is already expended, estimate the value of that which remains, redeeming the time, or, as it is translated in the margin of the new version, buying up the opportunity. At whatever cost in other things which are not the essentials of life, buy up the opportunity that remains. In regard to the other part of the text, I wish to disabuse your minds, at the outset, of the old traditional meaning which has been so long connected with it. "What is a man profited," says Jesus, "though he gain the whole world, if," as a price "he gives his own soul?" We have been accustomed to believe that Jesus was thinking about a life something like this: Here is a man who succeeds in everything he undertakes: he has health and friends, and a pleasant home, wealth, posi-

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

tion; he gains honor and power from the people of his time; and he glides along smoothly and happily, with everything delightful, the earth beautiful beneath and about him, the sky smiling overhead, until he comes to the end. Then, in the next world, as the price of this, he loses his soul. Were this indeed true, we might well ask the question with the most tremendous emphasis. But I take it that the most of us here have discovered that this interpretation of the text is not the correct one. What, then? Has it no longer any meaning? To my mind, it has a meaning as profound, as significant as ever. It should come home as an appeal to men's hearts with as much power as that with which it has rung for so many centuries as a warning of future woe. You know plenty of men in society who have lost, if not their whole soul, at least a large part of it. The soul has become so small that it is hardly worth considering: they have no soul to which you can appeal with any confidence that you can awaken any interest in any manly thing you may have in hand. Like an arm disused or bound to the side, it has become atrophied and useless. It has dwindled away till it is so small that you would hardly consider it worth while to attempt to discover the place where it is supposed to exist. These things are facts, realities of human life; and the question that Jesus asks is, Will this pay? What is your money, your honor, your social position, worth? Are they worth so much that you can afford to give the price of your soul for them? That is the question; and that is a question that always comes home with its appeal to every sensible man. So much, then, at the outset, that these texts may stand clearly before you, with the significance that ought to be attached to them in the minds of reasonable people.

Let us now consider our theme,—The New Year: What shall we Do with It?

I remember, when I was a boy, the first time that I ever came into possession of what seemed to me a considerable amount of money. If I should name the sum, it would seem *to most* of you a very inconsiderable amount indeed; but

to my eyes, educated in a childhood that made a small amount of money seem large, I felt as though I had come into possession of quite a fortune. I was going with my mother to spend a summer's holiday among friends, the first time that I had been away from home on such an occasion; and I felt as though I had a capital that I could draw on to an almost unlimited extent throughout that vacation, that I could buy all sorts of enjoyments with my little fortune. My first experiment was made by entering a store to make a purchase. After I had asked the price and was appalled at the cost,—though too timid to retire and say I did not wish it,—and had completed the purchase, I found myself where many a man finds himself when he wakes up in middle life, practically bankrupt. I had invested my tiny fortune in one thing, and I had only fragments left with which to realize my dreams. This, simple as it is, is a parable of world-wide application. Does it not stand for the experience of every boy and girl as they grow up through youth and into manhood and womanhood? How time seems to us when we are children! We feel as though there were unlimited opportunity for the accomplishment of everything of which we can dream. Instead of hoarding our time or endeavoring to find time enough to do this or that, we wonder how we can spend it all. We wonder what we shall do to pass away the long Saturday afternoons, the fragments that seem so much to children! But, as we get on a little way in life, we wake up to the fact that, before we knew the value of time, we had paid out a large part of it; and, straightway, we become niggards, and wish to hoard the remainder. And we watch the days and the months and the years slipping out of our grasp with a great pain at our hearts, because it foretells to us the inevitable passing away of that which has become to us so precious.

There is an old story concerning the ancient days of Rome that well illustrates this uniform human experience concerning the different estimates which we put upon the value of time, and how we come at last to think it of more

importance than almost anything else in the whole world. It is said that, after the Cumæan sibyl had written out nine books of oracles, which were supposed to foretell the destiny of the reigning dynasty and of the eternal city of Rome, she brought them to king Tarquin and offered them to him for sale. In consideration of their value, she asked a very high price. But, although the contents were such that the king could not afford to go without them, he thought the price too high, and refused to purchase. The sibyl went away in anger; and, as she went, she destroyed three of the nine books. After a time, she came back with the six books that were left, and again offered the oracles to the king. Still, the king shook his head. The price was too high. He had not learned to appreciate the significance and the value of these mystic books. Again, the sibyl goes away in anger, and destroys three more of the books. After a time has passed, she comes again to the king, bringing the fragments that remain,—only three books out of the nine! Again, they are offered for sale; and, now, the king appreciates how much has been lost and the value of that which remains, and gladly pays out of his treasure the entire sum originally demanded for the whole. And these three are the famous Sibylline Leaves that played so large a part in the traditions of early Christianity, and that were supposed to be prophetic of the future of the world. This, again, like the little boyhood incident, is a parable that needs no long interpretation. Is it not true that the years come to us in our childhood, and then again in our youth, and then again in our early manhood, offering us each time these treasures, these opportunities, these mystic possessions, in which, though we are not able to read them, there are written our destiny and the destiny of our time? Are they not offered to us, time and again, on certain terms which seem to us too high? We reject the opportunities. We fritter away the precious years. We allow them to be destroyed, book after book, year after year, until by and by, when we are forty or fifty or sixty or seventy, how gladly would we buy up the opportunity

that remains with the whole price of the endeavor, the longing, the effort that was demanded originally for the whole!

We stand on the threshold of another year. It has come to us like an angel, flying out of the darkness and the night. We see only the face and its features, as it looks on us out of the mystery. What burdens it carries upon its back we may not see as yet. They will be revealed to us in the course of the months that are to come. But this new year brings in its hands an open, clean, new page of life, on which we may write whatsoever we will. It brings to us raw material that we may convert into whatever products we please. It brings to us new capital that we may use in bringing to pass whatever we desire. But are these statements that I have just made quite true? Not quite. I must modify them a little. I said that it brings a new leaf, on which we may write what we will, raw material that we may turn into any product we please, capital that we may spend as we desire. No: that is not true. Here, indeed, is the clean page, the new material, the fresh capital of time; but you and I have been doing something during the year that has passed that has wrought us over, so that we are not the same persons that we were a year ago. We have turned the past year into wings with which we may soar or into chains to bind us or burdens to break us down. We have trained our hands during the past year, and we cannot use them precisely as we could a year ago. We have trained our feelings, and they are not quite so fully in our power as they were a year ago. We have trained our thoughts, and they are more and more committed to certain lines and grooves than they were a year ago. It is not true, then, that you and I can write on this clean leaf whatsoever we will. We can only write what we are able to write, what we are strong enough, wise enough, good enough to write. We say we can do what we please, we can do as we will. But what do you will? You can do as you wish; but what *do* you wish? The ability, the wish, the desire,— these have been moulded and shaped

during the past year; and you are not what you were, and never can be again. It behooves us, then, to take this thought home to our hearts; and let it be a motive in this new year to think and feel and act so as to give ourselves more freedom, and not less. Let us use this year so that, when the last day of December, 1885, shall come, we may be purer, stronger, more aspiring, and nobler than to-day.

Each of these years as they come leaves something behind. The year 1884, we say, has gone into the abyss of time. Nay, it is not gone. It has left its product on things you have done, it has left its product on what you have felt; and these are in you and of you, and you carry them on into the months that are ahead, and they make it easier or harder for you to do as you desire. And what you do and think and feel during this coming year will be just so much added self to carry into the next one, if you live to see it and cross its threshold.

And yet there is a grand substance of truth in what I said. It is true, bating these modifications, that the new year does present a clean leaf, fresh capital, new opportunity. Now, what will you do with them? I do not have a great deal of confidence in new year's resolutions on the part of people who do not show much resolution at any other time, except the first of January. I do not believe it is very wise for people only once a year to sit down and say, Now, I am going to turn over a new leaf. The new leaf does not usually stay turned over a great while. We are apt at this turning-point of our lives to make resolves that are so much larger than our immediate power of execution that, when we find by the first of February the most of them are frittered away and we are about where we were before, we are entirely discouraged. Why should we not be? And so the person loses faith in his own ability to help himself. That is the evil of making grander resolutions than we can keep. You would better make a very little resolution, and keep it, than make a big one and fail in it. Make a resolution to *last for* a day, a week, rather than one that reaches ahead

so far that you are discouraged before you reach the end of it.

But there is another side to this truth. If a man is to lead a life that is worth living, if he is to do anything that is worth while, he must have an ideal. He must have some scheme of life, some plan. He must be able to answer the question, What am I living for? Toward what goal am I striving, or have I any goal? Is there any large, comprehensive end that I am seeking to attain? Suppose a man sets out to erect some sort of a structure, and, when he lays the foundation, does not know what it shall be,—whether it shall be a bank, a church, a museum, or a school-house. And then, as he goes on day by day, he falters in his purpose and keeps changing his plans. He calls his structure a court-house for a while, then concludes that it shall be an art museum, and finally thinks that he will make it a dwelling-house. And so he changes his plan from month to month. What sort of a structure will he have when he is done? Is not this very much the way we build our character and lives? We build awhile on one plan, and then think we will follow another; and, by the time we have got through, it is a very unsightly structure. And all persons who look at us and study our character say, This man did not know when he began, and he did not find out at any point in the process what he was going to build; and the result is that he has built nothing in particular. Is this not true of numbers of human lives? And this for the reason not that they did not make resolutions, but that they had no comprehensive plan reaching through life and no power of will strong enough to hold them to any plan. I think the people who are always making and framing resolutions are perhaps just the ones who do not have clearly in mind a comprehensive purpose, something that they can follow day by day throughout the year.

Now let us come to two or three points. And here you will think that I am going to fall into the commonplace; and I am, in one sense. For it is the threads of commonplace that

make up the warp and woof of human life; and the preacher who deals with life must be able to interpret the meaning of the commonplace. Sunshine is commonplace, rain is commonplace, the blue sky is commonplace, wind is commonplace; flowers and birds, the love of children and of home,—all these are commonplace. And yet, if one is able to look beneath the surface of the commonplace, he finds himself face to face with the infinite mystery, the key of which is God.

What, then, are you going to do with this new year? Here is the clean page, here is the raw material: what are you going to turn it into? When the clock shall tick out the close of the year, you will find that you have turned them into something. You will have turned your capital into qualities of life. What kind?

The great objects of human search, apart from those specially heroic souls who are living year long in the light of some grand ideal that they make their own, are such as these: comfort, the supply of the ordinary things that we desire in life; social position, power, influence, a good name among those with whom we live; amusement, recreation, and pleasure. Do not these about cover the whole? I have nothing to say against these in themselves considered and in their place.

Let us now consider the things into which we can turn the new year. I take it that many of us will try to turn it into money; and this is well. I only wish to look you in the face as rational, earnest men, and ask you to think of one or two things connected with this matter of money. Is it not possible for you to pay too high a price for it? Money is a commodity just as much as wheat or steel or bricks with which to build a house. Money is a commodity that you buy. People do not ordinarily get money in this world for nothing. They give something for it in the open market of the world, something that the person who is willing to pay the money considers an equivalent. I believe in your turning a part of this new year into money; but I want

you to ask yourselves whether it is not possible to pay too high a price for it, and whether you are in danger of doing so. It is not worth while to pay honesty for it. When you stop to think of it, do you not really believe that honesty is worth more than that which you would get in return for yielding it up? Are not the joy of home, the happiness of wife, the welfare of children, a little too high price to pay for money? Is not the cultivation of your heart, developing tenderness, pity, sympathy, and generosity,— these higher, finer, sweeter qualities of the soul, are not they worth more than money? To give these is paying too much, is it not? Is it not possible for you to pay too much brain power, too much intelligence, to sacrifice too much of the intellectual life for money? What is money for, what is it good for? Money is a magnificent implement, an instrument for a man to use,— that is all. For a man to pay his manhood for it, to sell his soul, in the words of Jesus,— is not that too high a price? and is it worth your while to convert the new year into money on those terms?

Another thing. You can turn this new year into social position and power. You can devote the days and weeks and months into getting into a certain sphere of society, where you will stand higher, relatively, than some people, though lower than others, and where you exercise a certain amount of power and influence. This, in one guise or another, is the secret spring of much of the action in civilized life. People are striving after rank, not in the sense that the word is used under a monarchy, but in the sense in which it is always used where some are higher than others. Now, what is the worth of a position in society, what is the manly value of it? It is simply an opportunity where a man may use his faculties, qualities, feelings, aspirations, thoughts. For what purpose? To make society better, purer, cleaner, to lift it up. But suppose your only object is to get higher in society under the impulse of envy of somebody who is above you, jealousy of their position, a desire to have other people look up to you with envy and jealousy. Do you not

know, secretly in your heart, that this motive plays a very large part in the lives of many people?

I remember, as an illustration of this, the case of a man whom I knew of years ago in the country, who was able to buy his wife a garment that he knew a neighbor's wife very much desired. How he chuckled over it,—not because it would keep his wife warm and was beautiful, but because it was going to make the other person who failed to get it so envious! You know this is the subject of witty jests in society journals, where persons are represented as being delighted when everybody else is green with envy. Is not that paying your soul for the sake of spite? Petty, contemptible, unwomanly, unmanly, mean, to use social position for the purpose of making other people worse than they are, less happy than they are, and to delight in the result! Can you afford to turn your new year into that sort of product?

There is another thing you can do with the new year. You can make enjoyment, recreation, pleasure, the one object of the coming year. You can strive to be comfortable yourself at all hazards. We instinctively seek to be comfortable: we cannot help it. Let a person enter a sitting-room; and, almost unconsciously, he selects the easiest chair and drops into it. We not only seek physical comfort, but we are perpetually seeking to adjust our thoughts and opinions in such a way that they will be comfortable. This is the secret of people being so angry sometimes when a new idea is thrust upon them. It makes them uncomfortable: they do not want to take the trouble to get rid of the old and adjust themselves to the new. It is a good thing to be comfortable; but, in a world like this, where thousands and millions are not and cannot be comfortable, is it the highest aim in life for a man or woman? Take what comfort, what recreation, you can by the way, for the sake of the strength and the refreshment that you gain by it; but *learn to forget* whether you are comfortable, in the face of *the great things* that are to be done. Suppose Jesus had

refused the cross, because he wanted to be comfortable; suppose Socrates had refused the hemlock, because he wanted to have a good time with his friends in Athens; suppose all the noble workers, thinkers, heroes, and martyrs of the world had sought comfort first,— where would we and our civilization of to-day have been? Yet we cannot help seeking comfort ourselves; and there is no real conflict here: only, through toil and struggle, we come to a higher comfort still, a nobler satisfaction. I know whereof I affirm, when I speak of the toil and trouble of accepting new thoughts. And yet, to-day, I look back at the pain and sorrow and heart-ache of the thoughts that constituted my transition time; and I bless God, with tears of joy, that I was not permitted to be comfortable in that which I now believe was not true.

There is yet another thing into which you can change the year. You can turn it into learning, into information. But, here again, let us raise the question what for, to what end? and is it not possible to pay too high a price even for information, for learning?

I think that the man who goes away by himself in selfish isolation, simply to enjoy his knowledge, is a very little higher type of man than another who goes away to enjoy what is called a lower pleasure. There are certain degrees and kinds of knowledge. Some kinds are worth paying a large price for. As for other kinds, it is a question whether you are not better without them. There are certain things that you can spend weeks and months and years in learning; and, when you have learned them, although they are true, are facts, they do not help you to be a better man or woman: they are of no practical value to society, and the world is none the better for your knowledge of them. If you will turn the year into knowledge, turn it into that kind of knowledge that shall lift you up, that shall set you in right relations with your fellows, and make you better able to serve them and to help on the world.

Now let us consider for one moment this question of

Jesus. You can acquire knowledge, pleasure, money, social position and power, and lose your manhood or womanhood. You can acquire manhood and womanhood, and lose most of these. What is your ideal of a noble life? What do you care to attain? When you stand at the borders of the mystery that is beyond and look back, what kind of a life would you like to look back over? First, one that had health, the condition and foundation of all; next, that was supplied with all the necessaries of life, those things that are needful to equip one for life,—a supply, if may be, sufficient to free you from fret and wear and worry; next, an occupation that you can put your soul into, that you can take some satisfaction in, that you do not need to apologize for, that is manly or womanly, that has room, if possible, for heart and head and imagination, and into which you can put all your manhood; then, a home for the satisfaction of the primal hungers of human nature, a resting-place, a point of departure, a base of supplies from which you can go out in the morning, to which you can return in peace and to a warm welcome at night; then, friends, a circle of those souls that you find suitable to you, that meet and answer the wants of your life,—for is it not true that, in this human acquaintance and relationship, we find the sweetest satisfactions that the world can offer? then, beyond that, a life linked to a purpose that is human and world-wide,—a life into which you can put your enthusiasm and purpose, no matter how small it may be, only one that goes beyond yourself, that links you with your kind, and makes you feel that you have done a little something to make the world better. Is not that the ideal of the true life?

I advise you, then, to convert the new year into a life like that; to look for money, social position, pleasure, and knowledge just in so far as they are related to a life like that, and will help it on. But, if you sacrifice a life like this for the sake of any of these other things, then, though you have gained the whole world, you have lost your own soul. A man can sell his own soul easily enough, though he does not

do it now as they did in the Middle Ages, by a compact with Satan signed in his own blood. He does it in dealing with his fellow-men; he does it piecemeal, in fragments. He sells a little piece of it to-day for one consideration and a little piece to-morrow for another, and seems only half-conscious of what he is doing. He only knows he is doing a little wrong. But, if he does not know it himself, his friends soon find out that the soul, the heart, the life of his manhood, is gone, and that he is what Lowell, in the *Biglow Papers*, calls a poor shell of a man. This is the kind of soul-loss that you need to fear.

As we stand, then, facing the new year, we are like the sculptor with mallet and chisel before a block of marble. We can shape it, we say, into what we will. No: because, as I have illustrated to you, the past has modified our ability and our desire. But we can try to shape it to something noble and grand. The sculptor cannot shape his marble into what he will, but into what he is able to produce,— into what his skill and training and fine insight and noble power are capable of. Let us consider its possibilities under this figure of the sculptor with his block of marble.

White possibility! Before thee now,
  With chisel and with mallet in my hand,
  A musing artist, hesitant I stand,
And wonder with what shape I'll thee endow,—
A grand Athene, with majestic brow;
  A raging Fury, with her flaming brand;
  Diana, leading on her huntress band;
Or sea-nymph sporting round some rippling prow?

Or shall I carve out Aphrodite fair,
  Who melteth with her eyes the hearts of men?
    Or, better yet, I'll make a Victory,
Whose upward look shall rouse men from despair,
  Discouraged souls thrill with new hope again,
    And give them strength to do and bear and be!

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THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY REV. R. R. SHIPPEN.

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THE FUTURE LIFE.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."— JOHN xiv., 2.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."— II. COR. ii., 9.

THE universe is our Father's house. Among its many mansions, homes, or chambers, this world is doubtless as important as any other.

Yet, as our friends vanish from sight, going from this earthly chamber into some other unknown, there naturally comes to every heart the inquiry expressed by the celebrated John Foster, in a letter written to a dear friend at the point of death: "Whither, O my friend, is it you are going? Where is it that you will be in a few short weeks or days hence? I have affecting cause to think and to wonder concerning that unseen world,— to desire, were it permitted to mortals, one glimpse of that mysterious economy, to ask innumerable questions to which there is no answer. What is the manner of existence, of employment, of society, of remembrance, of anticipation of all the surrounding revelations to our departed friends?"

It is usual to leave thoughts of the future life to the dark day of affliction, as if appropriate only to the death-bed and the mourning household. But is it not wise, while the brimming tides of health flow full, to remember that we are mortal, and make the unseen world a familiar thought?

The old theology gave to the next world attention too exclusive; neglected to explain the duties, joys, and trials of the present; and made religion only the ticket to secure *a good place there.* The liberal faith concentrates atten-

tion on the present time, preaching religion for to-day, assured that, if this life be made divine, we may safely leave the morrow with God. But is not our liberal preaching in danger of thus losing some of the noblest inspiration? May not the duty of to-day be illumined by the bright hope of the eternal world?

Again, people commonly talk of "going to heaven," as if it were some far-off land to be entered only by death. The liberal faith deems heaven the felicity of a divine life possible to-day, the kingdom of God around and within, God here, and good angels about us. To the obedient soul, in harmony with God's will and law, heaven is no question of date and distance. We need not wait for death to find it. Heaven is here and now.

Let us then consider the conditions of life hereafter.

The outward conditions of the future are wisely shrouded in mystery that we vainly strive to penetrate. Perhaps the new glories cannot be described,—human language inadequate, human experience lacking data and material for full conception. Who could paint for a blind man the splendor of the evening sky as the sun goes down, or describe for one born deaf the magnificent music of Mozart and Wagner that we heard at Music Hall last night? Or it may be well for us not to know. Life has its duties and earth its attractions, which God means we should love and enjoy. In the splendors of the coming time, these might seem insipid and unworthy of regard. To the boy of seven or ten, it is not wholesome to urge too much the glory of a manly career. Better let him be a boy, as God intended, at the front in school and playground. Higher duties and attractions will reveal themselves, as higher places open and invite. It is better to walk by faith, and not by sight, and trustingly labor for the unseen reward.

Some things, however, we may know by reason and the nature of things. Our bodies belong to earth. Dust returns to dust. Why, then, shall we expect or desire bodily resurrection? Yet, every Sunday in their worship, many sensible

people say,—even at this moment the many Unitarians and other intelligent people who throng the most elegant and perhaps the most fashionable church of this city, under the lead of their accomplished preacher, are together saying,—"I believe in the resurrection of the body." Surely, they say that with a twisted interpretation, or a mental reservation, or an utter abnegation of their honest common sense. They do not use the words in the plain, common-sense fashion in which honest people talk to each other outside of church doors. Paul expressly says (I. Cor. xv., 50), "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." And the day must speedily come when advancing intelligence will expurgate or change from its solemn declarations to Almighty God an outgrown statement, prepared and stereotyped by the ignorance of three hundred years ago.

Old-fashioned preachers with such minuteness described the scene of the last day, sea and land literally giving up their dead, that the imagination was horrified by visions of dry bones gathering from all quarters, to be clothed again with flesh. The heaps of the slain on the bloody plains of Waterloo or on the heights and valleys of Gettysburg, mouldering into dust, science sees ascending thence into the fresh harvests that cover those fields of death. As many particles enter into a new generation of mortals, shall souls be obliged to contend on the resurrection morning for their right of property in this miserable dust? Must the deformed, the halt, the maimed, the blind, and deaf be so forever? Shall the child inherit its puny frame, or the old man his gray hairs and withered limbs? Or, if Omnipotence is to change and perfect these into ideal form and stature, then, indeed, is already abandoned the doctrine of actual resurrection of the body.

Nay, who can doubt that God may give us for the new life bodies more ethereal than this coarse flesh, forms as well fitted for finer conditions as these strong hands and blunt senses are for earthly toil and drudgery? May we not expect keener sight, sharper hearing, a mightier strength, with

capabilities of unwearied endurance, quicker insight, and readier communion? Think for a moment what resources are added to us by slight inventions of *human* ingenuity. With a lens like a pin's head, you see the atoms that swim in a water drop or float in a sunbeam. With a lens a little larger, you see the moons of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, or resolve the nebulæ and search the wonders of the midnight sky. With a thin wire, you hear your friend's voice a thousand miles away, or in a moment receive his message of business or affection from the further side of the globe. If such are the wonders of human invention, who shall limit the divine resources? May we not receive new senses of which we now have no conception, by which we may learn truth or hold converse with friends, or achieve wonders, or partake of joys that eye hath not seen or the heart of man conceived? I dare not affirm that God's best handiwork is exhausted on this fleshly tabernacle, nor question that he may give bodies to the faithful fitted for nobler service and richer delight. The doctrine of bodily resurrection seems a narrow limitation, a miserable negation, against a better faith and hope.

Curiosity concerning the outward conditions of the unseen world is attested by so-called spiritual manifestations. Of the facts or philosophy of this matter I have nothing to say, save that, in several honest attempts, I have witnessed nothing satisfactory. In reading many columns and pages of their literature, I have learned no new idea; while Franklin, Wesley, and other departed notables seem to talk not so well as when living in the flesh. Let us not misapply or abuse the precious word *spiritual*. Thought and affection are spiritual. When some divine idea enters the soul, kindling in us holier energy, warmer sympathy, that is a heavenly communication. When we receive a fresh vision of truth, a new glimpse of what is good and lovely, that is a spiritual revelation. One verse of a stirring hymn, one *strain of inspiring* music, one sentence of the Sermon on the *Mount, one vision* of glorious landscape from mountain

height, that touches the springs of better thought and emotion and increases the tides of life in the soul, is a new experience of heaven and the heavenly life.

Swedenborg, also, is looked to by many cultivated persons of refined religious sentiment for testimonies touching the next life, which the Bible fails to give. Between the natural and spiritual world he finds "correspondences," and sets forth principles full of suggestion. But, when he descends to minute details, he sadly materializes, in methods most unsatisfactory, the things that are spiritual and unseen. Whether Dutch spirits are to be dressed in red or in blue, or in what manual employments devils are engaged, matters not. His pictures of the *outward* furnish no true conception of the real heaven and hell. In the words of Mr. Emerson: "He goes up and down the world of men a modern Rhadamanthus, and with nonchalance and the air of a referee distributes souls. When he mounts into the heaven, I do not hear its language. A man should not tell me that he has walked among the angels: his proof is that his eloquence makes me one."

Curiosity about the outward is not spiritual, but sensual. It is *worldliness*, only transferred to *other* worldliness. It is in the line of thought characterizing the popular creed. Preachers have portrayed the outward scenery and conditions instead of the home-life of the heavenly mansions. The New Jerusalem of Revelation, portrayed in Oriental imagery, has been interpreted as if a mathematical chart or architectural design. Heaven has been pictured as a paradise of effeminate luxury.

"Is heaven a place where pearly streams
Roll over golden sand,
Like childhood's rosy, dazzling dreams
Of some far fairy land?

"Is heaven a place where diamond dews
Glitter on fadeless flowers,
And mirth and music ring aloud
From amaranthine bowers?

"Ah, no! not such! not such is heaven,
Surpassing far all these;
Such cannot be the guerdon given
The aspiring soul to please."

A Mohammedan paradise would cloy and pall upon the soul. Its monotony would be less interesting than earth.

The Book of Revelation distinctly declares its picture of heaven a vision,—no definite delineation, but hints and symbols of spiritual realities. With rude imagery, in which an unspiritual people, like children, must be addressed, we have symbols suggestive of divine service and brotherly companionship and noble character. The great white throne suggests that eternal justice before whose bar nations and men are summoned; the crystal sea is heaven's purity; the marriage supper is blessed companionship; the lion suggests the majesty of angelic strength; the eagle, swiftness of service; the human face, intelligence and sympathy. Nor should we expect there any earthly baubles. The golden crown is the kingly honor of integrity and excellence; the white garment is purity of character; the censer is the incense of aspiration and prayer; and the harp, the music of a loving life. And the only jewels that never grow dim are the graces which here and forever are bright adornments, which alone make manhood kingly and give to woman a queenly radiance and beauty.

To all our best conceptions, our text adds the promise that there are better things in store. With this assurance, it glorifies the richest material of present experience. Take the best that earth can show,—the richest landscape in the far-sweeping horizon from mountain height, the sky painted in gorgeous saffron and crimson, with sunset glories, or the rainbow smiling through earth's storm, or the firmament flashing with artillery of unutterable splendor,—what words can describe it all to a blind man? Yet here is God's handiwork not exhausted. There are glories beyond all *that e[illegible]en.* Take the best that human life and *hi[illegible]*—the affections, the charities, the heroisms

that glorify home and State and Church. There are still better things than have entered the heart of man. We know not heaven's locality or scenery. What matters it? Wherever it may be, a divine life opens before us. Why limit it here or there? May not the universe open to us, with its varied and infinite wonder, and star after star form the spirit's successive abode?

As we turn from outward to spiritual conditions of the life to come, reason and the gospel may furnish some hint of the life divine. For my best picture of the glory that is to be, I go not to the Book of Revelation, with its Oriental symbolism; but I go to the Sermon on the Mount and the character of Jesus to find those spiritual laws and principles that run their lines through the universe and eternity, and by which to-day and forever heaven's kingdom is to be ruled, and all souls find the felicity of true sons and daughters of the living God.

1. Identity shall continue. Death shall not change our substantial selves, shall add no thought, affection, or virtue to our soul's wealth, shall rob us of nothing that spiritually belongs to us. We shall begin life there just as wise, holy, and loving as we ended life here, no more, no less. Death laid a finger upon Milton's sight; yet, with earth shrouded in utter darkness, his splendid imagination was untouched, and his soul revelled in poetic vision. The chill of death upon Beethoven's ear made him deaf to every earthly sound, and the grandest orchestra to him became silent; yet his soul revelled in harmony which death could not touch, and, even in this silent valley of the shadow of death, he wrote some of his grandest symphonies. In the account given of Jesus after he had passed the cross and the grave, he is reported as greeting Mary, Peter, and the rest with unchanged affection, saying, "It is I myself."

The eternal fact of identity is the key of destiny, and suggests both retribution and reward. We shall reap what we sow. For weal or woe, we shall be permitted or compelled to say with Jesus, "It is I myself." Retribution shall fo

ever be the black shadow of sin. There is no place in the universe where the wrong-doer can escape from himself or from the eternal justice. No wings of the morning can carry him where God is not. As long as the soul sins, it shall sink like a stone to deeper depths of misery unutterable; while to the ascending spirit, climbing the heavenly heights, at every new step glorious things are revealed beyond all that tongue has ever told. With unchanged identity, therefore, reaping as we sow, we shall carry with us whatever memories and experience, talents and attainments, affection and excellence, were ours here. Newton's love of science, Shakspere's wealth of imagination, John's affection, Peter's zeal, were essential parts of themselves, and went with them to the next world. God loves and heaven shall welcome all this rich spiritual variety; and the fellowship of the world to come shall be enriched with the varied individuality and identity of all souls, every one saying, "It is I myself."

2. Progress also shall continue. Who can doubt that the next world will afford room for all worthy culture. Shall the devout astronomer, exploring the firmament, who as yet has picked but a few pebbles from the shores of the infinite, who eagerly longs to know more of the wondrous constellations that illumine earth's night, find this glorious book forever shut? Shall the student of history, who in the annals of the Church has delighted to commune with saints and martyrs who lived and died for the truth, now find the volume closed, whose opening chapter only he had read? Rather to the ascending spirit shall the universe more freely fling open the doors, inviting every seeker for truth to enter the secret chambers and gather at pleasure. It will be ours still to search, study, and explore. God gives not his best gifts without eager and busy asking, seeking, and knocking. Knowledge is not to be showered on us or mysteries revealed without our effort. There, as here, heaven's best riches reward only the diligent toiler.

And, if progress is open, I believe that reform, also, will

be forever possible. If we may go from good to better and best, surely we may also go from worse to good. Though the sinning soul sinks ever deeper, as long as life lasts and freedom continues, it will be possible to turn and do better. I do not believe the ladder of descent ever touches any bottom. The universe has no chamber of hopeless darkness, whence the soul may not turn toward the light. For God to continue a hopeless sinner in existence would be superfluous cruelty. Divine penalties are reformatory; and, when reform comes, the divine law is vindicated. Progress for the saint, therefore, implies possible reform for the sinner. Let us lay no flattering unction to our souls that even the saint will, immediately at death, be supremely happy. We enjoy what we appreciate. Music delights us according to our musical culture and sensibility: so shall heaven's glories. For sinner and saint, therefore, immortality is a blessed boon of opening privilege and increasing joy.

3. Varied and appropriate employment shall also enlist our best faculties. Theology has narrowed with absurd limits the activities of the next world, as if religion consists only of prayer and song. But God is served by every worthy activity. Our richly varied faculties were surely all meant for use. Shall the employments of the unseen world be less various than those of this small planet? Shall the angels find nothing else to do than eternally to sit in the great amphitheatre and sing psalms? Think of the countless forms of contribution to human welfare and God's glory by saints and sages here on earth,— Howard's benevolence, Humboldt's wisdom, Fénelon's devotion, Luther's heroism, Parker's practical preaching. Shall not the new life put in requisition all these diverse talents? There shall be demand for Isaiah's poetic fire and Paul's organizing energy and Chrysostom's eloquence, Bacon's profound wisdom and Watts' devotion and Raphael's art, Mozart's music and Emerson's insight. Genius in its thousand forms will still afford joy, and add to the spiritual wealth of the heavenly society as once to the earthly.

We have seen a young man, in all the promise of a beautiful youth, eager in the pursuit of a rich culture as the equipment for a manly career. Soon to be graduated into the arena of noble service, the fever touched him, and he vanished. Thoughtlessly, we exclaim: Alas! all that education wasted! Ready to fight the good fight here, surely God will give him a good chance there. We have seen the large-hearted mother, the light of the home and the centre of hospitable and loving companionship, making life glad to all within the charmed circle of her sweet influence. In her departure, the home is broken up, and this world rendered less attractive. But shall not the next world be more attractive by her presence? May there not be chance for Howard, Clarkson, and Judson to exercise pity for the unfortunate, and go on embassies of love to seek and save lost souls and redeem them unto life? If the religion preached by Jesus is that absolute religion that stands eternal and runs its lines through the universe, and if spiritual laws continue forever the same, then, not merely for this small earth and these few years upon it, but for all time and eternity, there is "joy in heaven over every sinner that repenteth." And, if Jesus himself is the same person in his essential identity yesterday, to-day, and forever, then, wherever in the universe he exists to-day and in the coming ages, will it forever be his mission to lend the helping hand, to act the Good Samaritan, to go forth as a Good Shepherd to the lost sheep, and hunt the one straying on the mountain, to go on messages of mercy to every wandering prodigal and bring him home.

4. The divine society and its charming companionship are one of the sweet hopes of the world to come. What unspeakable fulness of joy shall be afforded by the richly varied fellowships! Diversities of gift and culture need not separate soul from soul, but render each more interesting to the other. No clans or castes shall intrude their unbrotherly prejudice and arbitrary divisions there. Sympathy shall insure harmony. The sympathetic spirit delights in all

varieties of excellence, and revels in the companionship of a richly varying culture. Nor do the truly exalted ever despise or spurn the humble and lowly. Sectarian disputes here separate good men. There, Wesley and Channing will meet as brothers. Why cannot their followers do so now? Here, on earth, diverse talents and experience only enrich social intercourse with refreshing pleasure and profit. Heaven spurns monotony, and rejoices in amplest spiritual hospitality. Poets, sages, philanthropists, there shall mingle in delightful communion. I hope I am not to be thrust into the monotonous companionship of my own double, precisely duplicating myself. Of all the company of the world to come, he would be the least interesting. So uninteresting would be the monotonous clan or caste of a company of my own rank of attainment.

Rather as the home on earth is complete only by joining together the teachableness of childhood, the freshness of youth, the strength of manhood, the grace of womanhood, and the ripe wisdom of age, so shall the heavenly society combine in one fellowship the aspiring pupils, the active servants, and the wise teachers. Shall there not be communion, soul with soul, more direct and free? No clogs of sense, no hindrances of formalism or distrust shall intervene, no misunderstandings or jealousies mar the harmony. Confidence and sympathy shall be genuine and complete. With our best friends, we here see through a glass darkly. There, souls shall meet face to face; and we shall know even as we are known. That bright Eden of friendship, which on earth we vainly seek, never darkened by clouds or chilled by cold east-winds of distrust, shall open to us its unbroken sunshine of love and joy. In free and full communion and tender sympathy, friendship and love shall last, changing only to grow broader and deeper, stronger and sweeter, as the years roll on.

Affections that have survived death and the grave shall bloom again. Friendship and love, untouched by chances and changes or mortality, shall come to fruitage. Old

friends shall meet again. Dear ones, that seemed lost, shall have only gone before. On that further shore, glad welcomes shall greet our coming.

Did you ever think how, as we came into this world, a warm home was prepared to receive us, and welcoming friends greeted our coming, and taught our infant feet to walk and our lips to speak and sing? So, as by death's mysterious birth we go from this earthly chamber to another unknown one in the Father's house of many mansions, the new home will be ready to welcome, and loving friends to greet us and teach our feet to walk the streets and our lips to sing the songs of the city of God. We go, then, not as strangers to a strange land. With blessed reunion, we join a dear company gone before to that land where no tears or parting come.

5. Rest shall be sweet in that better land,—not rest from activity, for that would be the monotony of death. The weary spirit shall find rest from dusty drudgery and feverish passion and annoying anxieties. From earth's low turmoil, the glad soul shall wing its way into serene depths of the untroubled sky. The sadness of affliction, the sorrow of separation, the crush of disappointment, shall come no more. Obscuring clouds shall vanish from the face of the benignant providence, the landscape shall be illumined by the light of the Father's loving countenance, no good design shall fail, no dark depression give us pain. No effort shall exhaust our energy. Youth shall be renewed. We shall mount upward as on the wings of eagles. Yea, infinitely better, more precious than eye hath seen or heart conceived, shall be this blessed rest and renewal.

Such is the bright and immortal hope I cherish. Is it not full of inspiration? To the weary pilgrim, toiling amid sands of hardship and misfortune, and overshadowed by clouds of sorrow, to whom earth is a dark and dreary pilgrimage, may it not give fresh courage, since he is journeying toward a heavenly home where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest? For the favored

mortal to whom earth seems a paradise worthy of an angel's abode, may it not kindle imagination and fire ambition with visions still more splendid, of things better than eye hath seen, tongue told, or have entered into the heart of man?

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

"They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of glory;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

"And they who, strong and faithful,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
O land that sees no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O royal land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!"

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SERIES ON

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

I. WHAT IS RELIGION?

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WHAT IS RELIGION?*

"Reconciled to God."—II. Cor. v., 20.
"Adjustment to our environment."—Herbert Spencer.

Three or four evenings ago, I had a long and intensely interesting conversation with a young man of this city, one highly educated and more than usually thoughtful. After discussing questions of poetry, of criticism, philosophy, ethics, and political economy, we naturally drifted on to the subject of religion. For some years, he has not been a regular church attendant anywhere, and the question came up, Why? Not that I was asking him to attend this church; for that is something I have never yet asked of any man or woman. But I was anxious to find out how he was looking at this question of the modern world. After giving me his own opinions, he said that he had a large number of acquaintances,—young men, educated, thoughtful, earnest, not given to any frivolous or light way of life, much less to vicious courses, but deeply absorbed in study, in thought, in investigation, getting ready, as they say, to grapple with the problems of practical life. If asked whether they go to church, the reply is: "No; I have no time for church. Religion does not appeal to my sense of what is practical and real." They look upon it as something that is rather outgrown, that is left behind by educated and thoughtful people.

A few days earlier than this, I was talking with an intelligent and finely educated young lady, not in Boston; and she expressed it as her conviction that educated, refined, and thoughtful people were coming more and more to feel that it is not worth their while to attend church, that they look upon religion as something that does not touch their deepest

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

needs or highest thought and life. I suppose it is true that, if you should go through this city and converse with large numbers of intelligent business men, men of character, of standing, of integrity, and should ask them what they believe about religion, they would tell you, in many cases, that they did not know, or they would say in an off-hand sort of way, "I have no religion." They go to church, perhaps, because their wives do, and they do not like to sit at home and allow them to go alone; or because they feel in some general way that it is better that the children should be brought up under some kind of religious influence; or because their friends go and they are in this way brought into social contact with the society of some church; or perhaps they are interested in some particular minister, and, whether on Sunday or any other day, they like well enough to hear him talk. It is a change from the ordinary routine and wear of their business life. But they do not feel, in any deep sense, that they have any religion, or that religion is any deep and high thing that it is worth their while to have.

It seemed to me, therefore, that it would be a practical thing for me to raise and try to answer the question, What is religion? What is this thing that intelligent young men do not feel concerned about? What is this thing that plain common-sense business men do not feel touched by, that does not appeal to their practical business sense? What is this thing that is being more and more neglected, as some say, by the better classes of people?

As my method of answering this question, I want you to look with me at some widely different specimens of what has passed as religion in the world. I want you to look at people engaged in what they regard as religious services, and ask yourselves what it is that they are doing, or what they think they are doing.

As the first and crudest specimen, let us take one of the lowest savage tribes that worship a fetich,—a stick, a stone, a serpent, or any object, no matter what. How do they worship it? They bring it food; they chant some rude

strain of praise to the spirit supposed to reside in and preside over the object which to them is the symbol of this mysterious life. Perhaps they bring it flowers, or they kill some animal and burn it as a sacrifice; or, perhaps, as in many cases it has been true, they mutilate their bodies or torture themselves in some way, in order to please this supposed deity. What is it that they are doing? what do they think that they are doing? Why, they look upon this spirit as the power that is supreme over their individual lives and destinies, no matter how it has become so. It stands to them for our modern Infinite. It is the power that holds their destiny in its hands, and they are trying to do what they think this power wants them to do. They are trying to please it, to placate it, to get on the right side of it, to get into right relations to it. They are trying to do what the apostle speaks of in our text,—be reconciled to their god. The method by which they think they can do it may be ever so crude to us, may be ever so cruel; but that is what they seek.

Let us take another specimen. You will remember, in the story of the flood, after the waters had abated and the ark had rested on the mountain, that Noah and his sons and their families came out of the ark and slaughtered certain kinds of animals and birds that they regarded as clean, and built a fire and burned them as a sacrifice to Jehovah; and Jehovah is represented as being pleased. He is represented as being only a little way above them; for he was so near that he smelled the odor of the burnt animals and birds, and was pleased by it. Naïve and childish in the extreme the story seems to us. This God, but a little while before, was supposed to have created these animals and birds; and one would have thought that he would have been a little tender about them, after he had made them. But no: he is delighted to have them killed. He likes to see their blood flowing, and takes pleasure in smelling the burnt offering; and, in consideration of this sacrifice, he promises to be kind to Noah and his descendants from that day forth. What

did this mean? They had precisely the same idea in mind as the fetich worshipper. They were trying to please God, to get into right relations to him, to become reconciled to him.

Take another case. Come down to the city of Athens. See the greatest citizens of that ancient commonwealth,—at that time, the most civilized State on earth. Every day, they choose by lot certain men, whose business it is to go into the *prytaneum* at a certain hour, where the sacred fire was kept burning, and eat there a common meal, a sacrifice to the god represented by this fire. What are they trying to do? Precisely the same thing that they are trying to do when they examine the entrails of victims on the eve of battle, or when they watch the course of birds flying through the air. They are trying to find out the will of the god, to please him, to get on the right side of him, to get him to be friendly to them, to become reconciled to him.

Visit the city of ancient Mexico. You will find there, before the Spanish conquest, if you enter their central place of worship, a truncated pyramid dedicated to the service of a god well pleased with sacrifice. Many times, these people went to war with their neighbors for the sake of bringing home captives, that they might have them for the purpose of sacrificing them. From ten to twenty or thirty or a hundred of these captives, according to the majesty of the occasion, are slaughtered by the priest, till this truncated pyramid drips and flows with human blood. What are these men doing? Are they purposely cruel? No: they may love their wives and children, they may be kind and neighborly; but, when this method of worship sprung up, it was a virtue to hate an enemy, to hate and put to death a foreigner. And the god of this particular tribe — who originally, perhaps, had been a chieftain illustrious in war, who had imbrued his hands over and over again in the heart's blood of his enemies — will be delighted, they believe, to see the blood of his enemies still flowing. They are trying to do what all the rest have been aiming at,— to please their god, to do what they think he wants them to do.

It is this, again, that the Jewish high priest was trying to do in the temple, when he entered into the holy of holies once a year, sprinkling it with the blood of the victim, and came forth to pronounce absolution on all the people gathered to receive with awe and submission his heavenly inspired words. They were trying to please God, to get into right relations to him, to become reconciled to him.

And, when we come down to the majesty and magnificence of the Catholic ceremonial of the Middle Ages, what do we see? Visit St. Peter's on some high festival day, and see the processions, the burning lights, hear the noble music chanted as a wail over the sins of the people or as a song of triumph at the sense of their having been forgiven; and then, when the host is lifted up at last,—the veritable incarnation of God in the wafer,—and the people fall prostrate before it, what does it all mean? What is it all for? They seek the same thing precisely as was sought in all these other cases that I have spoken of. They are trying to please God, seeking, again, in ceremonial and ritual and sacrifice the truest way, as they suppose, of pleasing God. And, when all that had passed away and Protestantism was born, what was Calvin trying to do at Geneva, and Luther in Germany, and Knox in Scotland, and Wiclif in England? What were they trying to do with their prayers and hymns and preaching, their baptism and Lord's supper? They were trying to please God according to their conception of him and what they supposed he wanted them to do, trying to get into right relations to him, to become reconciled to him. What were Channing and Parker, with their changed conceptions of God, of man, of Church and service, trying to do? They were trying to please God according to their conception of him, trying to get into right relations with him, trying to be reconciled to him. What is Mr. Felix Adler in his Ethical Society in New York, with his denial of any personal God, with his profound doubt of any future life, trying to do? He is trying to get into right relations with what he regards as the supreme governing power of the universe, trying to

become reconciled with his moral ideal, trying to get into right relation with the controlling force of the world. It does not make any difference what you call it. What are Herbert Spencer and Huxley trying to do? Spencer has wrought out his magnificent scheme of philosophy, beginning with the nebulous vapor in the heavens, and tracing its condensation into suns and planets; then, the first dawn of life on the earth, tracing its course, as it develops, through physical, mental, moral, spiritual life, up to Jesus and Shakspere and the grandest men of the world; then, the organization of men into society; then, the development through society of the moral purpose, the moral ideal, the dominant moral thought of the world. What is he after in all this? He simply outlines his scheme of the universe, getting his science and his philosophy of this ultimate power manifested through all these ten thousand forms. The Mexicans had their science and philosophy, such as it was. Noah had his. The Athenians had theirs. The fetich worshippers had theirs. Herbert Spencer calls it, to-day, "becoming adjusted to our environment"; but this which religion calls God is the grandest part of our environment. The suns and the planets, the past history of the world, mountains and seas, the winds and the forests, human society,— all these, with their various manifestations,— art, science, and trade, education and government,— are only manifestations of this infinite and eternal power that religion has been calling God, and that Mr. Spencer refrains from naming, because he looks upon it as infinite and thinks no human name can cover or define it. But, after all, he is trying to do precisely what the fetich worshipper was trying to do, what Noah, what the Mexican, the Athenian, the Catholic Church, the Protestant, Channing and Parker and Adler, have been trying to do. "Reconciled to God," says religion; "Adjusted to our environment," says Herbert Spencer,— the religious term and the scientific term for *precisely* the same thing. The only difference is the change *in the thought* and the development in the moral ideal

of man, that has gone on from age to age, beginning on the far-off shore of some primeval ocean, and ending with the highest ideal of human civilization.

But, say a great many, is it not now a matter of science and ethics, and no longer a matter of what used to be called religion? and, therefore, is not the necessity for the Church, for religious organization, gone by? Is there any need for having a Church any longer, or of my going to church?

Let us look at this a moment. Just as fast as human society develops and men co-operate with each other, just so fast does the principle of organization in human affairs become more and more dominant and necessary. There is going to be more, rather than less, organization in the future. Men organize for the purpose of government. They organize scientific associations, art clubs, or for purposes of education. If there is something of a business nature that a man feels he cannot well attain alone, he combines with somebody else, and we have a business firm or a corporation. This is natural and wise. Should we not apply this principle in the sphere of religion as well as in other relations? It is not only true that the principle of organization which manifests itself in the church, the temple, the synagogue, no matter what you call it, is this simple, natural human thing; but it is true that this organization has been in the past, is to-day, and, in spite of its faults and defects, must become more and more, in the future, the grandest and most inclusive of all organizations.

Let us institute two or three comparisons. I said that, in all these cases of which I have spoken, when men have been engaged in these religious rites and services they have been trying to become reconciled to God, to become adjusted to their environment. What does that mean? Adjustment to one's environment means the condition of success, of happiness, of prosperity, of life. Men live, men prosper, men are happy, just in proportion as they are properly adjusted to the environment in which they live. Perfect *reconciliation with God* means perfect life, perfect happiness,

perfect prosperity, perfect peace. Now, then, this search for God, this search for truth, in regard to human environment, whether you call it religious or scientific, is nothing more nor less than the search for the secret of life.

Think what that means. Men great in their intelligence have, from the first, been searching after the secret of life,—more life, fuller life, higher life, happier life, better life. That is what they have been after.

Now, what is science? Science is simply man's search after truth within certain departments of life. It is something subordinate to the religious search. The highest thing that science ever did or can do is to be the minister, the handmaid, of a true religion. It gives religion a groundwork, standing room, arms it with intelligence, lights its way that it may see the path of future progress.

What is art? Art is only the embodiment on the canvas or in marble or in architecture, or in any department of life, of man's highest and noblest, most beautiful and inspiring thoughts. It is only a department of life; while religion is life itself. Art, then, can never do any more than adorn and assist a true conception of religion. The same is true of education; the same is true of government and of business and of every occupation in which man can engage. These are ministers, helps, toward life; while religion, rightly conceived, is life itself.

If this is true, we need now to consider how it has come to pass that such strange misconceptions of this truth have become popular. How does it happen that the young man to whom I have referred could speak in this way, and that his companions could speak of religion as something no longer practical, that does not touch the deepest and highest life, that can be neglected for more important affairs? It has come about in one of the most natural ways in all the world. There is nothing more common among men than the perpetual mistaking of means for ends. People are *doing it*, not only in religion, but everywhere else. A man *starts out* on a business career. If he stops and thinks of it,

he knows that the only object of doing business at all is to obtain means to minister to life. But the chances are, nine times out of ten with the ordinary run of men, that the business will master them; and the end is sacrificed to the means. Take a house. A house is made to live in. The one object of the house is to furnish shelter for companionable, comfortable, easy, joyous life; but we have seen no end of houses where either husband or wife, by some hard and fast rule, so manages the home that happiness, comfort, and peace are sacrificed. They act on the principle that the family is made for the method of housekeeping, instead of the housekeeping for the family. They sacrifice the end to the means. Take it in education. We have some good illustrations of this principle in our Boston public schools, and in some private ones, too, perhaps. Education is intended to draw out the aptitudes and powers of the children; but we have established a machine method, and the children must be sacrificed to that. If they cannot conform to it, why, then, so much the worse for the children. The method of education is infallible, whether it produces its results or not.

So in regard to the church. People can very easily become attached to a particular building or location or way of preaching, and sacrifice to that the prosperity and the power and the future of the organization itself, which is the soul, of which the other is only the shell. So this is not peculiar to religion: it is common enough in all other departments of life. But it works in general in this way. People become attached to a certain form or method of the religious life that has become instituted; and so they are ready to sacrifice religion itself and its future and its power in the world, for the sake of this institution. Let us see how this has come about. A good many years ago, a certain religion, we will say, a certain form, became established. At the time of its birth,—mark you this,—it represented the best thought, the highest feelings and moral impulses, and the grandest ritual that the people were capable of developing at that

time; and it had for its purpose this one search for life, for the secret of life,—reconciliation to God, adjustment to human environment. It became established. Money was invested in it. A hierarchy sprang up in connection with it, so that it possessed immense power over the world. There was a field in it for the gratification of human ambition. It became a repository and dispensatory of honors and emoluments of every kind. It became established in the interest of the people, and entwined with their reverence and sentiment. They believed that it represented the perfect, the eternal thought and wish of their God. But do you not see the absurdity of any such institution as this ever coming into existence and remaining forever unchanged? This is a growing humanity, and this is an infinite universe; and, however much we grow, there will always be more beyond us than there is behind. Unless we cease to grow, anything that we attempt will become antiquated, in view of the larger thought and nobler feeling and better method of service; while the hope, the purpose, will remain unchanged forever.

Now let us see the interests that are engaged in this institution and that are opposed to change. The ministers, all its officials, all those that live by it, will feel as the ministers and officials of the temple in Jerusalem did: they will be outraged, as they were at Jesus, at any word spoken against the institution. They will fight for it with all their power and all the indignation of their nature, and think they are even fighting for God himself. Then there are large masses of people, always, who take their opinions second-hand, that are only echoes of the supposed authorities of the time. Of course, they will be alarmed at any threat of dissolution or change; and they will join the clamor and outcry against those that dare speak a word against that which has stood for ages as the symbol of the divine. Then there is a large class of those who do not care much about anything: *they have* no special opinions, no sacred convictions to be *troubled.* They like to live a comfortable life and are will-

ing to conform to the dominant rule of the time, and do not wish to be disturbed or troubled; and they resent as an interference any suggestion to readjust their opinions or to lead a higher life. Then there is a class of people, like this young man, who are persuaded that religion is antiquated, outgrown, who have been hearing all their lives that the institution was identical with religion itself; and so they have taken it for granted that this institution is discredited and is going to pieces. But they do not care, they will not fret. They believe in it no longer; but they propose to let it alone and let it go, thinking that, when it goes, religion will go. But they say: We have science and education and art left. If religion is dying, let it die: we care nothing about it. They have taken the authorities of the religious institution at their word, and have supposed that the institution was identical with religion, and have been willing to see it pass away.

There are only a few, the remnant, as Matthew Arnold calls them, in any age, who see that the outward form is not the *thing*, and that, while the outward form is getting ready to fall and become a thing of the past, are quietly, and out of sight, laying the foundations for the new and larger temple that shall be ready to receive the homeless thousands, when the old is gone. These are the men that read the meaning of the age, that understand the changes that must be the result of the process of human growth.

Now let me indicate what it is that is going on. What is taking place when the old form of religion is passing away and the new is coming as a substitute? Take religion apart. Consider the two or three elements of which it is composed.

Religion is, first, thought. Every religion starts with the best science of the age. There are people who think that it is something against religion to-day that it talks about science. The Bible begins with science. The first word is science. Every religion begins with science, a scheme of the universe, a theory of the world, of God, of man, and of their relations to each other. Religion then goes on to find *out what the relations* ought to be; it tries to realize this

ought. That is what every religion does. But, when the world has become wiser, the old scheme is discredited and passes away; and we get a new science, a larger, broader, deeper conception of things, wrought out of human experience and study. We get a "new heaven and a new earth"; and the first heaven and the first earth pass away, and are seen no more. But religion does not pass away. The creed changes and a new creed gradually takes its place,— a broader creed, that is all.

What next? The next element is the feeling, the emotional side of religion; and that depends entirely upon the thought. If a man thinks his god is cruel, he will be afraid of him. If he thinks he is kindly, he will feel tender and loving toward him. He will do what he thinks he wants him to do. Of necessity, the emotions that one must feel are shaped by the thought, the creed. When the creed changes, of course the emotions change, too; and a different class of feelings comes to predominate. If the thought is really larger, better, truer, the emotions will also be higher, better, more humane, as we actually do find them.

Then there is the ritual element, that which passes under the name of service, prayer, processions, baptism, the Lord's supper, or what corresponds to these in any religion, sacrifice, temples, architecture,— the whole outward embodiment of the religion. This is the ritual. Of course, it will be in accordance with the thought, and will endeavor to express the appropriate feelings that correspond with that thought. If, then, the thought changes, the method of service will also change, and become correlated with the new and higher thought. The creed, then, or the thought element; the emotional, or feeling, element; the ritual, or external manifestation of the thought and the feeling,— all change and pass away. They must change and pass away, if the world grows and becomes wiser. The process may be slow; but, so surely as the world grows, so surely will the thought, the *feeling,* and the ritual change.

But what abides? The heart, the soul, the purpose, this

eternal search for the secret of life, this eternal endeavor to become adjusted to the environment, this eternal desire to become reconciled to God, this adaptation to the mental, moral, spiritual conditions of life,— these remain. These grow finer, sweeter, better, age after age; and this purpose, this search, is the soul of religion. The change of thought, of feeling, of ritual, has no more relation to the life or the death of the soul than the change of the child's garments, as he grows from an infant in his mother's arms to a strong man, is an index that his life, instead of growing larger and deeper, is passing away. All these are only the clothing of religion. This purpose, this inspiration, this endeavor,— these are the heart and the soul.

Let me sum up this morning's discussion in a few brief and numbered applications: —

1. Religion is not passing away and is not going to pass away.

2. If any man thinks it is, that simply means that he has misconceived the course of human history, has used false definitions, or else that he is incompetent to comprehend the forces at work and the direction in which they tend.

3. A change in the thought of the world, increasing intelligence, can only, in the nature of things, give us a higher and nobler religious creed.

4. A change in the emotions and feelings that accompany religion and give expression to its life, as the world grows wiser and better, can, in the nature of things, only become higher, finer, nobler, sweeter, and more humane.

5. These changes that are going on can only ultimate in the enrichment of the ritual manifestation of religious life. It took some hundreds of years after Christianity was born before the great chants, the rich rituals and services of the Church came into existence. You must not wonder if the child is born without clothes. You must give it time to become clothed. A new religious development must have time to clothe itself with its appropriate ritual life.

6. This religious purpose, this aim and effort, remain the same age after age, only ennobled by the uplifting thought and feeling of man.

7. Religion, as in the past, must also be in all coming time,—not only an organized manifestation of human life, but the most inclusive of all organizations. Since it is the search for the secret of life, it must subordinate and include all other organizations, all other forms of human thought, feeling, and activity. When men think they are leaving religion and the divine, they would do well to remember the lines which Emerson puts into the mouth of his Brahma,—

> "They reckon ill who leave me out;
> When me they fly, I am the wings."

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COMFORT AND HOPE.*

My theme is "Comfort and Hope" as related to modern thought, and as to whether we are in danger of losing them. Men and women naturally desire comfort and seek for it; and they wish to keep hopes at least as fair and bright as those of their youth and as those that have cheered them in the past. But there are thousands in Europe and America to-day who are at least afraid that the progress of human thought is seriously to interfere with their comfort, and that it threatens to diminish the brightness of their hope.

Now, I believe that this search for comfort is not only instinctive and natural, but that it is altogether right, capable of being defended in the severest court of thought and investigation. Men not only desire comfort, but they rightly desire it. They not only seek it, but, in so doing, whether they know it or not, they are seeking that which is essential to the highest and noblest conditions of human life. Men seek for physical comfort. Even inanimate things, if you disturb them, keep on moving along what philosophers call the line of least resistance, until they come to a place of ease, of poise, once more. Let a person enter a room, and he will instinctively seek out the easiest chair in which to seat himself; and, when he is seated, he will, without giving it a thought, assume the most restful position,—a position in which the blood can freely flow through the veins and arteries, in which the process of breathing is unimpeded, a position that does not disturb or interfere with any of the automatic functions of the physical life; and, in so doing, he is doing what he ought to do,—that which accords with the best conditions of physical life and health.

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

So we naturally seek intellectual comfort. What is the object of all study, of all science and philosophy? It is only to furnish us with satisfactory opinions, with satisfactory theories of God, of man, of destiny, in the midst of which we may in the easiest way lead our practical and successful lives. We instinctively seek for mental rest. If something occurs that a man cannot readily explain, he says, "I do not understand that"; and, straightway, he is disturbed and troubled, and goes to work to find some explanation. And there is no mental rest for him until he finds it. It may not be the true one; but it must appeal to what he thinks is common sense to be for the time satisfactory to him. Perhaps he will not even stop to see if he understands the explanation; but, if he finds something that is satisfactory to his present state of mind, he has mental rest. To illustrate what I mean: The astronomers and scientists told us, a year ago, that those marvellous sunsets were caused by volcanic dust in the air. I suppose there was hardly one person in ten thousand who had the slightest idea of how the presence of volcanic dust in the air could produce such results; but they accepted the explanation, and found a certain sort of mental peace in it, comfort in knowing that, at last, the great mystery of the evening heavens was explained.

And, just as they seek physical and mental comfort, so they seek comfort in their moral and spiritual nature, a place to rest, a basis for trust, an outlook for hope. This, too, is natural; and I am ready to say, further, that, if it be true that the discoveries of the modern world are, in the long run and on the whole, to take away that comfort from the highest thinkers and the noblest men and women, then this modern theory of things is doomed to fail. It can never take a permanent hold on human thought or the human heart. We not only desire comfort in this respect, but we ought to desire it; and no religious theory that does not furnish it can permanently maintain its sway over human life.

But there is an important proviso to be considered just here. Let me talk for a while with a Catholic servant girl,

who has no conception of the modern scientific theory of the universe, no conception of any modern thought about God or man or human destiny, who finds comfort only in the service of her Church, in the worship of the saints and of the Virgin, who finds rest from her petty daily trials and toils in going to the divine Mother, as she thinks, and laying her burdens at her feet. She would find no comfort in that which to me seems so unspeakably grander and nobler. Restless, homesick, dreary would all this world seem to her, in which I live with daily comfort and unutterable hope. What does this mean? It means that there are lower and higher grades of thought, stages of progress, in the world; and that those in the lower must inevitably fail to see the grounds of comfort and the basis of rest and peace in the higher, until they are developed out of this lower condition into an apprehension of the higher, and have become intellectually, morally, and spiritually adjusted to this new and higher environment.

These transition times are not comfortable. It is not pleasant to be driven out of a cosey place of rest and compelled to search for a new one, even though the new one, when found, be larger and finer and better in every way. The process of leaving the old and finding the new is not one of comfort. But the very desire for comfort, the very search for it, intelligently comprehended and held, may become a motive force for the endurance of the temporary discomfort for the sake of the other and better comfort to be attained. It is out of this consideration that springs, it seems to me, the common misconception concerning the nature of comfort and its relation to the truest human life. Many persons are ready to tell us that we have no right to seek comfort; that there is something nobler than that to search for; that necessity is the mother of invention; and that, had not this human race been pursued by a hard and relentless necessity through all the ages of the past, we should never have attained the grand things that constitute our modern civilization. All this is true; but what is the

interpretation of it? It entirely concurs with the position we have taken. Necessity *is* the mother of invention. Make people uncomfortable in a certain set of circumstances, and this discomfort becomes the motive force for a struggle for better things. The effort is not for the sake of effort, but for the sake of comfort; and the result is a nobler, deeper, higher life, a grander peace, a better joy. If the necessity did not issue in a grander thing, it would be condemned as not only unavailing, but destructive. If unrest and discomfort issued in nothing higher and better, but became permanent, it would mean destruction to the entire race. We need comfort, then; and we have a right to seek for it; only we have no right to be contented with the lower forms of comfort, with a partial comfort, a comfort for the lower side of our being, when there is something higher and better to be attained by temporary discomfort, something that can be secured not only for ourselves, as though it were a personal thing, but something that can be attained for the race.

Now, then, let us look at this problem of the relation of the comfort and hope of the old thought to the new. We have said that thousands of men and women in Europe and America are disturbed with the fear that the progress of the modern world means destruction of their comfort and taking away of their hope. Let us, then, look for a little at the old comfort and the old hope in connection with the inevitable conditions attached to them. Let us get the price that an intelligent man would be obliged to pay for the old comfort and the old hope. Let us see if he would be even willing to take these, if he could, on the necessary conditions attached to them. Let us see if he could find real comfort in the old comfort and the old hope.

The comfort and hope of the old theology grouped themselves mainly around two beliefs: a belief in the conception of God, which was held for ages, and that is outlined in all the old orthodox theology; and the hope of a future life, as it was also outlined in this old theology. Let us see

what these two beliefs were. Let us see the price that modern man would have to pay for holding them,—the price of character, the price of intelligence,—and see if he would be willing to take the comfort and the hope on the inexorable and inevitable terms.

What about God? I grant you that there was, on one side of it, great comfort and peace in the thought that men used to hold concerning the nature and character of God. He was a being individualized, comprehensible, of whom a picture—mental, at least—might be drawn. He was a being so much like a man that men and women could think of him under the form of human nature. They could think of him as so much like themselves that there was natural and inevitable sympathy between him and themselves. They could go to him, tell him their wants, talk about their sorrows, lay down their burdens for a little while at his feet; and, even if he bade them take them up again and carry them, they could believe that he knew and understood about them, and pitied them and would help them. All this is sweet and grand and noble; but let us glance at the character of this God as he is drawn in these theologies, which their makers claim to be transcripts of the revelation of God.

According to them, he made this world a few thousand years ago; he made a man and woman in his own likeness to be the progenitors of the human race, placed them in conditions where he not only knew that they would sin and fall, but he intended they should. It was foreordained from the foundation of the world. And then what? He was angry with them for doing what he had made them to do. He drove them out with the curse on them that they should bear sorrow and till the ground in the sweat of their brow; that they should wander, fearing and struggling in poverty and disease and pain through all their life, and become the progenitors of a race such as ours has been.

And then what? He left the great masses of humanity to wander in darkness without a ray of light or guidance from heaven, only sending his word and his help to one family

selected from the rest by an arbitrary choice. And all through the ages there has been only this one little ray of light shining along the pathway of one family, of one people, of one religion; while the great masses have been left to wander, to stumble and perish.

And what else? I have said that people supposed they could go to this God for comfort and help, tell him what they wanted, and get it. Yes, on one condition. Is this condition intellectually defensible? Is it morally honorable? This God had made no provision for anybody to come to him except a very few; and on what terms could they come? They could come with hope, only if they happened to have been foreordained to be saved, only if they were of the number of the elect, only if they had been converted, only if they felt the movement of the spirit in their souls. They could come even then, not because God was good simply, not because man's need was exigent simply: they could come only through the mediation of another. This picture of God represents him as an Oriental sultan, to be approached by grace of a court favorite; as though our rulers at Washington could not be touched by distress, could not be touched by the needs of the people, their ignorance or want, but only through the influences of the lobby.

Can we take comfort in going to a God like that and on such terms as that? I, for one, cannot. By as much as the world is developed intellectually, it cannot believe a theory like that. By as much as it is developed morally, it could not accept comfort and help on what I must pronounce immoral and dishonorable terms.

Take now the hope of a future life. It used to be very dear and precious to me,—that dream that we read of in the marvellous Revelation of John, that beautiful city of God above the clouds, with its gates of pearls, its pavements of gold, its inhabitants always happy, their lips running over with song; the streets of the city lined with the trees of life, bearing their fadeless leaves and fruit. And I used to dream of that city, and look forward to the time when I

should go and join my friends therein. But as I have grown older, as I have thought of the conditions of that hope, as I have thought of the other side of that eternal life, I have felt that I could not accept the invitation, even though I stood on the threshold and God himself beckoned me in. For off yonder, under a cloud that never lifts, never shot through with a ray of the sunshine of hope, I am haunted with those white, pitiful faces, with pleading in their eyes and words of despair on their lips, their hands uplifted, but never meeting any response; their lips parched with a thirst that shall never know a cooling drop of water; their nerves thrilling with an agony, only to be increased age after age, filling up the whole measure of their capacity of pain. Can I take heaven on such terms as that? No: I turn my back on the throne; and, if I may, go down and help them bear their sorrows, if I may not free them from them. And can the developed heart of man, the high moral sense of the world, permanently take a hope of the future like that, and on such terms as that? Can they find comfort in the hope of a future life for themselves, even though it be in heaven, on such terms as these? If they become clear in their thought, they cannot believe it. If they become noble and unselfish in their hearts, they would reject it with scorn. By as much, then, as the world grows nobler and better, by so much must it surrender comfort and hope, if offered on terms like these.

I, for one, am ready to say, weighing well my words, that I should consider that I had a thousand-fold more comfort and a nobler hope for a man to cherish, if I believed the universe was only dust blown through space by an aimless wind, and that the end was sleep. I find more comfort for a man, a nobler hope for a man, in these things than in the old comfort and hope as they were preached to us in the past. Nay, as they are preached to us to-day; for the very last number of the *North American Review* has a defence of this scheme of things by one of the leading theologians of America.

What is the reason why we cannot hold this comfort and

this hope? How is it that they are slipping through our fingers? It is worth your while to note the cause. If we were losing comfort and hope because the world was growing more ignorant and less moral, we might think that there was something wrong at the heart of what we dare to call modern progress. But, as a matter of fact, is it? We are losing this old comfort and this old hope, because the world is growing wiser and better. The wiser and the better men cannot keep them on these terms.

Now consider for a moment. Can you believe that a truer knowledge of the universe is to issue in something poorer, less valuable, than the race possessed in its past of ignorance and in the days of its moral feebleness? I cannot. If a truer knowledge of the universe means something poorer than we have had in the olden time, it can only be because the universe at heart is a delusion and a sham, a very apple of Sodom, looking fair and attractive and beautiful on the outside, but turning to ashes when you have bitten through the rind. Do you really believe that the universe will not bear examination; that, if you get below the surface, you will find it a sham,—that it is worse than you thought it was? I cannot. In every other department of life save this one, increased knowledge has meant a better condition of things for man, better physical surroundings, better health, increased longevity for the race, better shelter, better homes, better social conditions, better government, a higher ideal of justice, more of tenderness, more of everything that makes life sweet and pleasant. These are the results of a wider knowledge of the world in other departments of life. Does it seem credible, then, that this same universe, a knowledge of which gives us better things in other directions, is going to give us, in the outcome of its religious department, nothing better? I cannot believe it. I do not believe that the universe is self-contradictory, that it is at odds with itself in this fashion. To doubt that knowledge of the world and increased intellectual power means something better for man,—that is the only infidelity of

which we need to be afraid. Trust in the integrity of this universe, faith in the integrity of the human mind,—these are essential to sanity, the essential ground for any true and noble life. If the universe will not bear examination, if we may not keep this faith in ourselves as competent to study and understand it, then it is all one wild chaos, one universal mad-house. But, if we may keep it, and if we may reason as we do in other departments, we have scientific ground for believing that there shall be more of hope and comfort than there have been in the past.

Let us, then, consider two or three points in connection with this new knowledge of the world and of man:—

1. Everywhere else, in every other department of human life and thought, if we find a hunger, a real want, we feel perfectly certain that that indicates that there is somewhere an adequate source of supply. We never think of doubting this in any other department of life. We say, and we say rightly, that the eye is proof of the existence of light. If the human eye could be carried into a world where a ray of light from the sun had never shone, and there were a race of intelligent beings there who had never seen light, if they were capable of solving the problem, they would know that there must have been light somewhere to have created and answered to the eye. So with hearing. It is proof positive of those movements in the external world which become transmuted by some wondrous process, we know not what, into consciousness of sound. The mariner's compass points to the north. We have not explained it yet; but we know that there is some adequate reason in this wonderful world for this truth of the needle to the pole. We know it means something outside the needle, and that is a part of the nature and constitution of things.

What shall we say, then, of these great primal, eternal, and universal hungers of human thought and the human heart? Is there no source of supply for them? Are they meaningless? Do they not stand related to any reality in the nature of things? Let us turn to our second point, and see what bearing it has in answer to this question.

2. I am going to ask you, for a moment, to go down with me to the very lowest theory of this universe that it is possible to hold. You will understand that the theory I am to outline I do not believe in at all. I only take it as a basis for an argument.

Suppose, then, that the theory of materialism is true,— that the dust which is blown by the winds in our streets is the eternal stuff out of which everything has come; that there is no God; that there is only dirt; and that that is the original material of the universe. This that we see in the brick, and that flies in our faces when the wind blows,— this is all. But this humanity of ours is a reality. What is it, with all its constituent elements of consciousness, of hope, fear, love, tenderness, mercy, with its gleams of ideal visions that flit and pass, with its rays of that "light that never was on sea or land," with its "thoughts that wander through eternity," — this human race of ours, that has produced Socrates and Jesus and Shakspere? This race is a fact. Now, on any theory of the universe, no matter whether high or low, this human race stands in the relation to the universe of a newspaper to the form of type, or of a coin or medal to the die. Whatever there is on the newspaper or on the medal or coin indicates a reality in the type or the die. Something or somebody has made it what it is. On any theory of this universe, this human race of ours is the product of the universe; and here, in this marvellous dirt, if this theory be true, or on any other theory, there must have been the potency of Hamlet and the Sermon on the Mount. These have come out of it. Is it not one of the fundamental principles of sane thinking for us to assume that a stream cannot rise higher than its source? Must we not assume as a further principle of all rational thought that nothing can be *e*volved which was not first *in*volved? And, since this human race does not appear to have got through its progress, but is reaching on to something better and higher still, do we not know with absolute certainty that there is something in this universe, outside of us, at least as

high as the highest thought, at least as true as the grandest truth, at least as tender as the finest tenderness, and as noble as the grandest nobility, as sweet as the sweetest hope? Where else have they come from? We are the product of this universe on any theory we choose to hold. This universe must be adequate, then, to as much as shows itself in humanity. And, since the progress is not complete, we know that the universe must be something more than is yet developed in human nature or human life.

3. Let us consider one more point. As the result of all the deepest study of man and the world, I feel that I am justified in saying to you that there is no longer any room for rational discussion on the question as to whether the theory of materialism is or is not true: it is condemned finally, and put out of court as irrational and absurd. By the finest test that can be applied to it, it has utterly failed to account for two things,— for consciousness and for thought. Suppose there was a theory of the solar system that gave some rational account of certain phases of the moon, some little information about the asteroids or the meteoric stones that fall to the earth, but that should be entirely incompetent to explain the movements of the earth and the sun. Should we consider it a reliable theory? Now, then, the theory of materialism, whatever it may account for with reference to some physical matters, utterly fails when we seek to account for consciousness and thought, those two things which are the most important in all the world. It breaks down utterly in the presence of these problems that most need to be solved. So we are sure that there is in this universe something more and higher than dust.

4. As the result of human study and thought and progress up to this hour, what are we prepared to say concerning the relative amount of comfort and hope that humanity has enjoyed? Is it not true that I am almost justified in summing up all progress of civilization by saying that, as the result of it, there is more comfort and less discomfort in the world, physically, mentally, and morally; that there is less

of fear and despair, more of trust and of hope, less of hatred and cruelty, more of tenderness and love? The progress of the world up to this hour, then, means through all its phases an increase of comfort and hope and joy and peace, and of those things that are sweetest and finest and highest in human nature and human life. That is what we mean by saying that the world is civilized.

Is it rational, then, for us to suppose that this process has been going on up to this hour, and now that it is suddenly to be reversed? There is certainly no ground for so strange, so unnatural a belief. Here, then, in the facts of human progress up to the present time, we have an impregnable basis for faith,— faith in the universe, faith in man, faith in the surety of those things that are most essential to our comfort and our peace. Faith is no faith, if it have not a basis of fact, if it have not a background of human experience; but this faith of which I speak has this basis of fact, has this background of human experience, and, in the light of it, we see the trend of human progress from the beginning till to-day. It looks out toward the future, and sees which way humanity is moving. There is then ground for the truest trust; there is reason for our singing our faith in such words as these: —

He kept his faith. If Doubt e'er said,
  "I wonder if" — he cried:
"There is no if! The eternal One
  Is changeless, true, and tried."

When passing mists and shadows hide
  The mountain from our view,
The mountain changes not, and still
  The sky beyond is blue.

When sweeps the rising tide above
  The headlands of the shore,
The rocks their rooted place maintain
  Through all the threatening roar.

When feelings, fancies, like the mists,
  Our guiding stars blot out;
When tides of vague and dark unrest
  Make all one sea of doubt,—

Then know, O dear and troubled heart,
  The mists and tides will pass;
While stars and rocks shall show again
  Clear in the sea of glass.

The One ye trust shall know no change;
  Then let your fancies fly
Like clouds that come and go again
  Across *the changeless sky.*

The outcome, then, of this discussion I may put in a few words. Take the lowest theory of the universe that you can hold, and even if it come to pass that the old comfort and the old hope must be given up, even then modern thought is an unspeakable gain; while on the highest theory of the universe and of man, the one that I believe that we have rational and scientific grounds for holding, there is a grand basis on which to rest new evidence that there will be a larger and sweeter and nobler comfort than the past has ever known, and room also for an endless and unspeakable hope.

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RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL SANCTIONS.*

My purpose is to discuss the relation between moral sanctions, the sanctions for conduct and character, and religious and theological beliefs; as to whether there is any necessary relation between the two, what that relation is; and whether there is any danger to morals springing out of theological and religious changes and transitions.

The old Hindu priests used to teach the people, what perhaps they believed themselves, that the earth was supported on immense pillars. It is of no consequence, for our purpose, what they thought these pillars rested on or how far down the different supports may have reached into the abyss. It is enough for us that they believed that this earth rested on these pillars, the earth being figured in their minds as an immense flat plain. It was perfectly natural that they should hold such ideas at that time, because they had not learned to see the world in any truer light. But — and this is the point I have in mind — they were accustomed not only to teach that the earth was thus supported, but that the stability of these supports depended upon the fulfillment of their religious duties on the part of the people. They said, Pay your religious dues, bring your tithes, your offerings, present the regular sacrifices, maintain all the ritual of your religion, and these pillars will remain stable and firm. But, if you fail in any of these particulars, if you relax your religious ideas, if you are false to us,— the representatives of the gods,— then these pillars, the supports of the earth, will give way, and the world will be precipitated into irretrievable ruin. They taught that the very stability,

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

not of society alone, but of the earth, depended upon the fulfilment of supposed religious obligations.

A similar idea to this — similar, at least, in some respects and to some extent — has been held by the strict adherents of every religion in all time. We have had a striking example of it, lately, in an article by a Presbyterian, Prof. W. G. T. Shedd, in the last *North American Review*, who has come to the defence of the doctrine of everlasting punishment. In the course of that defence, he has announced his belief that the stability of society, moral principles, moral character, moral conduct, depends entirely upon the permanence of the people's belief in religious ideas as he understands them. He says that when people lose their faith in certain doctrines, then society is in danger of being precipitated into chaos: moral stability depends upon a certain set of theological beliefs. This, you see, is of the same kind as that conviction of the Hindu priests; for, if society is really to be plunged into chaos, it does not much matter what becomes of the world, on which society simply finds a field for the display of its activities. The world, then, according to Prof. Shedd, is quite as dependent on certain theological and religious beliefs as it was in the opinion of the old Hindu priests.

Three or four years ago, I think it was, Prof. Goldwin Smith, himself a Liberal in belief and thoroughly in sympathy with the progress of modern ideas, proclaimed his fear that, in the breaking down of the old sanctions of belief, we were in danger of what he called a moral interregnum,— of a period, at least, when there should be recognized no supreme moral authority, when there should be no king in the moral world, when moral law should be disregarded. I trust that I shall make clear, in the course of this discussion, the extent and nature of this danger, if such there be.

I want to note, at the outset, one other thing. It has been reiterated so much and so long by the leaders of religious thought, the recognized teachers of the world, that

it seems to have become a part of the instinctive thought and common belief of the great masses of men. So much is this so, that, if a person begins to doubt the reality of his old beliefs, begins to question the correctness of his former views, to wonder whether, after all, the Bible is infallible, whether everything taught by the old churches is true, he begins at the same time to fear, to wonder whether it is true that morality, character, and conduct do really depend on these old beliefs; whether it is safe to give up the old ideas, even if he begins to doubt their reality. And I take it that something akin to this lies at the basis of the conduct of so many parents who have given up entirely their belief in the old theological ideas, who still not only permit their children to go to Sunday-school where they will learn them, but even urge them to, thinking that perhaps, after all, it is safer; or that there may be a certain degree of safety in a man or a woman learning the truth about God's universe, but that it may somehow be safer for the child to learn what is not true. I met, two or three weeks ago, an intelligent lady in just this state of mind. All her friends were in the old churches. She herself was beginning to doubt the reality of many of the old doctrines; and yet she hesitated, and hardly dared to take a step ahead, lest, by so doing, she should really be endangering in her own case, and by the force of example in the case of others, the stability of certain moral principles, never having outgrown the idea that there is some necessary connection between a theological belief and a moral principle or sanction. It seemed to me, therefore, before we get on far enough to deal with that portion of our subject pertaining especially to the religious life of the individual as such, that it would be worth while for me to discuss some of these general questions, and so lay a broad foundation of thought, on which we may stand while we pursue our further and more special line of study.

My purpose, then, is to discuss the relation between religious beliefs and ethical sanctions; to find out how they are

related to each other; how far one is dependent on the other, if it be so at all, and what the real relation ought to be. In following this line of thought, it will be necessary for me to go back and study for a little the origin of religion and the origin of ethics, that you may see the root out of which they spring, that you may see the natural line of their development, and so find out how far they are related and to what degree they are independent, and may be left to stand alone; and to find out the point at which they come to a place of meeting and reconciliation.

First, then, let us look, with this purpose in mind, at the origin of religious ideas and practices.

What does it mean that this race of ours has always been religious? How has it come to engage in these religious services, and what has it supposed it was all the while doing while engaging in them? Religion always takes its rise in the belief in a power, or powers, separate and distinct from humanity, ordinarily invisible, indefinitely great and mighty, — powers supposed to be able to control the destiny and welfare of men. At first, however, these powers are looked upon simply as invisible or heavenly despots, without any regard to their moral character, without any regard to the relation in which they stand to the ordinary course of human conduct.

Let us take an illustration, and see how true this is. Here is a North American Indian. He is starting out in company with the fellows of his tribe on a hunting expedition or on the war-path against some hostile tribe. He does not feel that he is powerful enough to carry out this purpose alone, or, at any rate, he wishes to get all the assistance that he possibly can, so as to insure his success. He believes that there are certain invisible spiritual beings recognized as gods and patrons of his tribe; that they are able to do almost anything that they will, if he can only bring to bear upon them the necessary inducements. If he can only get *their help*, their alliance, then he will be certain to succeed *in his hunting* expedition, he will be certain to triumph over

his enemies; unless, as it has sometimes happened, the god who is helping his enemies should be mightier than his own god. But, at any rate, he is safer to fight against his enemy, if he has his god as an ally, than to go against them without that help. So what does he do? He brings certain offerings, he enacts certain ceremonies or rites. The nature of the offering he will bring and of the rites and ceremonies will depend upon his thought concerning the character of the god. He will try to bring him what he supposes the god wants, and to do what he supposes the god wants him to do. Do you not see that in all this process there is no moral consideration whatever? No more moral consideration than there is when a man goes to Washington to try to bring influence to bear on his representative, and through him upon the higher officials, in order to get some piece of business carried through. He does not think of it as moral one way or the other, any more than transacting a piece of business at his store. It is simply *un*moral: he is merely *dealing* with these celestial powers.

Take a more imposing example. Go back to the time of the Trojan war. Here are the Greeks besieging year after year this city of Troy. Juno, the wife of Jupiter, the queen of heaven, is on the side of the Greeks: Venus, and the celestial powers that she can persuade to join her, are on the side of the Trojans. Both Greeks and Trojans bring offerings to their gods and goddesses. Did they have any thought whatever of there being any connection between these rites and offerings and their own moral characters? Not a whit. No more than they would have thought they were engaged in a moral action having any connection with virtue, honesty, truthfulness, or sincerity, when they were engaged in trying to get some neighboring king or potentate to send allies to join their army.

Not only were the religious services of these times entirely divorced from morality, but the gods and goddesses were looked upon as merely heavenly inhabitants, not unlike *humanity, favored only* by being immortal and endowed with

certain characteristics greater than human. Take Venus. She wishes to favor the Trojans. Æneas,—this is related in the *Æneid* of Virgil,—Æneas with a certain number of followers sets off to found a colony. Juno wishes to bring disaster upon them on the sea in the interest of the Greeks, their hereditary enemies. What does she do? She goes to Æolus, and offers him an immense bribe, if he will let all his winds loose and stir up a tempest in which the ships shall be wrecked and sunk, and the voyage thus be brought to a disastrous end. He accepts the bribe, and does his best to wreck the voyagers, and would have succeeded, only Neptune, not quite liking this unwarranted invasion of his realm, comes to the rescue, and produces a calm on the sea. Is there anything moral entering into the conception of a religion like this? But you must not think that these were exceptions. These were the universal ideas of the ancient world.

Take it in regard to the Jews at a similar time. In the very last book of the Old Testament, the prophet Malachi says to the people: If you want to prosper, if you want to get rich, if you want your children to be well,—what? Why, bring all your tithes, all your offerings, to the temple, maintain the recognized ritual and worship of Jehovah, and all those good things shall be yours. If you do not, Jehovah will be angry and punishment will fall upon you.

Religion, then, in the old world at its best, was simply *un*moral: it was a *transaction* between man and his deity, an attempt to get his deity to do something for him, or an attempt to ward off the supposed anger of his deity. And there was reason enough in the popular belief. If a pestilence came, the priests always interpreted it as the anger of God, and not as having anything to do with sanitary matters. It was the anger of the deity because the service of the temple had not been properly supported. So they were trained to believe in these ideas as to the religious life.

Not only this: the ancient religions were not only *un*moral, but, *many* and many a time, they were positively immoral.

The religious worship of Venus, the worship of many of the Babylonian goddesses and gods, the religious worship of Bacchus, the god of wine and drunkenness,— why, the very rites and services, the religious duties that men and women were called upon to perform in the service of these deities, from the stand-point of modern morals, were vices and crimes. There has never been a vice nor a crime, not one, that at some time and on some occasion, in the service of some religion, has not been a religious duty. Why did the Pocasset murder shock the moral sense of New England as it did? For no other reason than that it was the moral sense of New England instead of the moral sense of two thousand years ago. The moral ideal of the world has changed and grown as the ages have passed by, and that is why people are shocked at the murder of a child at Pocasset at the supposed command of God, who are not shocked at all at reading the same thing about Abraham in the Old Testament. One was regarded with horror, the other as a sublime religious sacrifice. This simply measures the difference between the moral sense of the time of Abraham and the moral sense of New England to-day,— that one was looked upon as heroism and beauty and glory and religion, and the other as murder or insanity. The acts were precisely the same.

Religion, however, as humanity develops, comes to be moral. The Eternal is looked upon as desiring and demanding righteousness on the part of the people. The Jews, at their best, had a glimpse of this in the Old Testament, so that their prophets cried out, uttering, as they supposed, the ideas of Jehovah: I am weary of the blood of bulls and goats: bring me no more offerings. Bring me only righteousness, truth, justice, and mercy; for these are the things that now and hereafter I demand.

How is it that religion comes to be moral? I shall have occasion to answer that question in a moment.

Let us turn now from these ideas in regard to the origin *and nature of religion*, and let us glance at the origin and

nature of morality. What do people mean by morality, and how is it that they have come to be moral? Did morality spring out of religion? You can judge for yourselves from the character of the ancient religions that I have described to you. You can judge, in the light of the ideas and characters of their advocates themselves, as to whether goodness and mercy and tenderness, manhood and truth, these moral principles, would be likely to spring out of religions such as I have outlined. Men became moral by the most natural process in the world,— as the result of experience in living together. They have found out that certain courses of conduct are good for them, and that certain other courses of conduct are not good for them,— that is all there is to it.

How did people come to condemn murder as an evil? On account of their religious ideas? No. How is it to-day? How would it be if the Bible were suddenly blotted out of existence, and the command supposed to have been uttered on Sinai were no more remembered? Murder came to be recognized as a crime because people wanted to live, because they loved life and were not willing to be killed; because, though they might be angry with some one man and wish him out of the way, public sentiment was against taking life for such cause. If it were allowed in one case, it would endanger, necessarily, the safety and welfare of every other individual in the community and nation. When did people learn that lying was wrong? Just as soon as they learned that, in order to carry on human intercourse at all, they must be able to trust each other, they must be able to rely on what was told them as true. If lying were universal, society would cease to exist. There could be no possibility of human intercourse or human relationship, no possibility of carrying on trade or commerce. Modern society rests on mutual confidence as its foundation and corner-stone; and the man who tells a lie or is false in any particular does what he can to crumble the very corner-stone of human society. This is recognized and incorporated and incarnated in public sentiment against lying. Although an individ-

ual may like to lie to carry out some purpose of his own, he himself in other cases hates and detests lying as injurious, and because he knows that the man who lies strikes at the very foundation of all that is valuable in the world. So in regard to the feelings with respect to every other vice and crime. They are simply the result of human experience. Men found that they must observe these laws of conduct, if they were to live together. They were necessary to life, prosperity, and happiness. You may take up any virtue that is recognized as a virtue and analyze it, and you will find that it is a kind of feeling, or course of conduct, that experience has proved to be necessary to human welfare and happiness. Or, if you analyze any course of conduct that is recognized as evil, you will find that it is something that threatens the welfare of mankind, the happiness and prosperity of the race.

Morality began, then, in the experience of individuals living within the limits of their own family or tribe. And the laws of morality deepened and broadened and grew, as the world became more and more acquainted with itself, as human sympathies developed and human relationships extended. And I believe it to be a simple statement of the truth to say that religion owes a hundredfold more to morality than morality does to religion. How is it that men have come to recognize the principles of human brotherhood; to talk about the interests of mankind as a unit, as one; to talk about a federation of nations?

Let us see. Here is a little tribe, living within the limits of its own boundary lines and caring only for its own welfare. The members naturally condemn theft among themselves, but never think of condemning stealing from or murdering the members of another tribe. They have not learned to recognize that their own welfare is bound up with the welfare of other tribes. Take the case of the Six Nations. Here are six tribes banded together. The limits of their interests would be coincident with the limits of the federation. The members of the federation might thin

it all right to steal from or murder the members of other tribes than those of the Six Nations; but, among themselves, this course of conduct would be condemned, for their interests were identical. When steam-ships were invented, or, even before that, when sailing-ships were invented, when nations began to come into relation with each other, when sympathy broadened, and people began to recognize others and to trade with them, then they began to get a glimpse of that higher truth, that there was something larger than the nation, that humanity was something nobler than patriotism; and, just as fast as the nations have come into this relation of mutual dependence upon each other, just so fast has this sympathy and sense of brotherhood broadened and deepened and grown. The sense of brotherhood that enables people to say "Our Father," to repeat the opening words of the Lord's Prayer with a meaning in them, owes more to commerce, to exploration, than to all the religions that ever were. Just as people get acquainted with each other and learn that they are dependent on each other, just so fast does this sense of brotherhood, this recognition of the principles of morality, grow and become real. We have not reached the limit of it yet. We are a great deal more indifferent when an Englishman is imposed on than when an American is. We can see a Chinaman abused in Central Africa: but, if an American is abused in Central Africa, there is war. Suppose an Irishman is not naturalized, although he may have lived in this country for ten years and all his interests may be here. He goes to England, and is arrested for supposed complicity in some plot. He has not been naturalized. He is not an American citizen. We do not trouble ourselves about him. Let England take care of her own. But suppose he becomes naturalized and a voter the day before he leaves. The whole government, then, is concerned in his welfare. He is an American; and we are anxious to secure the rights of all Americans, whatever becomes of the rest of the world. This is natural. I have *no fault* to find with it, only it shows our stage of growth in

the development of moral principles. I simply point it out to indicate that we have not got our moral growth yet. When we have, we shall be as solicitous about the rights of an unnaturalized as about a naturalized individual. We shall be as solicitous to secure the rights of a Chinaman in Central Africa as though he were an American; and the whole world will be banded together in one league to see that justice and right are everywhere supreme.

This is the way morality has grown. And do you not see, is it not perfectly plain, that theological ideas, that what are called religious doctrines, had almost nothing to do with this development and growth of morality? People have been pious all through the ages, without thinking anything of morality. It seems to us absurd,— that story that is told of the Italian bandit, who would rob and murder, but would not eat meat on a Friday. Yet he was perfectly logical. Suppose he did rob, and even murder a man in robbing him. He could go to the priest and pay for absolution, and still have something left over for his own use. But, if he ate meat on a Friday, he would be no richer than before, and would have nothing with which to buy absolution; and, really, this was a more serious complication, with his conception of God, than the other was. His action was perfectly logical, according to the religious teaching he had received.

Take the case of Charles II. of England or of a Louis of France. They were pious; and it was no sham or mockery, no make-believe. We are accustomed to say to-day that, if a Sunday-school superintendent runs off with a lot of money, he is a hypocrite. Not necessarily. He may be perfectly devout and religious, according to his conception of religion; but his religion may have nothing to do with his moral character. In the case of Charles and Louis, the court circulars of the time — if there were such things — might have announced that the king went to mass in the morning, in the afternoon went out hunting; but any time through the day, morning, noon, or night, he may have been cruel, inhuman, licentious, breaking every law of human

morality. It never occurs to him that this is inconsistent with going to mass in the morning. There is no connection in his mind between religion and morality. But it is no wonder. He is taught that the king can do no wrong. Even philosophers like Hobbes write whole treatises, showing that there is no morality apart from the will of the ruling power; and, since the king is supreme, he can do what he pleases. Even Luther carried his ideas so far as to say, concerning the licentiousness of the German princes, that we understood human nature and the fitness of things so well that we could overlook things like that in princes. These were the common ideas of the world. There was no necessary connection between pleasing this despot up in the sky and doing right by your neighbor.

The character of a religion would always be best determined by the character of the god, just as the character of the court of England is determined by the character of the king. The people, knowing that the king holds in his hands all the emoluments and all the honors, that he wields the power to banish them or take their lives even, if he does not like them, would naturally be ready to do anything to minister to the king and to win his favor. And, if they believe with their whole heart that God up in heaven cares more for their reading the Bible, singing hymns, or praying, or going to church than for their behavior, and that their eternal welfare depends on their pleasing him, would it be strange if the masses of the people cared more for these things than for character and conduct? Mr. Moody denounces everything immoral and unjust, but in the same breath tells us that these things do not touch the question of salvation. This is the modern doctrine of the Church. We are not done with these things yet. But, if they do not touch the question of salvation, is it any wonder if a man cares more for the endless ages of eternity than he does for the uncertain years of time?

Now, we are ready, having seen the separate origin and *the independent* progress of religion and morals, to see how

they come to coincide with each other. By what process can they unite? For I believe that, when religion and morality both have developed into the realization of their ideal, they will be recognized not any longer as separate from each other, but as one, the two sides of one great fact. Religion and morality are the two-sided shield, gold on the one side and silver on the other, but really one. Religion and morality, rightly conceived, I believe to be identically one at heart. Religion is only the cosmic side of morals, morals only the human side of religion.

But how are they going to be married and united indissolubly? In this way. When God ceases to be thought of as an irresponsible, arbitrary despot outside of the universe, imposing his laws upon the world and man; when men cease to think of him as having the ability to make a thing right or wrong by his will; when they cease to think of him as having the ability, if he choose, to supersede or override justice and mercy and truth and human obligations; when they learn to think of him as he is, as the heart and soul of the universe; when they learn to think of his laws as the laws of the universe, the laws of life, the laws of body, mind, and soul, the laws of the family, the laws of society, of business, of nations; when they learn to think of God thus, as residing in the world and in man, the heart and soul of them all, and of his laws as the laws of prosperity, peace, and happiness,—then religion and morality will be seen to be one. It will be seen that religious motives coincide with and re-enforce moral motives, and there will be no conflict between them.

Undoubtedly there is some truth in the idea of Mr. Goldwin Smith as to the possibility of a moral interregnum on the breaking down of a man's old theological or religious notions, or the old reasons for his conduct, whether he calls them religious or moral. It of course leaves him for a time all at sea. How would it work in any other direction? Suppose a community of people had been trained from their childhood to an implicit and unquestioning belief in a certain *medical treatise* or a treatise on hygiene; that this book

undertook to set forth explicitly just what they should eat or not eat, how many times a day they should eat and how long they should refrain from eating; that it should regulate the treatment of their bodies in all particulars; and they believed it to be infallible. They believe that obedience to its laws will bring certain tremendous rewards, and disobedience tremendous punishments. They have never waked up to the fact that there are any other reasons why they should do so and so, except the reason, written down in the book.

Suppose for generations they had been trained like this, and that you should suddenly impeach the truthfulness of that book, and get many to doubt its infallibility, to disbelieve in the threatened penalties and the arbitrary rewards that had been attached to them, what would be the result?

At first, people would have no reasons left them for treating their bodies one way rather than another. There would be no reason for doing this thing or that, and they would make all sorts of mistakes under the impulse of appetite and taste. They would feel that they had perfect liberty to do as they pleased. How long would they be in that state of mind? No longer than the time necessary for them to try and find out laws for themselves. If they ate something unhealthy for them, they would be likely to know it. If they pursued courses of conduct in sanitary matters that threatened their life and health, do you think they would remain ignorant of it many years? They would find that the old laws were only partial transcripts of those which are real, and that with these laws they must reckon, and that to these laws they must be obedient at the peril of their life. If they chose to follow their own way and die, perhaps no one would hinder them; but most people would prefer to recognize the forces with which they have to deal and live. They would find, in other words, that they were not free to do as they pleased, but only free to do right; which is the only freedom any man ever had or ever will have.

Now, what is the condition of things religiously and morally

in the world? The whole world, almost from the beginning down to these modern times, has been taught a similar thing. It has been taught that a book or a priesthood or a church was the only recognized authority for character, for conduct; that there was not a real reason why they should do this or refrain from that, except that the book or priest had said so. That is just the state of mind of the friend of mine out West who said there would not be many Christians, if there were no devil. He had been trained to look forward to the devil and future punishment as the reason for any kind of moral action,—for kindness to his family, for telling the truth. But suppose they were taken away. Break down your church, burn up all the Bibles, and would the reason for a man's taking good care of his family be taken away? Take away the doctrine of the Trinity, and would there be no reason for telling the truth? Take away foreordination, would there be no reason left why a man should not commit adultery? Are not these laws inherent in the nature of things? Are they not a part of the very constitution of the universe? And would not men, in a little while, learn that they are a part of the condition of life, of welfare, of health, happiness, and prosperity? Is it not that which we mean when we talk about moral laws at all?

It seems to me, then, that there is some danger of a moral interregnum; but it is not the fault of the new and larger truth. It is the fault of the false teachings of the past, which have led men to look at unreal reasons for character and conduct instead of those which are a part of the nature of things. It is not possible that a truer knowledge of this nature of things shall take them away. It shall only enlarge, deepen, broaden, lift up, and make supreme the higher, finer, truer moral sanctions of the natural world. Just as long as flowers are beautiful and fragrant, just so long will men believe in the beauty of human character, of human love, of human tenderness, of mercy. Just as long as the stars above us hold their courses, circling in their spheres, governed by the relation in which they stand to

each other, their masses and distances, just as long will the units of human society circle in their natural spheres, being regulated by the realities of the relationships in which they stand to each other. Just as long as it is true that the scales, the symbol of justice, need equal weights on each side to establish an equation between them, just so long it will be true that there must be established an equation of rights and duties, in order to fulfil the ideals of human justice.

These moral laws, then, are a part of the nature of things; and no possible changes in theological ideas, or the dissolution of theology altogether, if it were possible, could permanently touch or weaken a single moral law by a feather's weight. If you cease to believe in any future life, would it still be right to steal? Or suppose it were possible for the belief in God himself to fade completely out of the human mind. Humanity would still exist. We would still stand in relations to each other, and be able to hurt or help each other. All the moral laws and forces would continue in their integrity just the same.

Now let us sum up the results of our discussions: —

1. Religion started in entire independence of morality.

2. Religion has many times been not only *un*moral, but *im*moral.

3. Religion becomes moral only when the laws of God are recognized as identical with the laws of the universe and of human life.

4. Morality started with the facts and experiences of human relationship, without any necessary relation to religion.

5. Morality has progressed through the ages largely independent of religion; and it has done more for religion than religion has done for it.

6. Morality becomes a part of religion just as religion becomes a part of morality, when the laws of human life, the laws of the universe, are recognized at last as the laws of God.

7. There is danger, for the time, of the loosening of moral principles, of peoples losing the reasons for character and conduct through the process of the breaking down of the old and false standards of conduct, which have been connected with supernatural ideas.

8. But progress in thought, as it deepens and broadens, can only at last result in a higher and grander ethical thought and in a nobler religious ideal.

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IV. PERSONAL RELIGION.

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PERSONAL RELIGION.*

I DO not know that I shall be able to make you all feel and think as I do this morning concerning the subject about which I am to speak. But, whether I shall thus be able or not, I am myself most thoroughly convinced that there is no theme in all the world comparable to this in dignity and importance. That I may make it clear in its treatment and easily comprehensible, it is a part of my plan, in the first place, to outline as simply as I may this matter of personal religion as it has been held and taught in the old theology. I shall not do this in any spirit of antagonism or criticism or opposition of any kind. I wish to look at it and have you look at it, to define it so that you may see clearly what the holders of this old theology mean and what their purpose is, that, thus, you may be in a state of mind that shall enable you to lay alongside of the old theory the new one that I shall present to you. So you may compare the two together and see their relative truth, beauty, and importance.

In the first place, then, what do those who believe in the old theology mean by personal religion? What would be the beginning and the growth, the general outline and termination of such a religious life, if it were logically and consistently followed out?

At the outset, we must note the fact that they believe that every child of man is conceived in sin and born in a state of total alienation from God. This is sometimes spoken of as total depravity. They tell us that, so long as man continues in this state, he is unable to think or speak or do anything that is pleasing to God. It is very easy and

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

it is somewhat cheap to hold these ideas up to indiscriminate ridicule. They are perfectly logical and consistent on the basis of the old conception of the universe, of God, and of man.

Let us look for a moment at total depravity, and see what was meant by it. The first illustration that I shall use is one that was given me by my much loved and much respected theological professor in the Seminary. He said: Here are two goblets of water. I may pour in poison or filthiness of some kind into one, until it will contain no more, till I have put in as much as it is capable of holding in solution. Into the other, I may put a single drop of poison or pollution of any kind; but it will permeate, color, touch, and taint every single drop, so that you may rightly say in the case of these two, whatever degrees of difference there are, both are totally polluted or soiled. That is, they are tainted all the way through. These foreign influences have taken away their purity. So they would say of men: not that one man is just as bad as another, or that any single man in all the world is just as bad as he can be; only that he is wrong, some way, all through, in thought and word and deed. That is what they mean by total depravity.

Now take another illustration, and see how perfectly logical and natural this is. They looked upon God as primarily the governor of the universe; and the religious life was figured forth to their thought under the ideal of a kingdom. This world they regarded as in rebellion, disloyal; so that every single person born into it was born disloyal, being thus in a state of rebellion or alienation from God.

Now take this figure of rebellion, and let us see how it looks. Suppose that one of the counties or provinces of England were in rebellion to-day against the central power. So far as the government is concerned, it would make no difference whether any particular individual in that province was an honest man in his business, true to his wife and kind to his children, a good neighbor, a faithful friend. In spite

of all these virtues, he is a rebel. Consequently, so long as he continues such, no matter how good or noble or true he may be in other relations, it is impossible for him, in thought or word or deed, to please the king. The very first duty, that takes precedence of all others, is to surrender up the arms of his rebellion and become loyal to his king. That is the way in which they look at the relation in which we stand to God; and that is their meaning, when they say that morality cannot save a man, when they say that you may be honorable in business, true in your family relations, noble in every direction, and yet be alienated from God and his love. If that theory of the universe is true, that is all logical and natural enough. It might be — we can conceive such a case — the duty of a noble, tender-hearted king to sign the death-warrant of the noblest and tenderest-hearted man in all his realm, for the public welfare, or because he continued contumacious against the laws. This is what they meant by total depravity, by being out of right relation with God.

Now let us take a step further, and see how conviction, repentance, and conversion come in, what part they play.

All the while that these men are in rebellion against God, he, according to the old theory, is really their rightful sovereign and their best friend, desiring, above all things, if he may consistently with what they call justice and the welfare of the universe, to be kind and tender and helpful toward men, but held bound by the laws and by the exigences of public affairs. All the while, this king in heaven is their truest and best friend and, of right, their ruler. Such being the condition of affairs, God sends abroad his spirit all over the earth, and influences men's hearts, their thoughts and feelings, and opens their eyes to the truth. According to some of the old theories, this spirit is only sent to a few people,— the elect; according to others, it is sent to all. But, in any case, the upshot of it was that he produced a desire, effective in the hearts of only a part of mankind. But those that he did reach were affected in this manner,—

and you see how natural it is — they waked up to the fact at last that they owed their allegiance to God, that they ought to love him, that they ought to serve him, that they ought to worship him, that he was worthy of all the devotion of hand and brain and heart. And, when they fairly realized at last what sort of a being God was, how kind, how tender, how loving, that he was their father, and that they had been for years in open opposition to him, whether conscious of it or not,— when, at last, they realized this, then a flood of emotional sorrow swept over them ; and this they call repentance. They were sad, heart-broken, to find the position that they had been occupying; and, as a natural result of this, there came what they called conversion, a change of heart, to be gradually followed by a change of life. So the outcome of it was that they came to love what they had hated and to hate that which they had loved. They were totally changed. They had become loyal subjects.

Now you will see clearly in the light of these theories another distinction that ought to be borne in mind. Suppose a person who had been in rebellion against our government during the late war should see the position he ought to occupy and lay down his arms, and should accept the pardon of the executive, he would naturally be rewarded and looked on with favor, though his private character may not have been, and may not have become, what it ought. He would be treated with more favor than the noblest of those who still continued rebels, and rightly so.

Then, after the man or woman had become convinced of sin, had repented and been converted, and had become a loyal subject of heaven again,— then what?

There began a life of conscious relationship toward God; a life lived in the thought of him as father, friend, king; a life of trust, devotion; a life of service, obedience. They did not claim that a man became suddenly good all at once and all through. He had turned about and was going the other way. He was being gradually wrought over into the likeness of the new ideal which he had accepted as the object of his worship and as the rightful Lord of his life.

Now let us see what the personal life of the man who should accept and consistently carry out these ideas should be. It would become, in the first place, his daily duty to read the word of God; for he believes that the Bible is not only a real revelation from God, but the only and the all-sufficient one, that it contains all truth necessary for human conduct here and salvation hereafter. Do you not see that it would become his prime duty to make himself acquainted with the will of God as he understood it, to study the Bible to find out what he ought to do, to learn the laws of the kingdom of which he has become a citizen?

And then, in the next place, do you not see how natural it would be for a man under these ideas to feel his life somehow lifted up into a higher range, thrilled by a purpose that did not exist before,—a purpose giving dignity and grandeur to it; and, if he thoroughly believed it, what matter how other people treated the question? Let them scoff if they will, let them find fault if they will, let them sneer if they will: he is conscious of standing in a relationship with the great universal Power that gives his life dignity and meaning.

Suppose, during the war, we had sent an ambassador south under pledge of safe conduct and safe return. He goes there as the representative of the United States. What would he care for the howling of the rebel mob? What would he care for the scorn and contempt of those who stood in opposition to that power that he believed had rightful authority over all the land? The fact that he stood as representing that power would give him dignity, self-confidence, rest, and trust, a purpose to his life that he could not otherwise have had.

Then, it had another element, which is important on any theory of human life. It gave him trust in the midst of failure, confidence in the face of adversity. If he really believed it with his whole soul, it would not trouble him much, though even kingdoms rose and fell. He believed that his Father was God and King over all the universe, of which

this earth was only one little province, and the cause with which he had allied himself was supreme and eternal. He would feel very much as the Duke of Wellington did. It is said that a missionary from some part of the world had returned to England discouraged, disheartened, feeling that nothing could be accomplished. He was a personal friend of the Duke of Wellington, a younger man. Meeting him after his return, the duke asked him about his experience; and he told him. The duke said: Do you believe in the God that you claim to believe in? Do you believe that he has undertaken to convert the world sometime? Do you believe that he is able to carry out his plans? Do you believe that he has appointed you to do any definite work? And, when the missionary had given an affirmative answer to all these questions, he said: Is it not, then, your clear duty to stand at your appointed post, no matter what happens, whether the cause seems to go up or down? That is the soldier's duty. This fortress or that may be captured, this army or that may be defeated or wasted, or it may succeed; but the cause, supreme above all, moves on in triumph.

Then, lastly, a person believing in this theory and living it out consistently will face even death without any fear. There are very few in the modern world, so far as my observation is able to inform me, who really do consistently and logically *believe;* and that is the reason that there is so little of this logical and grand *living*, even on any theory. But he that does believe this has no fear of death. Let death come when it will, he dies happy. So must it be, if he is consistent. He is in the state of mind of General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec. You remember how he lay mortally wounded in the arms of his attendants, and, as he heard the cry, "They flee! they flee!" he raised himself, and asked feebly, "Who flee?" And when they told him, "The French," "Then," said he, "I die happy!" The cause was supreme in his thought. Sure of its final victory, nothing else mattered. This I believe to be the grandest con-

ception possible to give to the religious life as lived under the old theory of the universe.

Now, our question is: Is there any chance for anything like that, or as noble as that, on the modern theory of the world? Is there any power to trust in? Is there any ground for allegiance? Is there any possibility of conscious alliance with a cause that shall lift up and dignify human life after this fashion, and make it seem worth while to live?

I believe, in the first place, that we have a God unspeakably grander than the old. Indeed, he is so vast, so grand, that thousands of people in the modern world entirely lose sight of him. They label one manifestation of his power by one name, and another manifestation of his presence by another name, until, bewildered by the infinity of detail, they lose hold entirely of the sense of that unity that is in and above all, and of which these are only glimpses and outshining rays.

Suppose, on a visit to Rome, you should go to St. Peter's, and, standing without the cathedral, should go up until you stood within a foot of its walls: what would you see? St. Peter's would be there, so near that you could not see it. It would be above you, overshadowing and overwhelming. All around you in its magnificence, and, just because it was so close to you, it would seem only a little meaningless stone,—no plan, no purpose, no magnificence, no grandeur. Not because there is no St. Peter's, but because you stood in such relation to it that you could not comprehend it or take in its meaning.

I do not expect you to comprehend our God. One reason why I think we have lost him in this modern world is just because we have waked at last to the fact that he is infinite and that we are finite. He is so vast that we can find no name to cover him, no definition to outline him. And this, which is unspeakable gain, seems loss to us, because we are bewildered and overwhelmed by the sense of immensity. People say to me sometimes, "I cannot grasp the idea of God; I cannot picture him; I cannot think him." No, friends:

you have no right to grasp him, to outline him. How can you, if he is infinite? And, if he be not infinite, he is no God. If you could reduce him to such proportions that you could draw a picture of him, either on canvas or in your mind, that very act would be the signing of your own moral and spiritual death-warrant. If you could get to the end of God, if you could march to the limit and look over into the vast abyss of nothing where is no God, then you might come to a time when we should have gotten through, when there would be nothing more to hope, nothing more to live for.

And now, lest you should think I am coining ideas of my own, born of prejudice and bias, I am going to read to you two or three sentences from Mr. Herbert Spencer, a man whom I regard as the master of thought in the modern world, a man who for breadth and comprehensiveness of mind has never in the history of mankind had his equal, a man who comes nearer to grasping all knowledge than any other man who walks the earth. Let us see what he says: "Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that he [man] is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." Again, "So far from regarding that which transcends phenomena as the all-nothingness, I regard it as the All-being."

Once more: "I held at the outset, and continue to hold that this Inscrutable Existence which science in the last resort is compelled to recognize as unreached by its deepest analyses of matter, motion, thought, and feeling, stands toward our general conception of things in substantially the same relation as does the Creative Power asserted by theology; and . . . this reality transcending appearance, . . . standing toward the universe and toward ourselves in the same relation as an anthropomorphic creator was supposed to stand, bears a like relation with it, not only to human thought, but to human feeling, . . . and there must ever survive those [sentiments] which are appropriate to a power hat is omnipresent."

We are, then, in the presence of a Power not ourselves, a Power that was here before we were born, a Power that will continue when we have passed away, a Power that would not be touched though the earth were ground to powder and strewn as dust through space. This Power, so far as we can think, is infinite, eternal, omnipresent. It is a Power that manifests itself as purpose. We can trace its path from the world's beginning on and up unto the present time; and by a purely scientific faith see it reaching out toward some grand, far-off event. This Power is nearer to us than anything else that we can conceive. It is in the farthest star; it is in the fragrance of the flower that you hold in your hand. It is the Power in all moral progress. It is the Power in all that material advance that constitutes civilization. It is the Power of all life, of all feeling, of all hope, of all aspiration. It is that which comes to consciousness in ourselves. It is that which throbs in my wrist. It is that which lifts me as I aspire. We may say in all literalness with the Psalmist: "Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in the underworld, behold, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand hold me."

We are in the presence, then, of this Infinite Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, in which all things consist.

Another step. On our knowledge of and obedience to this Power depends all human good. Every step that man has made in civilization, in invention, in control over the material world, has been just one new step in understanding and obeying this Infinite and Eternal Energy. Whatever power we have to-day over nature we have earned by learning a little about what we call the laws of this Power, and obeying them. Every upward step of moral improvement, everything we have done in the way of political amelioration or toward just government, every step in the uplifting of

religious thought and life, every step in the development of love and extirpation of fear, every step that means human progress, means just learning a little more about the ways of this Infinite Energy, and obeying a little better. And every hope for the future means simply learning still a little more and obeying a little better still.

Now, then, what? Is not here basis for religion, personal religion? It becomes your first duty and mine to read the word of God just as literally as under the old theory, only the word of our God is not bound in any book. It is as wide as the universe. It is written in the stars, written in the dust beneath our feet. Every word of truth and life is a part of its growing revelation. It becomes your first duty, then, and mine, to read God's book, every day to spell out some new syllable or word.

The next duty is that of obedience to his laws, the conditions of life and growth, just so fast and so far as we can discover them.

Now, I want you to turn with me for a moment and see how here, in the presence of this God, so much grander than the old, in the presence of this human destiny, so much more hopeful than the old, there still remain the possibility, the duty, and the privilege of personal, religious living. Let us note some few of the details of it.

How is it that we are born into this world? I said that, under the old theory, people were supposed to be born totally depraved. We do not think of ourselves as under any curse or wrath of God. We do not believe that he is at enmity with us or we with him. But we do come into this world ignorant, weak, the play of impulses and forces that we do not comprehend, and that seem to have no object, no outcome. And thousands of men, the great majority perhaps, go through life without any leading, dominant purpose that is noble, that is worthy of man. They care simply to get rich. They care, perhaps, for literary fame. They care for power or social standing. They drift with the current; they creep; they plod. They are consecrated to no

supreme ideal that gives unity and dignity to life, that makes them feel that they are a part of some purpose that is superior to all change or decay.

But, in the case of the noblest men,— I am not talking metaphysics or saying anything incapable of being comprehended,— you know how natural a life like this may be. They may not be distinguished, they may be leading an obscure life; but, at some definite time,— they can sometimes remember when it was,— they were convicted and self-condemned by the vision of a higher life. They gained a glimpse of some grand ideal; and they set that up as the finest image of God they could conceive in the inner sanctuary of their hearts. They bowed down before it. They measured their lives by it. They became restless and dissatisfied with the old life, with its lower purpose, made grand by no lofty aim.

Do you know, in the department of art, in the department of literature, of political ambition, it is just this distinction that I am trying to outline that makes all the difference between a grand life and a mean one?

What is the difference between a politician and a statesman? Take Sumner and some place-hunter. What is it that separates the two men? One has an ideal, a great thought as to the service he can render by being true to principle and seeking some high aim. The other simply cares for temporary expedients, for success to-day or to-morrow, to reward his friends and punish his enemies. One worships and follows an ideal: the other is blown about by every changing wind of impulse, drifting on every current and tide. So it is in art, in literature. So it may be in every department of life.

We need this "conviction of sin." We need "repentance" and "conversion"; not after the old idea, but we need better things than those old terms embodied. There is place for this in modern thought as much as in the old.

Turning thus from our lower and selfish lives, it is possible for us consciously and purposely to ally ourselves with the

God whose infinite life I have tried to suggest. Which way is it moving,— toward more knowledge, toward more justice, toward more love, toward more happiness, toward a better civilization? It is moving toward a better, not a poorer future. That is the track of God through the centuries.

We can consciously ally ourselves, then, with this supreme manifestation, this Eternal Energy that is moving through the ages. And think how a life is upheld by this thought! Think how much grander it becomes! We have a purpose now: business may fail, friends may sicken, the dearest even may die; but the light is not all gone out of the heavens, the purpose has not all faded out of life. We are a part of the army marching on toward a sure success. Comrades fall by our side, the detachment is beaten: no matter, we still trust and we still march on. Do only a few reach this ideal? It is a reality none the less.

Here, then, is dignity, here is purpose, here is meaning, here is grandeur in life. And there comes to us, from this conscious alliance with this Infinite and Eternal Power, this casting our influence in with the divine trend of things toward the good and the true, a consciousness of power, of trust, of peace, of rest. And there comes — or I believe may come — an ability to face even the last enemy without either flinching or fear.

A man allied then with God, living for God, caring for this more than for anything else, conscious of the fact of this likeness of nature between that which is highest in him and that which is highest and dominant everywhere,— how can he fail to believe at the last that the same destiny awaits him as awaits this Eternal Power? He is swept on and borne along by an infinite current, to which he feels himself akin. And, at the last, I believe it to be a rational hope of such souls as these, when they trust that they shall share in that far-off, infinite triumph of the true, the beautiful, the good, which means the dominance of this Power which is working in and leading on mankind.

Let me close by summing up the points with which we have been dealing this morning: —

1. There is ground for a personal religious life.

2. There is ground for the thought side, there is ground for the emotional side, of religion,— not only equal to that which we have outgrown, but unspeakably grander.

3. There is ground for worship, reverence, aspiration, trust, hope.

4. It becomes our duty to study the laws of this Infinite Life and obey them, just as much as it was under the old theory.

5. We have a greater and nobler God than the old.

6. We have a grander man and a better outlook.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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SERIES ON

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

V. INNER LIFE AND OUTER.

BOSTON:
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INNER LIFE AND OUTER.

I HAVE already made you familiar with one main characteristic of all the old religions,— the fact that almost the entire emphasis of their worship was laid on the outward ceremony. The acceptable worshipper was not necessarily a moral man; and no account whatever was taken of the disposition of his heart. The gods were beings whose good will it was important to gain and keep. They could confer favors; they could ward off impending calamities. Health, good harvests, prosperity in business, success in war, all the affairs of life, were, or at any time might be, at their mercy. To please them then, and keep them pleased, were the most important of all earthly concerns.

But how please them and keep them pleased? Not by character or good conduct, in the human sense of those terms, much less by the inner state or disposition of the heart. In the more elaborated and highly developed of these old religions, the form of the ritual was so definitely fixed that any, even the least, departure from it was supposed to vitiate the whole ceremony and make it fail of its purpose. The gods were not thought of as loving mankind; nor were their laws supposed to have anything to do with human goodness. Indeed, the gods were oftener represented as jealous of human happiness, or even as being inclined to cruelty. But they were capable of being influenced, in some cases even coerced, into helping their worshippers, or, at least, not injuring them, if only the right means were employed. These right means had somehow been discovered, and were in the keeping of the priests. The sacrifice

must be of just the specified kind, killed with just such a kind of knife, burnt on just such an altar, with just such wood for the fire. The bodily attitudes, genuflections, and gestures were all fixed. In the prayers, just such words must be used; while even the rhythm, the accent, the tones of voice were supposed to be of prime importance. When all the specified conditions were complied with, it was thought that somehow the gods were compelled to be favorable.

The tendency to these purely external and wholly superstitious whims is long-lived and hard to be outgrown. Even to-day, in certain High Church quarters, God is supposed to be particularly pleased when the priest in his prayer is facing toward the east. The point of the compass is more important than goodness of heart. A hundred other illustrations of similar import you can furnish for yourselves.

But what I wish you to bear in mind is the fact of this externality of all the old religions. It was not even an externality of conduct, but only of ceremonial. Character was neither a necessary cause nor a necessary result of worship. So long as the prescribed forms were observed in accord with the traditional methods, nothing more was expected.

Let us pass now to consider the position that Jesus held and taught. And right here, in justice to Jesus as well as for the clearness of your own thought, keep one thing ever in mind. Jesus is not to be held responsible for the fact that the Church has so often put ceremony above character, or made it the condition of supposed divine favor and human welfare. He himself was never guilty of this confusion. Indeed, a large part of the offence for which he was held to be worthy of death was just this supposed impiety of teaching that the popular view of religion was wrong. They had their temple, their sacrifices, their ritual, which they regarded as of divine appointment. But he disregarded the temple, slighted the sacrifices, and neglected the ritual. For these things, they not only supposed God's anger would rest upon him; but even to permit it they thought might be regarded as complicity on their own part in a grievous wickedness.

For he taught that an inner, spiritual worship was better than the temple, and that such a worship might be offered anywhere else as well as in Jerusalem. He even went so far as to say that, though the offering had been brought and laid upon the altar, the whole service might be made of no avail by the worshipper's being out of right relation to his fellowmen.

In contrast, then, with most of the old religions, Jesus laid the chief emphasis on the disposition of the heart. This is the significance of that scene where he discusses with his disciples the question — made so much of at the time — of washing the hands before eating. It is not what you eat or how you eat, he says, that is of importance,— not what goes into the stomach, but what comes out of the heart. The heart he declares to be the fountain of character. Here is found the reason why he places the Magdalen, who had learned to love the ideal of a better life, above the Pharisee, who, while ceremonially perfect, was hard, selfishly proud, and uncharitable. The disposition being right, all the rest would naturally follow. But let that be wrong, and ultimately the outer life is sure to be vitiated by it. If one is facing toward Boston, though a thousand miles away, he is more likely to reach it some time than one who, ever so close to its borders, keeps on walking in a direction that in the slightest degree diverges from its boundary line. Do you not look more complacently upon a faulty child that loves you than you do upon the most ceremoniously dutiful one whose heart is selfish and cold?

Whatever truth there is in the popular theory of conversion is to be looked for just here. This doctrine is only a distortion of the teaching of Jesus that the state of the heart is the all-important thing. Here, also, is to be found so much of reality as there is in the dogma of "justification by faith," as held by Paul and Luther. They did not mean justification by belief, though it has been often so misinterpreted. They only laid their emphasis on the attitude of the soul. They said this was more important than outward con-

duct, because ultimately, and in the long run, it would prove the fountain and cause of conduct.

It is a common saying in the modern world that, "if a man does what is about right, that is all there is to it. It is all that is required. He need not trouble himself about anything else." Yes, perhaps so, and in one sense. But I think there is a question deeper than that. "*If* he does what is about right!" But who is he that is likely to do "what is about right"? Of one person, you say, "I would trust that man anywhere." Of another, you say, "You can trust him as long as you keep your eye on him," or "as long as you make it for his interest to be honest." What is the difference between two such men? The conduct of the two, under certain circumstances, may be precisely the same. Yet you feel that one of them is honest, the other is not. Where is the difference? Is it not in the heart?

We are now ready to consider the relation between the inner life and the outer. It presents itself for our notice under several different aspects.

I remember that, some years ago, Mr. Beecher, speaking of certain places where Christians thought they ought not to go, told his congregation that they might as well go as to stay at home, while all the time wishing they were there. This is the same as to say that the wish is as bad as the act, that whatever is in the heart might as well come out in the life. And Jesus, perhaps, in his anxiety to emphasize a point so generally overlooked, appears to go to the same extreme; for he seems to teach that anger, which might lead to murder, is as bad as murder, and that inward lust is as bad as outward guilt. Is it, then, as bad to think evil as to do it? Suppose that only opportunity be lacking? Let a man hate another one, and let his hate take the form of wishing to burn his house down over his head: might he as well do it as wish it? In a certain sense, you may say that he is just as bad as though he did it. But even this admission must be modified; for a deed like that, accomplished and put beyond recall, would certainly react with

more disastrous force on his own character than would merely the inner hate, that might die out and pass away. And, then, the stigma of an outward and accomplished deed of wrong abides with a man. It depresses and discourages him, and so stands in the way of moral recovery. The social disgrace and the distrust of his fellow-men also make more difficult his return. He is apt to think that there is no use in trying, since people will put no faith in his professions.

And, then, however it may be for the man himself, it is certainly not so bad for society to have a man harbor an evil purpose as it would be to have him do an evil deed. I feel quite sure that I should rather have a man wish a hundred times to burn down my house than that he should do it once. He may hate me ever so much; but, so long as he does not murder me, it is most assuredly quite a different thing so far as I am concerned. It may be as bad for him, but it is a good deal better for me.

Organized society, then, and government as such are chiefly concerned — and rightly so — with the outer lives of men and women. In a certain and a very important sense, it is none of their business what I think or how I feel, so long as my outer conduct is not injurious to my fellow-men. This does not mean that my thought and feeling are not of immense importance, nor that they are not the fountains out of which all my good or bad actions flow. But they have no jurisdiction over my motives. They can take account only of the conduct that springs from them. And this limitation of their authority is found in the fact that they have no means for getting at or deciding upon the quality of my inner life. Suppose a man has committed a crime. What judge, what jury, is wise enough to take the measure of his soul and estimate the degree of his personal guilt? Society has a right to protect itself from evil-doers, but is not able to pass upon the motives that lead to the evil deeds.

And so, in the sphere of religion, it is of immense impor-

tance what a man thinks and how he feels. These are even the matters of prime importance; for, ultimately, thought and feeling determine all conduct. But, in all ages, government has made its most disastrous and cruel mistakes in attempting to deal with the thought and feeling of individuals. For, in the first place, no government is wise enough to decide as to the right or the wrong of religious beliefs and emotions. And, in the second place, it is none of the government's concern as to whether a man's soul is saved or not in some other world. Its authority is limited to the matter of his conduct as a citizen in this world.

And herein is seen the weakness of society in its great movements of reform. It cannot get at the hearts of individuals and make them right. The most it can do is to improve the external conditions a little, and make it somewhat easier for people to do right, provided they are so inclined. In the light of this consideration, we ought to be able to see the folly of trying to legislate people into goodness, or to make them moral by wholesale. Fence them in by laws, and still their hearts are just where they were before. Government, then, can only deal with the externals, the actions of men.

But, if we only could, how much more might be accomplished! The philosophers tell us that all motion is rhythmic. The tidal ebb and flow, the backward and forward swing of the pendulum,— these are symbolic of all movement. It is thus that human progress goes on. One age is introspective, mystic, transcendental. The best people flee from the world, and try to live in the inner realm of contemplation, thought, and feeling. The tendency of the present age is all the other way. The outer condition with us is everything. The immensity of modern physical discovery; the wondrous inventions by means of which we are making our conquests over natural conditions and forces; the enormous increase of wealth; the extent and variety of our products and manufactures,— all these stir the ambition and stimulate the imagination of men. We are looking for an earthly Utopia.

And, since it does not come fast enough to suit the hurry of the age, we find restlessness and growing dissatisfaction everywhere. Thefts on the part of clerks who cannot get money fast enough; defalcations by trustees and treasurers; unreasoning strikes, when factories cannot run except at a loss; wild, communistic theories as to the division of property; the general thirst for outward display; the grasping and clutching after the external conditions of happiness,—these all indicate an excessive emphasis placed by the present age on the outer life. If a rich man appears to care only for money, he must not wonder that his workmen are infected by the same spirit. When the house counts for more than the man, it is not very strange that everybody wants the house. And if, when it is obtained, the means of getting it are forgotten in the fact of possession, why be so scrupulous about the means? So will people reason.

Now, this desire for the external is natural; and, to a certain extent, it is a sign of healthy life. It is not well to be content with poor outward conditions, when better ones are possible. For as the inner condition reacts on the outer life, so does the outer condition react in its turn on the inner life. Good houses, pleasant surroundings, healthy sanitary arrangements,—these help produce, not only happiness, but morals. But when carried too far, and used merely for luxury and display, they demoralize instead of lifting up.

Once in a while, something happens to wake us up to the fact that, of the two, the inner life is the more important. We see a man like Thoreau in his cabin by Walden Pond, and discover that he is not only leading a manlier, but a happier life than many a millionnaire. We are startled in our race for money by hearing Agassiz say, in the midst of his fishes, that he is employed about matters so much more important that he "cannot stop to make money." Or down from the far-off ages comes the cynic word of Diogenes, telling Alexander the Great that he knows of nothing the world-conqueror can do for him except to stand out of his sunlight. Or we see Palissy, the potter, or Elias Howe,

spending his whole life to bless the world with a new invention. Or the haloed head of some teacher, martyr, leader of thought, shines down on us out of their sky of noble achievement. Or Jesus, having "not where to lay his head," talks to us of having "meat to eat that" we "know not of" and of a "treasure" different from that on which we draw checks at a bank. Some of us learn at last that there is really a world of great satisfaction in which the poets, the philosophers, the artists, the men of thought, live; and that thoughtful sympathy is the key by which any one, though not himself a creator, may enter in. We find that those who are devoted to making the world happier and better think they have found something more satisfying than getting things for themselves. We find a man niggard and narrow and mean, burdened by wealth that he does not know how to use. And we find broad-minded and happy lives in the midst of only ordinary comforts. Then, perhaps, we get an occasional glimpse of what the poet meant when he sung,—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

And then, perhaps, we are ready to say: "Maybe, after all, these men are right. They are the wisest and best of the world, and they really say — and seem to prove it — that the inner life of thought and feeling is higher and more important than the outer one of furniture and parties and equipages."

If only the leaders, the successful men of the world, would see this, accept it, and act upon it, it would be the readiest solution of all our problems of socialism, of capital and labor, of overbearing nabobs and restless masses. If the leaders would show that they understood the fact that the inner world of thought and feeling was the highest, and that the outer world was of value only as it made the other possible and helped it on, they could thus turn all the restless energy of the age into the channels of manly endeavor after manly things; and, since this inner good might be open to all, something like our dream of a con-

tented human progress might be attained. There can never be an equality of wealth; for there is not wealth enough in all the world to "go around." But the riches of the inner world might be lavishly given to all comers, and no one be the poorer for the distribution. And, in any case, however much a man may grasp and hold with his hands, he only is rich, as a man, who has the inner possessions of a contented and hopeful soul.

Suppose, then, that religion were able to reach men's hearts, their dispositions and desires, and make them what they ought to be! Would not the solution of most of earth's problems be so attained? No longer would there be any need of all the elaborate and expensive arrangements of check and coercion, by which men are compelled from without into right paths of action,— no more armies, no more prisons, no more courts or police. And all the expense of these might be used in building up that kind of external civilization which should be a support and staging for the inner, for that which is real in the manly and womanly sense.

Jesus, then, was right in his diagnosis of the disease of human sorrow and wrong. When he put his physician's finger on the heart, he touched the seat of all the difficulty. The heart is the mainspring and motive force of all the outward activities of the world. If you are sure that a fig-tree is a fig-tree,— fig in core and sap,— you need not stand and watch it. You need not bring to bear upon it any form of external coercion. It will bear figs of itself. You can count upon the harvest. But, if it is a thistle, all your external arrangements will not make it bear a single fig. Such is Jesus' teaching. Is he not right?

And, on the other hand, we may find here an easy solution of many of the troubles of those who still adhere to the old faith. I used to wonder whether or not I was converted; and I have seen ministers and others worrying about the conversion of some of the noblest people I have ever known. They have been very anxious to get at the heart, to see if

they could find the seeds of salvation there. But, in the light of Jesus' illustration, look at the fig-tree again. If a tree is really bearing figs, you need not dissect it, take it to pieces, to find out if it is a fig-tree in reality or only in appearance. The fruit, the external life, if left free to develop after its real nature, will decide that point. Whether or not you can find out when it became right or how, if the heart is right as shown by the outer life, you need not look any further.

And here, also, is a sure test by which you may decide as to the value of external religion,— its rites and forms. They are of no value in themselves or as being directly pleasing to God. In the old days, they fancied that God sat just a little way up in the sky, and that he smiled with pleasure when he smelt the odor of burning beef rising up to his nostrils from the sacrifice on the altar. But that was hardly more childish than much of our modern thought concerning our forms of worship. I cannot help thinking sometimes that if God were really what we often suppose him to be, a great, non-natural man on a throne above the visible sky, looking down and listening to what is going on here, he must get even dreadfully tired of what we call "divine service." Can it be that he likes to listen to our often foolish and contradictory prayers? Does he really like to sit up there and listen to a style of repetitious and fulsome flattery — be told over and over again how good he is and how great he is — that would weary and disgust a really noble man? Does he care for our hymns, our robes, our processions, our solemn faces that might make one think the most dismal thing in life was our thinking of him?

To what end, then, is our worship? It has been said that "the truest flattery is imitation." I take it then that, if we ever really please God, it is when we are like him. Being like God can only be a thing of the heart,— cherishing feelings of love and good-will that issue in acts of kindness and help. Our external religion, then,— our ceremonies, our forms, our worships,—can avail only as it affects us, not as it

affects God. Does this turn it all into what some have sneeringly called "spiritual gymnastics," so taking out of it the heart and meaning? Let us take an illustration and see. An artist spends hours and days in the Louvre or the Pitti Palace in Florence. He bows down before the masterpieces of the great of old; he worships these embodied ideals of beauty; he breathes their air until their power and loveliness have moulded his taste and aspiration into a likeness that it becomes the life-long work of his hand to reproduce. Or he goes through a similar process of growth and transformation through worship of the beauty and glory of nature by the sea or under the shadows of the mountains. This is all natural and real, is it not? Anything that he does that helps on this development and transformation of his own brain and soul and hand is rational and noble. Anything he does that fails of this is thrown away. So our worship of the divine — the true, the beautiful, the good — is of value just in so far as it transforms us into its likeness, puts these things into our hearts, and makes them thus a power to mould and shape our outward lives. Any form, then, is good that helps this. Any form is useless that does not. Any form that becomes a substitute for it or stands in its way is an injury. Test then your worship by this standard, and you need not go astray.

But now one point more remains to be considered. Is this theory of religion a practical one? Is there any way by which the hearts of men may be reached, and these changes of feeling wrought which are to issue in the better outward life? The old churches have their ready reply. Some will tell you that this, which they call the "new birth," can be at any time brought about by the prescribed use of the sacraments. Others will tell you it may be expected as the sudden, miraculous result of a special influence of the Holy Spirit. We need not stop to argue about these theories further than to say that they belong to a world of thought in which we do not live any longer. They seem to us small and partial, a part of the "childish things" which the grown-

up world is gradually putting away. But a larger and better fact remains. And, when we see a man of a loving spirit, a lofty temper, a noble soul, a heart out of which deeds of goodness and help spring as naturally as roses bud and blossom on their parent bush, we need not trouble to find out whether he has been born again, or when, or how. Perhaps, being born right in the first place, he has never needed it. At any rate, if he ever did need it, the result somehow has come. He has a right heart.

But what has the modern world to say concerning the production of such results?

In the first place, we need to fix and keep our attention on the fact that the heart is the fountain and source of conduct. A man is not what he ought to be, until he chooses the good. When he does that, action may be left to take care of itself. The work of a true religion, then, ought to be directed toward the heart. If a watch does not keep correct time, the watch-maker does not think it his business to forever meddle with the hands or the dial. He knows the difficulty is inside, and he seeks to put that right. Keep to this idea, then, as fundamental.

In the second place, we know that there is a natural law of moral reproduction universally at work in the world. People naturally grow into the likeness of those ideas or those ideals whose company they keep. And, since we have the power of choosing the ideas and the ideals that the experience of the world has proved to be noblest, we may put ourselves under their influence. Criminals can be made by criminal examples, either in life or in literature. How many sailors have been made by stories of the sea! How many warriors by the fascinating descriptions of conquest! The stories of heroism reproduce heroes. The records of the saints who have served mankind are like banyan trees, whose branches strike down and become roots of other trees.

Herein lies the significance of noble religious teaching, preaching, and worship. They plant the seeds, prepare the

soil, and create the atmosphere that lead to the growth of noble lives.

Now, all this is just as natural and reasonable in religion as are the methods by which art or science or literature is made to become a power in the hearts and lives of men. No man ever became a great artist in whose heart the love of his ideal had not been made dominant. But this love can be fostered, trained, and developed. So must the student embrace his truth, the writer his ideal.

How many of you have some precious portrait on the wall of your chamber,—the face of some one, living or dead, who is to you a living presence and inspiration? When its eyes seem to look at you, they have power to burn and shame out of your soul all evil thoughts or purposes. You worship their ideals as a devotee might a saint. They mould your thought. They shape your life. They creep even into your dreams. Do you not, then, see how natural it all is, and how mighty?

Suppose, then, you take home to your hearts an ideal of the divine. Let it be to you the embodiment of all truth, all beauty, all good. Let it be like a living presence. Learn that through these qualities have come all the good, the glory, the happiness that man has ever attained; that this way lies all the hope of the future; that here is the open secret of all peace and joy and rest for your own life; that other things pass, while these remain. Learn to worship, reverence, love this thought of God. Do you not see that an inward leading like this would supersede the necessity for all outward calculations and motives, and thus your lives would flow Godward as naturally and beautifully as a river runs between its verdant banks?

Such is the work of true religion. Natural, divine, it cleanses the fountains of the heart, and so makes clear and life-giving all the streams of daily life.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Call to remembrance what acts our fathers did in their time: so shall ye receive great honor and an everlasting name."—I. MACCABEES ii., 51.

"IT is all very well to give a lecture on Washington, and, if the subject is not already somewhat trite, perhaps it might be profitable; but why not take some other day for it? Sunday is for sermons and religion, not for lectures on secular topics." So I can imagine a great many people saying, at least by way of question, if not criticism. To such a pass as this has a conventional distinction between sacred and secular come. If a minister takes for topic some name that happens to be mentioned in the Bible, then he has a sacred subject, and what he says about it is a sermon. The name may not be that of a man either great or good, and what the minister says about him may not be either wise, witty, or profitable; but pious convention has stamped it as the proper thing to do. But, if religion is not to deal with what is great, noble, lofty, and inspiring in human character and life, then we can get along without it; and, if it is, then I know of few names, in the Bible or out, so fit to become the inspiration of a sermon.

And if, indeed, God is alive to-day, dealing with American affairs as much as he ever did with Jewish, and if religion is a thing deep enough to reach down through and broad enough to cover all human life, then there should even be a grand advantage in taking a text that vitally touches our own time. Hebrew customs, Hebrew modes of thought

and feeling, Hebrew society and politics, were so unlike our own that the lessons drawn from them often lack just that sense of reality that is fitted to touch and move our modern, practical life. A little less talk about the patriarchs and David, a little less of the scribes and Pharisees, that all are willing to join in praising or abusing, and a little more dealing with our own homes and markets and streets would make religion a somewhat more vital thing to us.

So it is a real sermon I am going to preach. And, if the things I am going to speak are not appropriate to Sunday, then all I can say is, So much the worse for Sunday.

After having talked about it for more than a hundred years, at last we have completed the Washington monument; and, yesterday, it was dedicated. The corner-stone was laid thirty-six years ago the fourth day of last July. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, a Massachusetts man, and bearing the name of Massachusetts' first governor, delivered the oration on that occasion. The same venerable man, unfortunately too feeble to deliver it this time himself, wrote the oration which was read yesterday. But a Maine man, from what was a part of Massachusetts in Washington's day, transplanted to the Bay State and made three times its governor, stood in his stead and read it in his place. Though Washington was a Virginian, it is altogether fitting that our State should hold this prominent place; for, on our soil and under the shadow of Harvard, the great leader first took command of the Continental forces. And, perhaps, no other single State did so much for the cause which he carried through to ultimate success.

To-day, then, his marble column stands complete in the city which he founded and which is called by his name. And it is fitting, not as a symbol of our pride or boasting, but as hinting the stature of the man, that it should tower serenely above any other structure that the hand of man has ever builded. For, taken every way, and comparing him with those who might claim to be his peers, human history has not produced his fellow.

The name that needs one cannot be kept alive even by a monument. We have not built it, then, for his sake, but for our own. His name is written in a more enduring substance,—the loving, grateful hearts of mankind. And the heart of every free and noble man in all coming time shall be another new tablet to his memory. His name is a synonyme for liberty; and liberty, though young, is one of the immortals. For our own sakes, then, his name is repeated in street and town, and city and State, echoed in children's names, and written all over the land. The Country is his monument. This is not completed yet; and it will not be until an integrity like his becomes the very soul of our political life. To help this on, if I may; to build one stone of the Washington quality and grain into the character of some one who hears or reads me,—this is the purpose I have in hand. And if a noble manliness is the nearest approach we can make to godliness, then my purpose is not only a political and moral one, but it is grandly religious as well.

I propose then four points for treatment. We will glance at the main features of his life. We will attempt an outline of his character. We will note the services he rendered his country. Then we will listen and try to hear some things he speaks to us to-day.

In touching on the external facts of his biography, of course it is not my purpose to enter into detail. But we need something of this as a framework for our picture.

One hundred and fifty-three years ago to-day, at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland County, Va., George Washington was born. The first roof that covered him was that of an ordinary one-story farm-house, such as may be seen anywhere in the South to-day, with steep roof and a huge chimney built out doors at either end. It has long since ceased to exist; though a memorial stone still marks the site. I know of nothing remarkable about either his father or his mother. It is said, indeed, that the latter was thrifty, a good manager, beautiful in her youth, somewhat reserved and formal in her manners in later life, possessing a spirit

of command and a high temper. But all this, and even more, could be said of thousands of women, who, nevertheless, have not become mothers of George Washingtons. When the world has a great man, it is always natural for us to try to account for him by his age, the natural scenery that cradled him, the qualities of his ancestry. But just that which constitutes his greatness did not exist in either father or mother, in the age or the land or the climate; and so it refuses to be accounted for.

He had the poorest possible opportunities for education. While he was quite small, his father removed from Westmoreland to Stafford County on the left bank of the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericton. Here he went to a low grade of private school taught by the parish sexton. There was no other there. He learned only the "three R's." He never studied grammar; and spelling seems to have been regarded as an unnecessary accomplishment. They seem to have agreed with Dogberry, who says, "To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to read and write *comes by nature.*" Some time later, while at the house of his brother, he learned a little geometry. This sums up all that the schools did for him.

It is worth while to stop here and note the fact that our two greatest, our typical Americans, Washington and Lincoln, were both what we are accustomed to call "self-made men." That means that God and nature made them. Two or three points here are worth being remembered forever.

1. No university ever yet furnished a man either brains or character.

2. Given the man to start with, the college may help him, or — it must also be said — may injure him. It all depends on how it is used.

3. Whatever a man may have studied or not studied, he is the best educated man who is the best fitted for his life work.

Neither Washington nor Lincoln ever saw more than the outside of a university. Shall we say, then, that they were educated? No men of their time were any better educated

for the work they had to do. They owed very little to others: to God and themselves, they owed all. The young men who whine that nobody helps them, and that they have no chance, are generally the ones who would not know what to do with a chance, if they did have it.

At the age of sixteen, we find the lad earning more than three dollars a day as a public surveyor of land. He followed this occupation for three years. Then, he took a commission from his State to defend her western borders from the French and Indians. At that time, the French owned Louisiana, and held the valley of the Mississippi northward; while the Indians were all along the valley of the Ohio.

Not long after, he went with his brother Lawrence, who was out of health, to the West Indies. When he was twenty, this brother died, leaving his estate — a part of which he inherited — for him to settle. He thus came into possession of Mt. Vernon, so named for a British admiral under whom the brother had served.

At the age of twenty-seven, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a widow with two children. She was distinguished only for wealth and beauty. She was no match for her husband in any other way; and perhaps the world is none the poorer for their having left no children behind them. The heart of Washington does not seem to have been very deeply engaged. It is idle to speculate as to how it "might have been," had he married one of the two or three who, as is common in most men's lives, were the heroines of his youthful romances and in whose honor he wrote the usual number of very bad verses. As a fact, he made a "respectable marriage," adding, at least, to his fortune, if nothing else. We shall find later that, in his case, this was no unimportant matter in our country's history.

He was a good and successful farmer, by his faithfulness over "a few things" proving his fitness to become "a ruler over many things." We never find him whining because he had not a field large enough to display himself in.

He was a member of the legislature of his State, then

called the House of Burgesses; and, at the age of forty-two, in 1774, he became a delegate to the first General Congress of the colonies.

On the 15th of June, 1775, through the influence of John Adams, he was selected for the position of Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. This act, which at the time was only a stroke of policy,—to bind the South to the North in the impending struggle,—proved to be far-sighted wisdom. Our Boston statesman "builded better than he knew." Of course, others wanted the post; but the influence of Adams carried the day. Others sought the position, but Washington did not. And, when it was thrust upon him, he modestly said to Congress, "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." And his after career proved beyond question that he who could not tell a lie, in this case also spoke the simple truth.

From this time on, his history is the history of America. The long war, the shifting policy, the poverty, and the divided councils of the colonies,—these are a part of the story that all our school children know. They were the long travail-pangs through which Liberty was born. From this hour, no great event happened of which Washington was not a part. He presided over the Convention which framed the great compromise which we call the Constitution. The Presidency called him from the farming to which he had gladly returned. A second time it kept him from his loved Mt. Vernon. Again, a threatened war with France took him from his retirement, and put him at the head of the army once more. A year or two only of quiet was left him at the end; and then, on the 14th of December, 1799, at the age of sixty-seven, he fell asleep.

His death was self-reliant like his life. I suppose he loved his wife. He always carried her miniature: it was on his bosom when he died. But there was no scene, no farewell. There was no priest at his bedside, no formal act

of religion. He died as he had lived. But his death was itself a resurrection, and no man in all the world to-day is more alive than he. For they are no idle words — though worn so trite — that, first pronounced by Gen. Henry Lee, have since re-echoed in the air of every land, and which declare him "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Let us now turn and try to estimate some of the chief characteristics of the man who presided at the birth of that political system that is the hope and the model of all those who, under every sky, are looking for the coming of a better condition for man.

1. How did he look? He was not what women would call a handsome man. In fact, he was never, in any particular, what is sometimes spoken of as a "ladies' man." He stood six feet two inches high, and during the war weighed about two hundred pounds. He was not fleshy, but muscular. He was very strong. His tent, when wrapped about its poles, was so heavy that it took two men to lift it and place it in the camp wagon. He could lift it and throw it in with one hand. His ordinary shoes were number elevens, and he sometimes wore thirteens. His hands were so large that his gloves were made to order. His head was small, as compared with his body. His nose was thick, very prominent, and during his out-door life apt to be very red. His mouth was large, his lips compressed and masterful. His eyes were so gray as to look at times almost white. His hair was chestnut brown, but early turned gray. His engine of body and brain required a good deal of fuel: so he naturally was a large eater, though not a fastidious one. Like most men of his time, he was free in his drinking as well as his eating; but no one ever charged him with being the "worse" for it. He did not look his best in a drawing-room; but in his military costume, and mounted on one of his horses,— of which he was a great lover,— he made a grand and striking figure. His portraits, like those of Shakspere, have been a good deal idealized. It is said that Cromwell commanded

the artist who was making his portrait to paint him just as he was, even to the wart on his nose. Undoubtedly, an accurate photograph of Washington would change somewhat our ideal of him; but it would not make it any less striking or impressive.

2. It is worth while to give a brief glance at his worldly circumstances; for they played a very important part in his career. For those days, he was rich, leaving at his death somewhere near half a million of dollars. This enabled him to do what his inclination prompted,—decline all compensation for his public services. He declared at the outset that, since no money could induce him to undertake such a task as was imposed upon him, he would not permit it to be the source of any pecuniary income. And his wealth should not, in our minds, at all detract from this extraordinary unselfishness of his; for experience does not prove that rich men are more indifferent to money than poor ones. Indeed, the willingness of men already well off to "cast an anchor to the windward," to put money "where it would do the most good," to place pecuniary considerations before public service, has often been the bane of our politics. The reason why I mention it here is because it undoubtedly proved the preponderating reason for keeping Washington at the head of the army until he had finished his task. There were no end of cabals and plots against him. Many sought to undermine his influence and get his position. But, besides all the other motives in his favor, it was hard to drive a man out of a place to which he was devoting all his energies without compensation, particularly while the colonies were so poor. This, then, oftentimes turned the scale against the malice of his enemies; and he was permitted to complete his work.

3. What now shall we say of his affectional nature? His love for justice, for liberty, for his country, for principles and great purposes, was immense, preponderating, lasting. But his personal loves were few. He was not what would be *called* a tender or an affectionate man. Had he lived a

quiet domestic life, and had the voices of his own children called for love, his nature might have showed another side. But he had few intimates, few close personal friends. Such as he did have were chiefly, if not entirely, those who were bound to him by other and public ties. His life was severe and lonely. The only man who ever attempted a personal familiarity with him — one of his officers, and as the result of a wager that he would slap him on the shoulder — received for reply only a look; but such a look as made him wish the earth would open and give him shelter. Perhaps it was impossible for him to get away from the army, even for the briefest period. But I cannot help thinking it significant of more than his devotion to public duty that, from the time of his taking command of the army at Cambridge until the war was ended, his footstep never crossed the threshold of his home. Had he loved as some great men have loved, this year-long separation from his wife would seem almost an impossibility. But it must be remembered that hearts, like flowers, will bud and blossom in some climates, and not in others. Perhaps he lacked the appropriate air and dew and sunshine.

4. Turn now to his mental qualities. As a pure intellect, he undoubtedly had his superiors among the Revolutionary leaders. He was not a scholar. There are no signs of any special taste for literature or art. He was no reader of philosophy or maker of philosophical observations. He showed no familiarity with science beyond that of any ordinary gentleman of his time. But he had an immense practical genius. His administrative, executive ability was extraordinary. He had a marvellous talent for detail, and for combining all details into the production of a practical whole. Here was his intellectual power. He showed it on his farm, in the army, as President, and every where throughout his life. He was one of the rare men who can *do* great things. And though, at first sight, this seems prosaic, such men are born less frequently than are great talkers or great writers. He was "arms and a man," the theme of

epics: the writing of the epics he left to others. The intellectual greatness of Washington, then, was not of the kind to strike the imagination, like that of the great orator, the great poet, or the great discoverer. But read the history of the Revolution: see what he had to do with and what he accomplished. He who, with the materials at his disposal, can build as he builded, shows that he possessed an intellectual greatness of the very first rank.

5. But, lofty as was his intellect, his moral altitude outtowers his brain, as Mont Blanc rises above the Alps, and claims fellowship with the clouds. Perhaps no ruler that ever lived combined with a brain power equal to his so magnificent a moral grandeur. Generals like Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon accomplished deeds more theatrical and dazzling, though neither of them did so much to turn the current of history into channels beneficial to human civilization; while, in moral, manly greatness, their loftiest heights were even depressions beside his mountainous majesty. The only man that England has produced to compare with him is Cromwell; and between the two there is, morally, no comparison.

Let us note briefly a few of his more prominent moral characteristics.

There was apparently nothing in his entire nature to which anything low or vicious, in the ordinary sense, could attach itself. His youth, as well as his manhood, was unsmirched. He was hated and slandered, like other great men; but the quality of his character was such that he did not need even defence: nothing would stick, but fell off, leaving him whiter, if possible, than before.

He had even a flaming hatred of a lie. Whether or not the hatchet and cherry-tree story be a myth, that which it symbolizes was no myth. His whole nature was as straight as a sunbeam. The only thing in his whole career that even approached deception was such masterly military strategy as that by which he deceived even his friends and fellow officers into believing he was going to besiege New

York, until he was ready to fling himself upon Cornwallis at Yorktown, and so end the war. But this was only a universally acknowledged weapon to fight with, not the duplicity of an unreliable nature.

And, then, his modesty was as marked as his greatness. He never put himself forward; he never sought a place or a personal advantage. And never, his whole life long, was he known to utter a single word that savored of vanity or boasting, or that was intended to call attention either to his achievements or himself.

He had a tremendous power of wrath. His was no easy-going, milksop nature, that was always good because there were in him none of the elemental forces that have power to drive one into evil. His was the virtue of one who drove wild horses, yet never was careless with the reins. Great passions under great control,— this is the formula for a strong man. There was volcanic power in him; and, on the rare occasions of an eruption, it was well with those who were out of the way of the burning lava of his anger. Ordinary vulgar swearing he not only never practised: he even discountenanced and punished it. But, in one or two crises of his life, his wrath became lightning, and his words such thunder as polite drawing-rooms are not accustomed to.

I confess I was somewhat relieved when I first learned this. Washington had always seemed to me so out of the range of ordinary mortals that it was a comfort to find, even by such means, that he was really human.

But, if afterward he found that he had wronged any one, even in word, his sense of justice would not let him rest till he had made all right again.

His strength of will, his patience and persistence, were extraordinary. He took infinite pains, first, to be sure he was right. He was not obstinate or opinionated. He took advice on all sides. Every one who had a right to an opinion was listened to. On the eve of any important expedition, he took counsel with all his officers. Then, in the light of all available wisdom and experience, he carefully made

up his mind. When thus made up, his purpose was as inflexible as fate.

His justice was as impartial as a pair of scales. He was little the creature of impulse or tenderness; but his slaves, even his enemies, knew they could confidently trust his justice. Tenderness and impulse are lovely and attractive; but, in the history of this world, they have often been both unjust and cruel, through partiality of view or feeling. But Washington never knowingly wronged a human being.

A view of his moral nature would be incomplete, that failed to take account of his attitude toward slavery. He owned slaves all his life. He kept them busily at work, and tolerated neither idleness nor shirking. But he looked after them carefully. He had them cared for, and visited them when ill; and they respected and trusted him. The most of them were entailed with his estate, and he had no power to free them during the life of his wife. But he opposed the slave trade, encouraged the formation of the first anti-slavery society, and denounced the whole system as wicked and inhuman. And, to crown it all, he made careful provision in his will that all over whom he had any control should be set free at the earliest moment that the law made possible. All this, when we consider the age, the influence of early training, and the customs and sentiments about him, showed a remarkable clearness of moral vision and the courage of his convictions.

And now what of his religious nature? Because he was christened before he could have anything to say about it, because he was vestryman in the church that he usually attended as a young man, and for other reasons not more important, the attempt has been made to prove that he belonged to the conventional type of Christian.

I believe him to have been grandly religious, but not according to the common definition. The pictures that represent him on his knees, in the winter forest at Valley Forge, are even silly caricatures. Washington was at least not sentimental; and he had nothing about him of the

Pharisee that displays his religion at street corners or out in the woods, in the sight of observers, or where his portrait could be taken by "our special artist." Those best qualified to testify tell us he was decidedly liberal in his theology in his mature manhood; and we know he was not shocked by the teachings of Thomas Paine. That he trusted in God, believed in a Providence that in some large way guided human destiny, is, doubtless, true; but that he was an evangelical Christian is almost certainly not true.

But picture a man who is pure and modest and unselfish and high-minded and just, and who devoted his whole life to the noblest causes and the welfare of his fellow-men,—then, if religion can afford to repudiate a character like that, all we can say is, So much the worse for the religion. It may discredit the religion; but it certainly cannot harm the man.

We must now glance at the services he rendered his country.

Here, I have no time for detail; and, fortunately, it is not necessary. It is all summed up in saying, Look at America, her institutions and her prosperity. Remember, also, that to America turn the eyes of all those in all lands who have any faith in or high hopes for man. It is taking away nothing from the well-earned glory of others to say that, but for Washington, our Republic would probably not have been born when it was. What our history, then, might have been, who can tell? But he possessed just those qualities that fitted him to lead us, patiently but persistently, through the wilderness and into the Promised Land; and no other man of the time had just those qualities.

Liberty, a free country, a place where a man is a man simply on the basis of his manhood, a land where every man may find an open opportunity to be and do all that he can, —how much does this mean, and what is it worth? We are all liable to lose the sense of these things, as we forget the value of sunlight, just because of their commonness. Others of a fastidious taste sometimes experience a sense of reaction after hearing them extolled by some Fourth-of-July ora-

tor, as the Athenians got weary of hearing Aristides called "the Just." Then, just now, we are suffering from an epidemic of Anglomania. If one can advertise anything as English,—from the fit of a coat, or a riding-school, up to a drama or "Her Majesty's Opera,"—he is sure of custom. Callow youths, with their beards too young for manly estimates of anything, with their fancies overshadowed from having stood under the ruin of a castle, with their shallow shame of toil and an upstart desire to be exclusive, having seen a lord at a distance so that they can almost fancy that they have spoken to him,—such wiseacres as these, who have not yet learned even so much as that they are fools, will come home from their first trip abroad, and talk loftily of how they "do things in Europe, you know." If I did not myself love and honor England too much to be willing to offer her an intentional affront, I should be in favor of sending such feeble intellects as these over there, and making them stay. The wisest Englishmen agree with all sensible Americans in laughing at all this folly. If any man can go abroad without a definite increase of patriotic devotion to his own country, then I envy neither his head nor his heart.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, the foremost critic of his age, a profound student of the leading national systems of education, one of the wisest living writers on political problems and progress, wrote and published in the *Nineteenth Century*, an English magazine, "A Word about America." This was some years ago; and he based his opinions on the statements of others and on our abuse of ourselves, taking us at our word. In the *Nineteenth Century* for the present month (February), he has another article, entitled "A Word More about America." This is based on his own observations and studies while on his recent visit among us.

Let it be remembered that Mr. Arnold is English of the English, that all his feelings are enlisted on England's behalf, that he has studied the workings of her institutions for years, that lords are his intimate friends, that he moves easily and at home in that society that is the envy of our

temporarily exported upstarts. Now, what is his opinion as to the value of our American institutions, for which we are so largely indebted to Washington? He declares, without qualification, that we have come nearer to a successful solution of the social and political problems than any other nation on the face of the earth. And he recommends the adoption of our representative system as the natural and necessary cure for the Irish and colonial troubles that are now so embarrassing. Indeed, his hope for England lies in the direction of remodelling her institutions after the American pattern. Just those very things that our Anglomaniacs go into their little raptures over he points out as the sources of their danger.

In the light of history then, and as tested by the judgment of those most competent to form an opinion, the work of Washington and his compeers resulted in putting this nation in the very vanguard of the advance of man.

This by no means implies that there is nothing left for us to do except to indulge in self-glorification. That is as far from being wise as is the opposite course I have been condemning. It then remains for me to complete my morning's task by reminding you of a few of the duties that spring naturally out of our present condition. Washington is not dead. His beneficent, shaming, inspiring presence haunts the halls and corridors of the Capitol. He walks our streets, more alive and mighty than most of our legislators. What has he to say to us on this, his birthday? If the bronze and marble lips of his many statues could move and shape the air to words, what would his great soul tell us to be and do?

1. He would tell us that we have in charge the grandest heritage that was ever committed to any people. It is not ours to neglect, to trifle with, to diminish: we only hold it, in trust, for the world's great future. It is ours to better, to augment, to transmit.

2. He would tell us that to serve a republic like this with unselfish devotion is worthy of the grandest ambition of man. Through his faith in the people and the principles

involved, he refused to talk of monarchy, though the crown waited for his own brow. He nobly scorned, in any way, to make personal gain of his country's service. He modestly questioned his ability to serve worthily so high a cause; and only when the office sought him did he take it as a command, which he did his best to obey. What a model this for public service!

3. Since the ballot with us has become the prerogative of manhood, and since we cannot now limit it, if we would, a spirit and temper like Washington's would lead us to do our utmost to make the people such that a vote in every man's hand should be wielded by intelligence and virtue. It is not only duty, it is self-defence, to turn the common school system into a means for making every citizen the recipient of such training as ought to result in both intelligence and virtue. Intellectual and moral training for citizenship should be the one aim of our public schools.

And since the ballot is with us the source of all power, the ruin or the glory of our nation, two things ought to be done. First, to buy or sell a vote ought to be regarded as treason. And, for such a crime, both the buyer and the seller should be by law disfranchised for at least a term of years. What greater public crime can there possibly be than to tamper with the very foundations of the Republic? Few of the offences for which the penitentiary is held to be a fitting punishment are one-half so dangerous to the public welfare as this. Then, secondly, in a country where all men may vote, voting is not only a privilege, it is the first of duties. It is not something in regard to which any man has a right to do as he chooses. It is a responsibility which a man cannot avoid, though he try ever so hard to do so. Both his action and his non-action count, and must count for either good or ill. If he does not vote, he does vote — by his silence; and the chances are that he will thus vote for the wrong side. He who consents to let a cause go by default is responsible for its thus going. If any man then refuses to vote at all for two consecutive years, I would have him called upon by law

to show cause for his action; and, unless his reason proved satisfactory, I would have him also disfranchised for a term of years, the time to depend upon the circumstances of the case.

4. Once more, an example like that of Washington speaks; and it tells us — what it is a shame to us that we should need to have told — that official position is for the sake of the country,— not for a party nor for the person who gets it. It is the interest and the right of the country so to arrange the working of our political system as to put in and keep in our places of public service our noblest and most efficient men. It may be for the personal interest of one man and his friends to get a particular office, for which he is unfit; but the interest of everybody else is against such an arrangement. Washington was not only superior to any petty, personal views: he was also superior to party. He knew that party was for the country, and not the country for party. And we are no true party men, if we are so inconsiderate or faithless as to be willing to injure the country for the sake of party success.

5. And, in the last place, since no party and no country can be better or wiser then the sum of the individuals that compose it, the best way to reform and perfect either party or country is to begin with ourselves. Let us see to it that the influence of Washington be not lost on our own lives. Let us try to see clearly the pathway of duty; and then let us cultivate a will like his to walk in it, in the face of any difficulty and at any cost to ourselves.

We have here in America the grandest opportunity the world has ever seen. Our resources are practically boundless. We have a political system adapted to human needs, and capable of shaping itself freely to any exigency of the future. We have already shining in our nation's heaven a galaxy of brilliant, starry names fitted to lift the imagination and guide our feet in lofty ways in every conceivable emergency. And above them all shines out "the cloudless glory" of Washington. With such an opportunity, such

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EVIL AND GROWTH.*

EVERY man and woman must, after some fashion, deal with religion. Religion is so essential, so pervasive a fact, that we can no more escape it than we can escape the atmosphere. A man's lungs may be disordered, he may breathe bad air, he may not breathe enough; but, in some fashion, he must deal with the atmosphere. Every man must deal with questions of health. If he be ignorant of the laws of life, if he be careless concerning them, if he be willing to defy them even, still he deals with them, and deals with them in the most vital way. So, whatever your theory about religion, or whatever your lack of theory, whatever your belief or disbelief, you can no more escape it than you can travel outside and beyond the boundary line of the world's horizon.

If a man declares himself an atheist, atheism is a religious theory. It is only the obverse side of the current coin of belief. So, however you put it, you must deal with it, and it will deal with you; and your success or failure in life will very largely depend upon your theory or lack of theory, on the correctness or lack of correctness of your religious belief. He who will deal with it in any intelligent fashion must have a working theory, at least, of life. He must have some belief concerning the great problems of the world,—the problem of sin, the problem of pain, the problem of death. He must be able to give, if not some account of them, at least some theory concerning them, that will enable him practically to deal with them day by day. He must face them; for they are a part of our human experience.

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

And, if he is to be intelligently religious, he must have some belief that shall enable him to bear that which is inevitable, that shall enable him to escape that which may be escaped, that shall enable him to do something, in his own case and in the case of others, to help the deliverance of the great world from its heavy burdens. In order to do this, he must have some belief in an outcome that shall by and by justify the process,— a religion or a theory of some kind that shall be an inspiration to him, that shall help him to bear what must be borne, and that shall enable him to do what he can. He must have some hope in his heart that shall sustain him in the midst of the practical difficulties of life. Men have always felt, from the beginning of time, that pain and sin and death were, somehow, unnatural. They have not submitted to them willingly. They have felt that they ought not to exist, and that the great work of humanity was, in some way, to escape from them. Yet, if by the word "natural" we mean that which is a part of the observed facts of nature, then there is nothing more natural in the world than pain and sin and death. It seems to me a very significant and hopeful fact that men have thus revolted against them,— that they feel that, if the world were what it ought to be, they would not exist. They have felt that, somewhere in the past, there must have been an ideal world where they did not exist; and that, somewhere in the future, there should be created an ideal world in which they should no longer exist. And this glimpse of the ideal, this feeling that there is something better, seems to me one of the most significant, one of the most hopeful facts in human life.

What is this problem? Let us glance at it under two or three phases.

Take the fact of pain. Are we not all the time asking: Why do we need to suffer? Why does this pain exist? Why is there so much of it in the world? Why is there so little apparent connection between suffering and the moral character of those who suffer? For, sometimes, we see

some sturdy, healthy, indifferent wrong-doer defying all the moral laws and yet going through life in the main free from suffering; while some other person, his conscience keyed to the highest ideal of life and truth, is so organized that life is one long, tremulous pain. Why is this?

Take the fact of death. Why do we need to die, if there is a future life? Why not some other method of transition from this life to that? Why need this new birth be accompanied by so much of sorrow, of horror, from which we shrink abashed and appalled? And then, even if death need exist at all, why need it be accompanied with so much of pain? Why need it come before the term of life is lived out? Why are we not permitted to go through this school, to finish this earthly education? Why does death take some man in the prime of life, on whom are dependent a wife and little children, and leave them to suffer and struggle, perhaps to perish, in the midst of untoward circumstances? Why does death take a mother away from her little children, just at the time when they seem to need her most? Why does death take one-half the human race before the little feet are fairly across the threshold of earthly existence? Why are these little buds here, if they are never to bloom? Why are they permitted to wither before they have unfolded a single petal?

Then, why is sin here? Why this struggle between the impulses that would lead us astray and the clear perception that tells us what we ought to do? Why this battle between the lower and the higher? What is the need of it? What is the origin of it? How did it come into the world? Why need it have come in? Did it come from the sin of one ancestor, or have we all sinned in some pre-existent state? What is sin? What led the first person to commit the first sin? Did he do it wilfully, understanding what he was doing? Was he overpowered by temptation in the form of some person or some wicked devil? Why did the devil wish to tempt him? Why was there any devil? How did he happen to sin in the first place? All these questions

throng upon us, and, if we do not ignore them, demand an answer. No man can live for forty, fifty, or seventy years, without taking account of them, without dealing with them, without trying to make the evil less, or being willing to make it more, or in some way becoming involved as a part of the great mystery.

I propose, then, for my task this morning, to ask how these questions are ordinarily explained, to examine that explanation a little, and then to see if there is any other explanation which shall help us to a more rational and more hopeful theory of life.

You know, in the main, the explanation which Christendom has offered us. It has given us but one. That one has dominated the intelligent world, the majority of it, for nearly eighteen hundred years. And, though it be modified very largely in the thought of many, yet still, in some phase, it forms part of the creed of Christendom. What is this explanation?

You know the familiar story. I need only hint its outline, not for the sake of telling you what it is, but for the sake of some comments that I wish to make.

The human race, it explains, was created originally in the persons of one man and one woman, who were naturally endowed with innocence and immortality. There was no pain, no sorrow, no death in the Garden of Eden. How did they come there? God laid upon this man and woman a command, which they voluntarily broke; and, as a result, he laid upon them as a penalty pain and death. They committed the sin; and this mysterious penalty came from their voluntary transgression. Thus, all the evil of the world came into existence.

Now let us look at this a moment. In the first place, we know that it is not true. We know, as the result of scientific investigation, that pain and death were on this planet unnumbered ages before humanity began to be. We know, again, that these bodies of ours — the body of the first man as well as of the last one born — are so constituted that

death is just as natural as life. They bear in themselves the limitation of their own continuance. A clock, when it is wound up, will run just so long, according to its structure; and then it will run down. Wind it up as many times as you please, according to the way in which it is made, and the constitution of the materials out of which it is made will be its power of endurance. It will wear just so long, and then wear out. It will keep time just so long and no longer. So these bodies of ours, constructed as they are,— and as the first man must have been; for no one claims any difference in the physical constitution,— these bodies must die. Death is just as natural as life.

Then, we know that, were these things not so, we could not to-day accept it as true, for the simple reason that it seems to us so unjust. We could not believe that any God, worthy of love or worship, could have attached such penalties to such an asserted sin.

Let us look at it. Here were Adam and Eve, ignorant. They had had no experience. How should they know what death meant, what sin meant? How should they know what pain meant? How should they know what this threatened penalty attached to their supposed sin might mean, so as to be deterred from the commission of that sin? To go farther yet, how should they know that this power outside of them, who told them that he had created them, had any rightful authority over them? How should they understand that they were committing so great a crime, when they were doing simply what they pleased, instead of following the will of an outside power, whose nature they did not know nor comprehend?

If we analyze this a little, we shall see that there could have been no such deliberate wrong as would justify the attachment of any such penalty to the supposed sin. But suppose Adam had really understood what he was doing, where is the justice of *your* suffering for it thousands of years afterward? Where is the justice of my nerves tingling with pain or my heart being crushed with the loss of those I

love or my being burdened with the sense of sin, because somebody else, ages ago, chose to disobey a supposed divine law?

I know it is sometimes said — I was taught it in the seminary — that the sin of Adam had so stupendous a penalty attached to it on account of the infinite dignity and majesty of the person against whom he sinned. That is the principle; and it is a necessary one, if you are going to support this theory. Sin is, according to that, not to be measured by the intelligence, not by the character of the person sinning, but by the dignity and greatness of the person against whom the sin is committed. Take a simple illustration. Suppose a little child of five years old, in the presence of Queen Victoria, should speak slightingly or contemptuously of her, or deliberately disobey her command. What would you think of the justice which should treat the little five-year-old child, not in the light of its innocence, ignorance, weakness, and childishness, but of the dignity and supposed greatness of the Queen of England and the Empress of India; that they should measure out a punishment as large as the dignity of the queen instead of as small as the child? We could not, then, accept this explanation of the origin of sin and pain and evil, even if we did not know, on the basis of modern science, that the facts were not as they were supposed to be.

Not only have those who were called heretics felt the seriousness of these objections, but some of the great leaders of thought who are still inside the ancient fold. As an illustration of an attempt to get over this difficulty, I shall call your attention to a work, famous in its day, by Dr. Edward Beecher, called *The Conflict of Ages*. The purpose of that book was to explain just this problem of sin and suffering, and to offer an explanation that might be accepted as just and reasonable in the modern world. Let us see the objections he urges against the common theory. He says this: If any man — Adam, for example — is to be held responsible for his actions, so as to be justly liable to punish-

ment; if he is to have a fair probation, a fair trial,— then it is necessary that certain conditions be observed. For example, he says: Take the case of Adam. He is placed as the head of the race at the beginning of earthly time, and his future and the future of the world are to depend on his choice. Then, says Dr. Beecher, in order to make this fair and just, he must have been endowed with a wisdom which would have enabled him to look all down the ages from that hour to the end of time, so as to comprehend all the significance of his action. He must have been able to say, If I follow this road of right, such and such results will follow; if I take this pathway of wrong, such and such results will follow for myself and my posterity. He must have been able to comprehend in their entirety the results of his actions. Then something else. He must have been perfectly unbiassed, not inclined in any way, either to the right or to the wrong. Because, if he came with a bias, then that bias would be responsible, not he. He must have been able to stand and look down the ages, down these two pathways, to comprehend clearly the results of his choice, and to make that choice with perfect freedom. Dr. Beecher says that there is no evidence that Adam ever had such a trial, that nobody else ever had such a trial; and yet he must have had it, in order that the results to the race should be construed as just, in the light of reason.

Let us note one other fact. Suppose Adam did have that chance, there are two things I want to say about it. In the first place, it is utterly incomprehensible that any rational being, standing with these two pathways open before him, with a clear insight as to what they meant, and with an unbiassed will, should ever have chosen pain and sorrow and sin and death and everything evil and horrible instead of life and light and peace and joy and happiness and bliss unspeakable and everything desirable. It is utterly absurd and incredible that anybody should ever have made such a choice. In the next place, suppose he had made that choice, it does not follow that he had any right to involve me in the

results of that choice. There is still a difficulty here that it is impossible to overcome.

How then does Dr. Beecher escape the difficulty? By the theory of the pre-existence of the soul. He says that, somewhere, in some previous life, either Adam for the race, or each member for himself, must have had this fair probation, this opportunity for a perfectly free and intelligent choice, so that we here to-day may be looked upon as suffering the natural, necessary, legitimate results of our own actions.

You are aware of the fact that Dr. Beecher borrowed this theory of pre-existence from the East. Probably one-half of the human race to-day holds this theory as the very basis of religious life and thought. All the Hindus and Buddhists, and nearly all Orientals, hold firmly this theory of the pre-existence of the soul. They have been driven to it probably in very much the same way as Dr. Beecher was driven,—to find a rational way of explaining the facts of human life. Suppose you were in Hindustan to-day, and had lost some intimate friend or met some financial disaster or were suffering pain, what would they tell you? They would tell you that you are probably receiving the exact penalty that you deserve. No matter how true and lovely you may have been since you were born into this life, the life you are leading here, whether good or evil, is the exact measured result of your previous lives. You are bearing to-day just what you ought to bear. The moral of it with them is that, under the impulse of this thought, you are to live so nobly, so truly, so faithfully, in the midst of the difficulties that surround you, that the next time you are incarnated you may be born into a better condition. This is the theory of pre-existence.

We have two difficulties in accepting this theory. In the first place, we do not know of any adequate reason why we should believe any such theory. In the next place, it only pushes the difficulty one stage farther back. Suppose we skip a thousand or a million years, and go back uncounted ages, why did I sin then? Did I know what I was doing?

If I did know, it seems absurd that I should have done it. The difficulty remains, only it is pushed farther back. We shall find that the same questions arise, no matter how far back we go.

Now, then, I propose to offer you what seems to me, at any rate, a solution of these difficulties, in the light of the science of evolution, the modern theory of human development from lower forms of life. I do not undertake to say that I shall be able to clear up all the mystery, and answer all the questions, or to make it perfectly satisfactory to you any more than it is perfectly satisfactory to me. Only I do claim that it is the most rational theory I know of, and comes the nearest to explaining pain and sin and death. Let us see what this explanation is.

According to this doctrine, it is no longer a question, but a settled fact, that humanity started as the offspring of lower forms of life, having been developed from them, starting half animal, with only dawning humanity in heart and brain. It started weak, ignorant, in the midst of all that was mysterious, wonderful, and mighty; surrounded on every hand by forces not comprehended, forces with which it knew not how to deal. It began to live in circumstances like these. It must of necessity have progressed tentatively, through trials, through experiments. It must, of course, have made mistakes; and these mistakes, since the laws of nature are inexorable, would naturally and necessarily be followed by the results of pain, disease, suffering of every kind.

To illustrate: humanity had to learn by experience what was good to eat. Trying this and that, it would learn that some things were not only not wholesome, but poisonous, and would result in death; that others would bring disease; that other things were good for food, and so might be universally partaken of. How else could they learn what to eat? In this way, they learned how to deal with all the forms and forces of the universe.

There is only one other conceivable way. In order to

have escaped these things, humanity must have been endowed from the start with infallible knowledge. But think what that means. When we talk about knowing anything, what do we mean? All knowledge, in the very nature of things, is the result of experience. It comes in no other way. We have, indeed, the knowledge that has been transmitted to us from the past; but that was the result of the experience of those who have lived before us. Not only knowledge, but the brain, the very organ of knowledge, is the result of life through experience. It is developed by experience. Was it possible for knowledge to be conferred upon us suddenly? Not omnipotence itself could have done it. In the very nature of the case, according to our definition of the term, any such supposition is absurd and impossible. You remember the two men, or two boys, who were discussing what God could do. One of them claimed that God could do everything, that there was no limit to his omnipotence, when the other asked, "Do you think that it would be possible for him to make a two-year old colt in fifteen minutes?" There are some things that are absurd in their very nature, that are not within the scope or the power of even omnipotence itself. Knowledge, then, being the result of human experience, cannot be suddenly given to man, any more than a plant that takes a week to grow could be created in an instant.

Again, humanity is constructed in such a way that the very capacity for pleasure implies a capacity for pain. There is no way by which any one can rise above the possibility of pain except by becoming insensible to any emotion. The only way, then, by which pain can be escaped is through that knowledge which enables us to choose or create the conditions of our life, out of which condition shall be left those things that tend to the production of pain. Humanity, then, starting where it did, could not escape pain, disease, death. For death to a race beginning life as this race began it, and constituted as this race is constituted, is just as natural as life; and it is as necessary as birth. The only real evil about

death, to my mind, is the fact that it is so often premature, that it comes before we have learned the lessons of life, and that it is accompanied by so much suffering and horror. But this prematurity of death and this needless pain that accompanies it, these also can be cured through knowledge, and only through knowledge,— through learning how to take care of our bodies, how to adjust ourselves to the world about us, how to create conditions in which to live free from the evils of pain and disease. So much, then, for the explanation that the theory of evolution has to give us with reference to pain and death.

Let us now look at that apparently deeper problem still, the fact of sin.

What is sin? What do we mean by it? Is sin a mistake? A person does not feel remorse for a mistake. It is in its very essence a choice between following motives one of which is held to be right and the other wrong. It is the choice of the lower in us instead of the higher. It is the choice of that which we afterward feel has wrought evil in the world instead of good. This, so far as we are conscious of it, is the essence of sin. The fact of human development underlies this conflict of motives.

As leading the way to this, let me make this statement. If there were living on this earth or on any other planet a race of beings who had never made any progress, who were utterly incapable of progress, you would never find that they used the word "sin," or that they were conscious of the fact to which we have given that name. If they were never any lower than they are to-day, if they were incapable of becoming any higher, if all their life of thought, of sensation, of action, were on one dead level, there would, in the nature of the case, be no choice between any higher and lower. The alternative of right and wrong would never be presented to them. There would be no sin. It seems to me, as carefully as I can analyze it, that sin necessarily springs out of the very fact of progress. We have come up from a lower condition, from the animal world. We have brought along with

us animal propensities, passions, instincts, impulses, and desires. Up yonder, we get glimpses of heights to which we feel we are capable of climbing. We feel that we ought to attain those heights, because there is less of pain, of sorrow, of evil of every kind there. But there is this struggle between this lower life and the higher. We are blinded by impulses of passion. We see what we ought to do, but we do not do it. This, it seems to me, is the essence of sin. This is what we mean when we are talking about it. It is the age-long battle between the lower and the higher. It springs out of the fact that we are a progressive race; that we have come from beneath, and that our destiny is above and beyond; that we are only in transition, fighting along this road.

Now, what are some of the advantages of this explanation? I do not claim that evolution explains everything. I only claim that it offers us a more satisfactory theory of pain, of death, of sin, than is embodied in the popular creeds of Christendom. What are some of the advantages?

1. It teaches us that pain and death and sin are a part of the natural order of the world, instead of being something unnatural, injected into this order from without by an arbitrary will. If I interpret aright your consciousness by my own, I think you will agree with me, when I say I can bear with patience that which is a part of the natural order of life, that which is inevitable, that which is a part of the process of growth, a good deal better than I can the infliction of an arbitrary will, when I have to feel all the time it might possibly have been just as well and better even otherwise. I do not like to feel that that which is inflicted upon me is a matter of pure caprice and wilfulness, even though I am told that that caprice, that wilfulness, are the caprices and wilfulness of a God. I can bear with patience and cheerfulness that which seems to me a part of the necessary order of the world.

2. This doctrine teaches us a hopeful theory of life instead of one of despair. I find the root of this in the fact of

human growth. Evil is a natural and necessary part of a system of growth. I then feel hopeful instead of discouraged. The other theory teaches a downfall and ruin that, in large numbers of cases, is to be endless and hopeless. This teaches me a hopeful theory of life. I have learned to look upon pain and death and sin as signs of cheer instead of the opposite. They are a part of the necessary process of growth of a race that is developing, that is *en route* through this kind of experience to something higher and better. That does not make them good in themselves. But it does give us a grand trust that the good is stronger than the evil, and that the evil may thus be outgrown.

3. It suggests another thing that is to my mind marvellously full of hope. Teaching, as it does, that this is a part of the life process of every individual soul, it gives us the assurance that some time the process of education, by means of this human discipline, will end, and we shall have developed out of these evil conditions. I believe we may regard it as quite reasonable that pain and sin and death shall be somewhere eternal. That is, this process of development, by means of pain and sorrow and death, may be going on in some planet of the universe forever. But it is not eternal in the case of any individual soul. They are eternal just as a primary school might be eternal, but new children forever entering and passing through and graduating from it into something higher and better. The outcome is deliverance, the grand result of the process of training.

4. This theory relieves God, to our thought, of that burden of inexplicable responsibility for what is in itself an essential evil. It relieves humanity of a great weight of degradation and despair. It crowns life with glory and hope and peace, and gives it an outlook and assurance of final triumph that may well make us all not only willing, but glad to fight through the battle for the sake of the victory at the end.

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VII. BELIEF AND TRUTH.

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BELIEF AND TRUTH.*

A PERFECT religious life would mean perfect righteousness. Or, to take out the theological term, which, on account of its very familiarity, is apt to become trite, and so to convey to us no very clear or distinct meaning, it would mean complete rightness in every relation of life,— internal rightness, external rightness, rightness of thought, feeling, will, word, deed. Or, to speak of the different groups of relationship into which the total life of man may logically and naturally be divided, it would be proper to say that the work of religion, rightly conceived, is to establish right relationships in all directions: first, reconciling, mediating, between the conflicting thoughts, feelings, passions of the individual, making us what we ought to be in our inner life; second, establishing right relationships between self and the neighbor, whether the neighbor be conceived of as standing at our elbow or at the antipodes; and, third, establishing right relationship between the individual and that Power, however we may conceive it, however we may name it, that is not ourselves,— that Power that was here before we were born, that will be here after we die, the Power from which we have come, on which we are dependent every moment of our lives,— the universe, God. A perfect religious life, then, would be perfectly true and right relationship in all these different directions.

If we study religion as it was developed in the early history of the world among the lower and less civilized tribes of men, we shall find — we already have found — that it concerns itself almost exclusively with that which I have

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

just mentioned as the third relationship,—the relationship of man to the power or powers outside of him, leaving out of sight almost entirely social relationships and the internal condition of the heart. But, as our thought of the divine power, life, law, ever broadened, we have come to recognize that it is one law of the universe which is in the stars, which is in society, which is in the human heart,—one force, one power, one right, one justice everywhere. So, now, our conception of the religious life is broadened and more inclusive than it was in the earlier stages of human development, and covers the totality of human thought, human feeling, human action.

But, in order that we may live a perfect life, that we may be right in ourselves and rightly related to our neighbors and to the universe, we must first discover what this reality of things is of which I speak, and how we are to become adjusted to it. So we find ourselves at the very outset face to face with the problem, What is truth, and how are we to find it? Before I can perform a religious duty, I must know what a religious duty is. Before I can rightly adjust myself to my neighbors in society, I must know what that right adjustment means, I must know what the present relationship is, I must know the method by which I can become what I ought to be, how the change is to be brought about.

But this word "truth" is a word of several meanings; and, unless we stop just here for a moment to define ourselves, we may fall into more or less confusion on the subject.

When I say truth this morning, I am not talking about truth in the sense of veracity, as when I say, "I speak the truth," in talking with a friend or neighbor. I may, so far as my intention and purpose go, speak the truth every time I open my lips throughout my whole life, and yet have no sort of conception of truth in the sense in which I wish to use the word to-day. I may be perfectly veracious, and yet be utterly mistaken in regard to what my neighbor is and how

I ought to live in relation to him. Neither, when I use this word "truth" this morning, am I thinking of that other meaning of truth, as faithfulness, as loyalty, as when we say such and such a man is true to his friends, to his convictions, true to a cause which he undertakes to serve, true or loyal to his country. A man may be all this, and yet be utterly mistaken as to just what kind of a being he is and as to how he ought to live. He may be true to his country, and yet be entirely wrong in his judgment as to what policy it would be best for that country to pursue. He may be true to his friend, and yet, with the best intentions, give him advice that shall lead him practically astray. I do not mean, then, truth in this sense.

The truth of which I am speaking is this: it is the question whether my thought concerning the reality of things outside of myself is an accurate reflection of that reality, as, when I hold a mirror up, I question whether its reflection is an accurate representative of that which is reflected, or when I hold a photograph in my hand and ask whether it is an accurate likeness of the person who sat for the portrait. So I wish to know, and must know, as preliminary to any intelligent religious life, whether the image of thought that I carry in my mind as to the realities of life with which I deal is an accurate image, a correct reflection,— whether, in other words, my thought is true. This is the sense in which I wish to use the word "truth" while I am speaking concerning it this morning.

Not long ago, I was listening to an earnest and intelligent clergyman of another faith: and he was telling his people that the one, first great religious duty of man was the complete and unconditional surrender of the heart, the brain, and the conscience to God. I agreed with him. I believe that is the first great duty of man. But the question sprang immediately into my mind as to just what he meant. What is God? Who is God? Is the image that you are carrying in your mind while you are speaking an accurate representation of this great truth about which you speak?

I go to hear another clergyman of another faith, who holds a position antagonistic to the first one; and he tells me the same,— that the first great duty of man is to submit unconditionally, heart, mind, conscience, to God. I believe what these words seem to import; but yet I wish to know what he means. I go to a third clergyman: and I hear him say the same. All these three are antagonistic to each other. I know that I might go to four or five, or I know not how many, and hear substantially the same thing uttered. Must I, then, not fall back upon my original question, and ask: What is truth? How shall we find it? How shall I be sure that I have it? How shall I regard my mental attitude toward this great problem? One tells me that faith is the first great religious duty of man, meaning by that an acceptance of his particular scheme or theory of things. I say that faith is the first great religious duty of man, meaning by it, however, an underlying trust and confidence in the integrity of things,— trust that there is reality, truth, somewhere, and that the human mind is capable of attaining it, that the human soul is capable of loving it, and that man is capable of living it out in actuality. But my faith is a hemisphere apart from his. Infinity itself divides one from the other. We must go back, then, to our first question, What is truth, and how do faith and belief stand related to it?

Faith, as I have said, is the first great religious duty of man; but I also hold that, concerning any man's statement as to what may be true in any particular instance, that scepticism, doubt, is the first great religious duty of man. There is no antagonism between these two statements. I may have the utmost faith in the universe, in the integrity of things, in the integrity of the human mind and its capacity for discovering and verifying truth; and yet I may stand in an attitude of utter scepticism and doubt in the presence of the old statements as to what this reality may be. I may doubt every religious scheme or theory of things that has ever been thought out from the foundation of the world, and yet be a man of the profoundest and most earnest religious faith.

There are three great attitudes of the human mind possible toward this question of religious truth. I propose to consider these three so far as time will allow: —

I. Let us glance at what, perhaps, is commoner than either creed or faith,— credulity. Credulity is that which most men are cherishing, which they misname faith or creed. Credulity accepts unquestioning that which is offered. It has never waked up to the realization of the trouble and pain of independent thought. It does not comprehend what investigation means. It has no conception of how to verify a statement, and find out whether it is true or not. Credulity accepts those notions that float about in the air, that we breathe in as we do the motes that float in the sunbeam, that we inherit from our ancestors, that we take without question from the newspapers and magazines that we read, that we pick up as they pass over the surface of society. What shall we say of this credulity as an attitude of mind? In a little child, prattling in its innocence, surrounded by those that love and care for and cherish it, this credulity is perfectly natural; and it is only beautiful. But it is one of those childish things, fitting and lovely in a child, that a man, if he ever becomes one, should honestly and earnestly put away with the things that he played with in his childhood. This is a world in which the wisest men may be mistaken. This is a world, alas! in which hundreds and thousands of people think it for their interest to deceive. It is a world in which there are institutions established that men have become connected with in such a way that it seems for their interest to maintain these institutions as they are, unchanged. In order to do that, they must hold fast and unthinking allegiance to them, and do what they can to maintain an unquestioning adhesion to them on the part of others. What, then, is credulity in the face of facts like these? For a man capable of independent thought, study, investigation, this credulity, which they misname faith, and on which so many times they pride themselves, as though it were an indication of childlike faith

toward the Omnipotent, is nothing short of folly and crime. Credulity has misled thousands and thousands of people in the past. Credulity has stood in the way of the development of the human mind; for the brain itself, the very capacity for thought and study, grows only, as the arm does, through exercise. And he who goes through life without thinking makes feeble and puny the very organ of thought that has been given him, by which to search out and investigate the truth. Credulity has stood in the way of the study and investigation of truth, persuading people that they were already in possession of it, and so making them feel that the search was not worth while.

This childlike credulity, this unquestioning faith, has been one of the most cruel forces that human history has ever known. What was it but credulity,—this unquestioning acceptance of what one rabbi said, as reported by some other rabbi, and so along the whole line of fallible rabbis until Moses,—what was it but this, taken without verification as the unquestioned word of God, that drove the nails into the hands and feet of the Nazarene and hung him to the cross, because he dared to hint a larger truth than that with which the people were familiar? What was it but credulity, the acceptance of the old, unverified Olympian tales and myths, that forced the cup of hemlock to the lips of Socrates, the noblest man of his times? What was it but credulity that burned Giordano Bruno, that stopped the lips of Galileo, that built the Inquisition and invented every one of its nameless tortures? It was credulity that wrung those shrieks and screams of pain from those of whom the world was not worthy. Is it, then, a virtue to accept unquestioningly that which passes as current coin of truth in the marts of the world? Is it an honor to the truth or an insult,—this ready acceptance? There are thousands of people who have been trained into the idea that, somehow, it was pleasing to God for them to close their eyes and open their mouths and swallow whatever was offered. Is it an honor *to the Bank* of England for a man to take anything that

happens to be put into his hands as a genuine bank-note? Or would it not be more to its honor for them to have such faith in the real, genuine issues of the bank as to subject them to the severest test, knowing that what was genuine would not fail? Suppose some foreign kingdom or country was to send an ambassador to Washington, who was to come with certain credentials, which were to prove the genuineness of his mission and show beyond question the powers with which he was clothed: would it be an honor to that country, that kingdom, that ambassador, to refuse to investigate the first man who came along or to ask for his credentials, to see whether we were giving honor to one who was worthy or to one who should be cast out with reproach? Whatever comes from God, whatever is true and real, can stand all the investigation that you can bring to bear upon it. It seems to me that it is higher honor for us to be perfectly sure that it is God and God's truth about which we are thinking and speaking and with which we are dealing than through a too easy credulity to pour out our love, to put forth our exertions, and offer freely of our services to that which is not God's truth at all. So much, then, for hints concerning this credulous attitude of mind in relation to truth.

II. Let us now turn to that other group of ideas comprehended under the word "creed," and see what relation this bears to the discovery of truth. The only thing we are after, remember, is truth; and a creed is of value only as it helps us in the discovery of truth. There is no virtue in a creed, whether it have three articles or thirty-nine, so far as the creed itself is concerned. Truth is not for the sake of the creed, but the creed for the sake of the truth. It is the truth, and the truth alone, that we need to discover. There are three or four statements which I wish to make concerning this matter of the creed.

1. We all have a creed. There are only two classes of people that I can think of who can, by any possibility, fail to have one. One is composed of persons incapable of thought, and the other of persons too careless or too indif-

ferent to use thought in any such way as to come into the possession of any distinct, definite ideas. Any man who has a capacity of thinking, and whoever does think, has a creed, and cannot possibly escape it. If you say you do not believe in anything, you give expression there to a creed. If you say you do not know what you believe, that is your creed. If you say you do not believe it is possible for anybody to discover truth, that it is all a matter of speculation, that nothing can be fixed, defined, or certified as real, that is your creed. You cannot possibly escape having one, however great your effort may be.

2. There is no more shallow talk at the present time than that which is so common; namely, that it does not make any difference what a man's creed is. It seems to be a sort of symptom of this uncertain, transitional epoch through which we are passing,— this foolish delusion, the expression of which is so often on the lips of those who ought to know better,— that it does not make any difference what a man or woman believes. It does not make any difference, provided the thing concerning which you have a belief is something utterly apart from all practical life. You may believe whatever you choose concerning the back side of the moon, and perhaps it will not be a very important matter. You may believe whatever you please concerning the method of housekeeping in castles in Spain. You may believe whatever you choose concerning how things would be, provided they were something else than what they are. In reference to those matters that by no possibility can touch practical life, it does not make any difference what you believe; but any man would be considered foolish or insane, who should make a statement like this concerning any of the great affairs of human life. If you are out at sea, on board a steamer, it would make some difference as to what the captain believed concerning an appearance on the waters,— as to whether it was a bluff of land, dimly seen through the mist, or only a fog-bank, through which he should attempt to sail. If you are building a house, it would make some difference what

you believed concerning the strength of materials, concerning the law of gravitation, concerning the method in which the materials should be used. If you wish to reach a certain place, it would make some difference what you believed concerning the route supposed to lead there or the method by which you would attempt to reach it. Concerning anything that touches any human interest, your belief makes all the difference between success and failure. If, then, religion is not a matter of any practical concern to any human soul, then, perhaps, you may rationally settle down to the creed that it does not make any difference what a man believes. But, if it be something that underlies human life in every one of these departments, and that touches the individual and social life, in the light of which you can interpret the past, in the light of which you must attempt to create the future,—if it means anything like this, then it is the most important thing in the world what you believe in the department of religious thought and life.

3. We must get over another delusion that seems to me common. There are those who tell us, with great appearance of authority, that we are not in the least responsible for our beliefs. A very popular lecturer makes this the basis of a large part of his statements. He says: I am not responsible for my beliefs. I see things so and so, and I cannot see a fact to be other than a fact. It must weigh with me as a fact. My mind is only a pair of scales. I put a weight in here, and it weighs half a pound; and I put on the other side a pound weight, and, of course, the heavy one will go down and the light will come up. I am not responsible for it. If a man had no will, no choice, no power of investigation, all this might be true. But I dare assert that there is not a man on earth so impartial, so unprejudiced, who has looked all over the face of the earth, in search for truth, in such an earnest, simple, and honest way as to make his mind only a pair of scales, in which the weights are put so that he does not care which goes up or which goes down. There is not a great religious

or moral question, with which we must be brought face to face, concerning which we do not care. We are prejudiced in spite of ourselves. We desire this to be true; and we hope that that is not true. Is this not correct in regard to all, perhaps, but one in a hundred thousand? Is it not also partly true in the case of this one exception?

Again, is it not true that the most of us choose the materials out of which we will construct our creed? You choose what papers you will read, what magazines you will study, what theological and scientific works you will devote your leisure to, what persons you will hear lecture, what others you will not listen to. In other words, you choose the materials out of which you will construct your creed, and many times under bias of prejudice. You are influenced by your own moral character. You desire to find this true and that untrue. Here comes in the matter of responsibility. In so far as these things are so, in so far we are responsible for our creed. People say to me, on every hand: I have been trained so and so; and I love my church. My mother believes so and so; and her beliefs are sacred to me. My father held such ideas; and I am attached to them. And, therefore,—what? I choose to consider them true. Do not we, then, have some power over the manufacturing of our own creeds? We must remember that we are not honest, not real genuine truth-seekers, until we have trained ourselves into a willingness to look all over the world, and just as far as possible to discover all the materials that ought to enter into the making up of our opinions and of giving them their just weight. When we have done this, then we may talk about our minds being a pair of scales, but not before.

4. The real creed of any man or woman is not that which he writes down in a book, not that to which he subscribes when he becomes a member of a church or religious society: his real creed is the one that he lives by. You live out what you really care for, what you really believe. A man's true creed is only an accurate reflection of his character; and his character has more to do with the making of his creed than all other things combined.

You will see from what I have already said in regard to it that creed may or may not be a help toward the discovery of the truth. Your creed does not necessarily represent the truth of things. You have no right to think that it does, unless you have made a comparison and tried to verify it. This creed which you have is yours; it represents that which you have learned to care for; it is the conventional representation of what you regard as proper ideas to be held. But this creed may stand squarely in the way of your discovering the real truth. You think you have it all: therefore, you are not willing to investigate, not willing that it should be tested, not willing to bring it out into the light and lay it alongside the standard of verifiable truth. A creed we cannot help having; but it should be made only a starting-point for investigation.

III. Now, let us turn to one other point, and see what we mean by faith in the religious sense. Faith, in any true sense of that word, is not credulity, it is not creed. Faith has no sort of necessary connection with that which you believe as an intellectual statement of a proposition. Faith is the underlying trust in the integrity of the universe and the integrity of the human mind. What is it based on? Is it something all in the air, something without reason beneath or behind it? Faith, in the true sense of that word, is the result of the experience of all the past. It is the belief resulting from these ten thousand special experiences organized into an instinct that makes us trust in the reality of things; that makes us believe that there is truth somewhere, and that we can find it. It is the underlying basis of all rational thinking and all rational living. It has the grandest reason for existence of any persuasion of which we can come into possession. It is not confined to religion. People are accustomed to talk about faith as though it were set off in that airy part of our living which we label "religious."

A statesman, if he be a true statesman, lives by faith as much as does a prophet or a martyr. The statesman has

never yet seen realized in the midst of human society his ideal condition of human affairs. But, as the result of the experience of all the past of humanity, noting where man began the processes by which he has come to the present moment, and what he has achieved and holds firmly, he has a belief or faith in the possibility of realizing these grander, better ideals of human society that have never yet existed.

The artist lives by faith. He has never seen "the light that never was on sea or land." You ask him what beauty is. Perhaps he will not be able to define it for you; or, if you tell him you do not believe there is any beauty, he may not be able to demonstrate it as a fact. But, as the result of all the best experience of man, this instinct, this faith, is deep down in his soul; and, as he looks at his bit of marble, he believes that, whether he is capable of doing it or not, some artist, whose dream is perfect and whose hands are skilful, could work out of this intractable material a perfect expression of perfect beauty. He believes that on the rough canvas, with common pigments, some hand might outline the ideal of the perfect human face. It never yet has been on canvas; but he has this faith in his soul, born of the experience of the past, which is the inspiration and the motive force of all his attempts, the power of all his life.

There is not a man who lives and works more by faith than does the man of science. He knows only a little of this world around him. Yet he dares by faith to construct an invisible universe beyond the reach of the most powerful glass, and to tell you of suns and systems that no eye has ever seen. He dares to talk of laws in the distant stars, of forces and powers that control the movements of heavenly bodies that are unseen. And then, by this same process of faith, he reaches beyond the limits of the visible toward the limitlessness of infinity, sure of his ground, at every step believing that the same laws, the same forces that he observes right here in this little spot with which he is familiar, reach out beyond the limits of the known, and would be found true in the most distant stars. This is not unreason-

able. His brain, his power of thought, has been moulded by the experience of this same universe in the past; and he believes in the unity, in the power of life all through, and so trusts that the questions concerning these great problems of the human intellect may some time be reached, if it be not for a thousand years. Faith, then, is this underlying trust in the integrity of things.

Now let me recall your minds to a statement that I made at the outset,—that there is no sort of antagonism between this deepest, grandest faith of the human heart and the most outright blank scepticism of the intellect. I trust in the universe, in God, in the future: what has that to do with the question whether I believe that John wrote the Gospel that goes by his name? Yet, if I dare to doubt the latter in the face of the great religious authorities of the world, they call me an infidel. An infidel is a man with no faith, not a man who dares to question whether a particular scheme of things that you have wrought out is a perfect copy of the original truth or not. There is no sort of connection, then, necessarily between faith and scepticism or doubt. Doubt as much as you will these human schemes. Nay, it is your duty to doubt them until they are verified. There is more faith in this kind of doubt than there is in that credulity which accepts, that timidity which dares not question, lest it should find everything hollow and unreal.

Bask, then, in this credulity, if you will, if you enjoy it in the presence of your little circle of friends. Be a child with one whom you have proved for years that you can trust. Do not insult him by asking proof for any common statements. Credulity is beautiful here. But do not let it dare to usurp a place to which it has no right. Let faith sink deeply into your hearts; let it have there a standing ground from which it may work from the known toward the unknown, always in accordance with the laws of things already discovered. Let your creed represent the highest thought of to-day, but do not dare to include in it anything that you have not tried or verified.

Do not be frightened because people tell you your creed is very brief. I remember the case of a clergyman who said once to a man who dared to be classified with doubters, "If you believe no more than you say you do, you could write your creed on your thumb-nail." So be it. If I do not know any more than I can write on my thumb-nail, I will not write any more. I will not lie. I will start with a creed that I can believe: I will start with that which I know is true, and reach out beyond that, however slowly.

Hold your creed as representing that which you know or have reason to believe is true. Keep it ever subject to revision. Accept whatever comes with the credentials of truth. But, above all, remember that this truth, after you have attained it, is only the first step. You cannot take any step rightfully or hopefully, until you know the truth. But an intellectual knowledge of the truth is of no avail. Suppose the whole world knew the truth, and yet stood still with folded hands. What would it benefit any one? A knowledge of the truth is the first thing necessary; but religion is not something simply to have, it is something to be done. Find out the truth, then, concerning your inner life, concerning the relation in which you ought to stand to your fellow-men, concerning the relation in which you ought to stand toward the infinite Power that compasses us around; and then, when you have found out the truth, incarnate it. Do it. Work it into institutions and deeds. Suppose you know the truth concerning the perfect kingdom of God on earth, of what avail is that? Go on, and build that kingdom.

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THE GROWTH OF SECULARISM.*

If you look out over our American Protestant world, you will observe that it is divided into two uneven, unequal parts. One part is called secular, and the other is called sacred. You will notice also, although this was not always the case in the history of the world, that the secular is by a good deal the larger part.

To illustrate what I mean, consider the fact that there are places sacred in the esteem of the Protestant world. There is one whole land that we are accustomed to speak of as the "Holy Land," because it is supposed that the people who resided there had been selected especially by God to be the channel of his divine revelation to man. Hence, the history of this people is a sacred history, the events in its career are sacred events, its prominent characters are sacred characters. But, besides this, there are in the Protestant world other sacred places, churches especially, that have been consecrated to God. Then there are not only sacred places, but sacred times,—certain days set apart and looked upon as being unlike other days, days in which it is not fitting to live as on ordinary days. In the Protestant world, these are reduced at the present time to very few,—practically, only one day in seven, our Sabbath, or Sunday. There are not only sacred times and places, but there are certain actions that are supposed to be regarded as sacred in the lesser way, such as church attendance and attendance at prayer-meetings. Those which are regarded as specially sacred rites or actions are those that go by the name of the sacraments, two in particular,—baptism and the Lord's supper. Then there are sacred

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

books, a certain number of them bound together in one volume,— the Old and New Testaments. There is no reason that we know why there should not be more than these; but, in the Protestant world, this one book stands in a class by itself. It is sacred. Other books that depend upon it, that treat of its doctrines and of the customs and ways of the people about which it is written, are looked at as half sacred. But all the rest of the literature of the world is regarded as profane,— that is, as common and unsacred; for that is the meaning of the word "profane" as thus used. Then there are also sacred persons, certain ones that are called saints. This word, among Protestants, is now ordinarily applied only to the apostles,— the immediate companions and followers of Jesus. These, then, are regarded as sacred,— things set apart, looked upon with peculiar reverence, as holy, as especially related to God and the religious life. All the rest of the world is common, human, profane.

There is one other aspect of this subject that we ought to look at, to note the tendency and drift of the modern world. If we go to those religious bodies that, from our stand-point, are the least progressive,— the ritualistic, the High Church, and the Catholic bodies,— those that represent more closely the thought of the past, that are less conformed to the present order of things, we find that the number of sacred places and times, of sacred actions and sacred books and persons, is very much larger than in the old Protestant world. On the other hand, if we come to those who call themselves rationalists or, still farther, to those who announce that they are simply secularists, we find that the number of these sacred things is constantly diminishing, until the secularists proclaim that they hold nothing as sacred in this peculiar sense. The secularists have established themselves as a kind of religious body in England, organizing as a sect. They would not call themselves religionists; but they have a scheme of things, an outline of human life, that is a substitute for religion, even if it be not called by that name. We note, then, this thing:

that, the nearer we get to the thought of the past, the larger the number of the places, the times, the actions, the books, the persons that are called sacred; and, the farther we come toward what promises to be, so far as we can see, the dominant thought of the future, the less of this we find,—that is, the domain of the sacred is becoming continually narrower, and the domain of the secular is on the increase.

Now, as we go back, we find the Catholic Church, through the Middle Ages, approximating to the condition of things in the pagan Roman world. In the latter, however, we shall find the number of sacred persons, places, things, books, persons, is larger still. Almost all life is covered by this conception of the interference, the activity of some divine agency. There is less of what we call natural and more and more of what we call supernatural.

Let us glance at two or three phases of Ancient Roman life as illustrating these.

When the city of Chicago was founded, it was connected with no religious idea. It simply grew, as we say, by natural causes, under purely natural influences. As population extended west, it was found that here was a proper place for a city; and, more and more, people took up land there, and built houses and stores and banks. It became a great railroad centre; and, in this way, it has grown as naturally as an oak-tree grows. There were no religious services connected with its foundation, no divine religious idea connected with the city life. How different from all this was the foundation of the city of Rome! When Troy was destroyed, Æneas took the gods of Troy into his peculiar charge and keeping. Hector is said to have come to him in a vision, and told him that he was divinely appointed to take the gods and go in search of a new home for them. So he started on his voyage of wandering, and, as a sacred duty, selected the site of Rome to be the home of the gods of which, for the time, he was the guardian and protector.

So the city was founded with religious rites, its establishment was a religious act; and the sacred fire which had been

brought from Troy, and which had never been quenched for a moment, was placed in the temple of Vesta,—a temple under the care of a set of priestesses that were looked upon with peculiar veneration. Every Roman believed that, if anything occurred to pollute this temple of Vesta, or if by any unforeseen accident the fire was allowed to go out, it would mean unspeakable calamity to the city and to the future of the Roman world. And not only the city, but every home that was established, was established as a religious act; and the hearth-fire was looked upon as a divinity, in the presence of which was carried on the household worship. And the wedding, and the birth of the child, and death were supposed to be under the care of some god or goddess whose duty it was to look after these great crisis periods of human life. The Romans never thought of beginning a great war except as a religious act. They must read the signs, so as to find out the will of the gods, before they could undertake a battle. The launching of a ship was accompanied by religious ceremonies, and religious services preceded every new voyage. So every one of the important acts of life was looked upon as in some way connected with the mysterious personal interference, the supervision, of some one of the deities. Life then was sacred at every turn, all its great events sacred. Still, there was a certain area of life unconnected in their thought with the divine; and I suppose in that ancient world the division between the worldly and the religious was even sharper than it is to-day. Now and then, you will hear a man in the modern world excusing himself for questionable conduct, although he may be a professing Christian, with the words, "Religion is one thing, and business is another." In that old world, that was true in a more emphatic sense; for the gods, provided a man was faithful to the rites and ceremonies which they were supposed to have appointed, cared very little how he behaved. The deities took very little cognizance of personal morals. One was permitted to do about as he pleased, provided he were *faithful* in his religious rites.

Bring this home to Boston to-day. Suppose we had a god who was the patron of Boston. Suppose we set apart a certain number of our citizens, such as our aldermen, and made it a part of their duty, yea, even a chief part, to sacrifice at noon of each day, to eat together a common meal looked on as sacred as the Lord's Supper is in the Catholic Church; suppose that we believed that on the rigidity and regular performance of these duties the prosperity of our city depended, and that we must hold them to a rigorous performance of all these rites and ceremonies. If you can realize a condition of things like that, you will get a clear idea of how it was looked on in Rome, and in all the great cities of the ancient world. Each had its own god and ceremonies; and the division was hard and fast between the sacred and secular parts of their lives.

Now, I wish to note four or five points concerning that division; for its significance is very important: —

1. It goes along with, and is a necessary part of, that theory of things which looks upon God as being outside and separate from nature. If God is everywhere and in all things, then everything will be sacred, or it will be secular, whichever you choose to call it. God, then, in the ancient world, and down to recent times, was looked upon as entirely outside of what we call the natural world. Jupiter held a sort of court on the summit of Olympus, in Greece. He had nothing to do with the ordinary affairs of daily life, except as he chose arbitrarily to interfere with them. He had nothing to do with the growing of the crops, nothing to do with a storm at sea, nothing to do with the carrying out of any mercantile plan, or with daily life or life in the family. He was as much external to the life of Greece as the President of the United States is to our life in America, except so far as he chose to come in to interfere specially, to do some arbitrary act and attach to it some arbitrary penalty.

2. Since God, or the gods, have been looked upon as external to nature and the ordinary life of man, this ordinary life has been regarded as common and profane. It has had

nothing divine, nothing essentially sacred or holy connected with it, because holiness and sacredness have been regarded as connected especially with the gods.

3. God has always been represented as a being who has come into the affairs of human life and selected certain places, certain days, certain actions, certain books, certain persons for himself, claiming them as his, demanding that they be used in certain ways for his own honor. These have been regarded as dedicated to him.

4. You will notice that it logically and necessarily follows from this that the divine, the sacred, in human life has always been looked upon as being the arbitrary, the occasional, the mysterious, the especial, not the regular, the ordinary. The ordinary on-going of the world was common, profane. God had nothing special or necessarily to do with this order. He might interfere here and there, and put his finger upon this or that and say: "This day is mine, you must not work on it. Other days you may do as you will, but this is my day." He might choose to inspire somebody to write a book. Just the same or similar truths may be contained in other books; but he could say, "This is my book." He might choose certain persons, and consecrate them to special service, and say, "These are my saints, my priests: you must give them a reverence that you do not to other people; you must pay special regard to their word." And so through the whole round of places, persons, things, God, it is said, has come in, in this arbitrary way. He has chosen and set his mark upon and declared as sacred those things which he chose so to declare.

5. It follows, in view of the explanation that I have given, that the sacred things of this world have not necessarily been those things that are inherently and vitally connected with human welfare and happiness. They have not sprung out of the wants and needs, the hopes and aspirations, of men. They have been interjected into human life from without. Why, for example, should God not have chosen some other day than the first of the week for a holy

day? There is no reason why he should not have chosen Thursday as well as Sunday, in the nature of things. If he had, it would have been wrong, according to this theory, to have done certain things on Thursday; but, on Sunday, one could have done what he chose. There is no reason as touching the welfare of man why that particular day should have been chosen.

So, in regard to the sacraments, there is no reason in the nature of things why some other ceremonial should not have been selected as well as the breaking of bread and the drinking of wine; and, if God had chosen some other one, that would have been the sacrament, and we never should have had any ideas of holiness connected with breaking bread or drinking wine. The choosing of these things was arbitrary; and the penalty attached to disobedience is arbitrary. Suppose I disobey the law of the Sabbath or pay no regard to the sacrament. It is not the same thing as though I broke my arm, or ate something which was unwholesome, or pursued some course of thought that vitiates my brain so that it becomes useless. These would be purely natural penalties. But, in the other case, God says in an arbitrary way, "I will punish you, if you do so and so." It is not a vital, necessary thing, springing out of human nature.

So much for explanation as to what these sacred things are and how they have come to exist. But, now, as the result of modern investigation, the development of knowledge, the growth of science, we stand face to face with what is a very great problem. As I intimated at the outset, the domain of the sacred is perpetually growing narrower, as the world grows wiser, as the spirit of science becomes more diffused, and the domain of that which is called secular is perpetually growing larger. Science is, every year, wresting from the kingdom of the sacred some new province, and annexing it to the secular country.

Let us see what this process means and how it is going on. I said that the sacred things of the old world are arbitrarily dependent on an exceptional, external power, not

inherent in the nature of things. They are dependent on things which are connected with occasional events, with the mysterious, the supernatural, the unknown. The progress of science means a perpetual widening and widening of the domain of the known. It brings more and more of the universe within the limits of recognized order and law. It is narrowing the limits of the mysterious, the unknown, the arbitrary. It is teaching us, day by day, that things we supposed were arbitrary are natural, only we did not understand them before.

Let us note a few examples of this process, and see how natural it is and how rapidly it is growing. Down to and since the day of the discovery of the laws of planetary motion there was no way by which men could conceive how the planets were held in their orbits and how their motions were produced. These motions, it was supposed, were produced by some supernatural power. Even Kepler, who discovered the laws of the motions of the planets, still believed, up to the day of his death, that there was an angel residing in each one of these heavenly bodies, guiding its course and controlling its revolutions. He could understand no natural way of explaining their movements. You will remember the case — and it is illustrative of this whole theme — of Anaxagoras in ancient Athens, who promulgated the theory that the sun was not a god, but a ball of fire, and the horror of the citizens of Athens at what they regarded as his irreligion. He was condemned to death; and, although that sentence was finally commuted to perpetual banishment through the intercession of Pericles, the foremost man in Athens, yet even he could do no more for him. Until that time, it was believed — and believed by the masses of the people for a long time after that — that the sun was a god, riding in a chariot of flame across the daily road-way of the sky. You will notice that Kepler's theory is only a step in advance of this. Newton was the first to give us the natural account of the movement of the heavenly bodies, by the discovery of the law of gravitation. This accounted for their movements.

It was considered daring impiety on the part of Newton, an attempt to dethrone God as the ruler of the universe and to establish a law in his place. According to the old theory of religion, he had made that attempt. He was the most daring antagonist of the Almighty that the world, up to that time, had ever seen.

Since that day, the process has been going on. In old times, the rainbow itself — it is plainly declared so in the Old Testament — was regarded as a standing perpetual miracle; not the effect of the sun shining on certain drops of water, but as a sign that God would not again send a flood upon the earth. The explanation of earthquakes and volcanoes used to be that there was a giant down under the earth, and that this quivering and outpouring were occasioned by his turning over from one side to the other to get in an easy position, or by his struggles to get free from his bonds. In a book published, if I mistake not, within the present century, the revolution of the earth was attempted to be accounted for on the theory that hell was in the centre of the earth, and that the world was made to move by the struggles of the damned within its bowels, as a circular cage is made to revolve by the squirrel running around within it. This explanation was given in all seriousness. I speak of it to show you how very modern are some of these extravagant theories as to the way natural events were to be explained.

But this process has gone on until earthquakes, tempests, and pestilences, and all these things that were accepted as the arbitrary action of the Divine Being, are recognized as perfectly orderly and accounted for by natural processes. And the conviction is growing that this process is to go on still more; that there is no end to it, but that it will continue just as far as human investigation can reach. Almost every intelligent man believes that that which is at present mysterious and unknown is just as orderly, just as natural, as the things which we are most familiar with, precisely as every such man believes that, if some one could thoroughly explore the continent of Africa, he would find the same forces

at [illegible] in Massachusetts. He does not believe that there is anything unnatural or supernatural in Africa, because it has not been explored. So the result of the study of the past is that that which is mysterious, because it is unknown, is just as orderly as the things which are known, and that, by and [illegible] the whole world, the universe itself, will all be regarded as just as natural as the rising or the setting of the sun.

We, then, are face to face with this question: What is to be the outcome? Is religion to die out? Is the sacred entirely to pass away? Is the world all to become secular? For this process is going on, not only in regard to natural events. People no longer believe that there is any inherent sacredness in any place. They no longer regard any one [illegible] sacred. Thousands of the most intelli- [illegible] people are coming to believe this. They have [illegible] all the sacred books of the world; and they [illegible] be accounted for on purely natural [illegible] outcome of the religious life of man. And [illegible] things that have been regarded as [illegible] are coming to be explained in accordance [illegible] principles. What is to be the end, then? Is [illegible] to reign supreme in the universe, and the [illegible] something which is merely remembered [illegible] superstition of the world's childhood? [illegible] that question will depend entirely upon [illegible]. If religion is to maintain its stronghold [illegible] manner, only in the unnatural, the supernatural, the unknown, the occasional; if [illegible] with the natural order of the natural world, [illegible] may as well give up the contest, and admit that [illegible] is to become less and less, and finally to die away. For I believe that there is no thoroughly educated man in the modern world [illegible] and free at the same time, but believes that the natural order is to go on extending itself until it covers all things.

Let us ask another question then. Religion is certainly

to die out, unless we can find room for [illegible], in the orderly, in the lawful, in the every-day affairs and every-day things of the world and of human life. Is there any ground for it there? I want you to note two or three of the essential things in religious thought and life, and ask you to consider whether there is not even more [illegible] for them in the world of natural law than there is in the world of miracle and caprice.

What are the essential things in religion? Is a miracle essential to religion? No. Is arbitrary action essential to religion? No. Is anything supernatural essential to religion? I cannot see that it is. What is essential? Let us examine the human heart for a moment in its relation to the outside world, and see what we would call the religious attitude of a man.

1. I should say first that a religious man [illegible] and worshipful. Is there any ground, any [illegible] modern world for reverence and for [illegible] me that this modern conception of the u[illegible] thousand-fold more range and sweep for [illegible] than were ever dreamed of in the history [illegible] Our conception of this universe, of the po[illegible] through it, of human nature and the possi[illegible] the life,—of truth, of beauty, goodness, [illegible] which things unspeakably grander than [illegible] And does not the pure human heart, the [illegible] of thoughtful mind, bow with reverence, with a [illegible] in it tion and admiration,—and this is the [illegible] the presence of these things, as [illegible] We want mystery as an element of worship, [illegible] that the mystery in this old world as is given by [illegible] discoveries, that make us believe in an [illegible] slightest, tiniest thing with which we can [illegible] in with the warp and woof of the [illegible] and, if we could solve the smallest, we could hold the [illegible] in our grasp. Mystery, instead of resting on the occasional and the arbitrary, faces us at every turn, more insoluble by as much as we know the more.

2. I would next, as an essential element in the religious attitude of man, place the sense of dependence,— the feeling that we are in the presence of an Infinite Power that has given us life, on which we depend every moment, by whose laws we live. Is this taken away by the modern world? Rather is it immensely magnified, until the God of human thought, the God on whose will we depend, is no longer super-human man on the top of a mountain. Rather is he the infinite life and spirit that breathes in the zephyr, that fans our brow in the summer, that sweeps in the immensity of its circuit the star, so far away that it has taken millions of years for its light to traverse the vast abyss. This is the power, named or unnamed, uncomprehended because infinite,— this is the power on which human life depends.

3. Again, religion is the recognition of the law of right, the law of duty, the law of life, inexorably dominant, universal, from which there is no escape. Is that lessened by the discoveries of the modern world? Rather is it infinitely increased in its reach and its complexity. It clasps [illegible] ound on every hand, as does the air, touching every [illegible]tesimal portion of our body, and being the very constitue[illegible] ower of brain and thought, the very life-blood of the heart, the very quintessence of our conception of life, the very breath of the spirit. This power touches us on every side, besets us behind and before, and lays its hand upon us. We can no more escape it than we can escape tl[illegible] osphere.

4. Then, there is ground in this modern thought for trust, for hope, for aspiration. There is reason, as there never [illegible] before, for personal consecration to the highest ideal [illegible]nd the noblest conception of life. There is ground for religious devotion, which is the essence of sainthood, such as the ancient world never dreamed. So it seems to me that, so far from the elements of essential religion being in danger of dying out, because they are recognized as natural everywhere, we are face to face with the inevitable fact that these [illegible]hings are coming closer to us and touching us with a more [illegible]*ble grasp.*

Are, then, special sacred things to fade out of our life? Is there to be no more a sacred place, a sacred time, sacred actions, a sacred book, sacred persons? Nay, even here I would turn the tables on what seems to be a part of the popular thought, and say that the sacraments of human life are to be increased in number, beauty, glory, and power, rather than lessened. Only, we are to get rid of those old, arbitrary, artificial ideas of sacraments, and are to recognize those things that are inherently, naturally vital, sacred. Are not our lives, though we have not learned this as we ought to have done, filled full of the memories of holy places, of places connected in our thought with the noblest deeds and highest hopes and kindling aspirations, the crises, turning-points of our life,— the places where the highest and the noblest in us was born? Are there not in our memories numberless sacred hours, hours consecrated to some noble truth, hours given to the service of some worthy friend, hours connected with the highest and best things in us,— not observed by any rite or outward institution perhaps, but none the less real sacraments of the best and divinest life within us? Will there be any more sacred days? Are not our memories full of these? Are there to be no sacred books? They tell us that we rationalists dethrone the Bible. Nay, we lift it from its artificial pedestal, in which it has enjoyed what seems to us a sort of mock divinity. We take it from the position that it has held in the hearts of men; and eliminating all that is evil and contradictory in it — for they are there — we lift it up to an equal eminence with those things that are clearest, highest, divinest. We demand that the thing be looked at for what it is, that the real sacrament be recognized. Then we add to them, grading them according to their importance in the development of our spiritual lives, other books, holding any book sacred that has told us a new message from God, that has given us a new truth, that has kindled in us a new aspiration, that has taught us some higher duty, that has made it easier for us to bear sorrow, that has come to us as a friend in dark-

ness and trial. We shall have a library of sacred books, not one alone, counting all sacred that tell us truth and help us to live.

Are there to be no more sacred men and women? Sacred men and sacred women, are they not those that have ministered to us in our hours of necessity; that have comforted us in sorrow; that have lifted us up when we have been bowed down; that have, by a word or a hand-clasp, perhaps unconsciously, made it easier for us to believe in ourselves, in immortality, in God? These have been to us the ministers and angels of the divine. Are there not such men and women that we know to-day, and that we remember with a tear dripping upon our cheek or silently falling in our hearts, sacred to us forevermore? What is sacred, what is holy, what is hallowed, if not these? Because they link us by natural processes with the divine, instead of begin arbitrary, because they are under the law of our daily life, are they not sacred?

Let me close by quoting to you, as typical of the whole idea, and as representing my meaning in one direction, and so illustrating it in all, the closing lines of Thomas Campbell's "Hallowed Ground":—

> "What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
> To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
> Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
> Earth's compass round;
> And your high priesthood shall make earth
> *All hallowed ground.*"

And the ministry of these high things,—love, aspiration, hope, duty,—shall not these make every place hallowed, every hour and day and deed noble, every true scripture sacred, every aspiring, righteous life divine?

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MODERN SAINTS.*

We are accustomed to associate with the word "saint" some idea of special, peculiar virtue or goodness. But yet there is no necessary relation between sainthood and goodness, in our modern sense of that word. When Paul wrote a letter to any one of the ancient churches, he addressed the entire membership of that church, without any regard to their moral character or standing, as saints. He spoke of the saints in Corinth, the saints at Ephesus, the saints in Rome; and at the same time, in the course of his letter, he points out fault after fault, both in character and in method, complaining that they did not do what they ought to do and that they had done that which they ought not to do. So that Paul had no conception of any perfect or ideal goodness as connected with his use of the word "saint." He used this word strictly in accordance with its original meaning and idea. Originally, a saint is not a person who is good or bad intrinsically; but one who is consecrated, set apart, for the service of some deity. Any man, then, who is consecrated to the service of a god, is entitled, in the language of that religion, to the name of saint; for even material things, implements in the service of the altar, may be thus set apart, consecrated, sainted, in the strictest use of that term. Whether, then, a saint shall be good or bad, according to our modern use of language, will depend very largely upon the ideal which he has of the god whom he worships; for it is a natural law that we are, year by year, progressively conformed to the likeness of our dominant ideal. That which we think of most, that which we admire, that which we learn to reverence and love, has such a power

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

over thought and sentiment and life that it gradually moulds us into its own likeness. Even one of those insensate implements of service to which I have referred becomes so surrounded by the sentiment of worship, although its intrinsic character cannot be changed, that the qualities of the god to whom it is dedicated, the peculiar associations that surround the worship, are called up, whenever it is seen or spoken of. And the priest or the man, in whatever capacity he devotes himself to the service of any particular ideal of the Divine, will of necessity take on, ultimately, its character. He may, of course, claim to be dedicated to God, he may pretend to worship, he may go through the outward ceremonial or form, and yet all the time be secretly in his heart caring chiefly for something else. In that case, he will not be conformed to the ideal of the God that he outwardly worships; but he will be conformed to the ideal of that which he secretly prefers, so that the integrity of the principle remains.

To give you an illustration of the working of this idea, and to show you how justly this word "saint" may be used in very many different senses, and to show what a power there lies in real worship to transform the individual character, I wish to refer to several specimens of sainthood from some of the different religions of the past. This as preliminary to the discussion of sainthood in the modern world.

Before we step outside of the Bible, where we have begun with the usage of Paul, let us take him who, perhaps, is the dominant ideal, hero, saint of the Old Testament, who has been looked upon as the peculiar type of the coming eternal king, the Messiah who was to rule over the nations. I refer to King David. Of course, it is only just for me to add that we are not to hold the Jews, in the later part of their career, responsible for a blind admiration of all the qualities and characteristics which really made up the man David; because they progressively idealized him, as the time went on. They wrought him over into the likeness of what they thought he ought to be. And, as they became

more intelligent and attained to higher moral ideals, they made over, unconsciously, in their minds the actual David into quite another kind of man.

What was this actual David, this man after Jehovah's own heart? He was cruel; he was barbarous; he was blood-thirsty; he let no robbery nor wrong, not even murder itself, stand in the way of the accomplishment of any chosen purpose. And, so far from having resigned all these rougher characteristics during his later years, as he lay, a worn-out old man, on his death-bed, almost the very last injunction that fell from his feeble lips was a command to his son Solomon, a solemn, sacred command,—to be sure and see to it that an enemy of his, who had done him wrong, should not go down with his gray hairs to his grave in peace. This was the last word, almost, of King David: See to it that you punish relentlessly this man who, years ago, did me wrong. Do not let him die in his bed. This is the actual David of Israelitish history. And yet David was repeatedly called a saint; and he was, properly enough, termed a man after Jehovah's own heart.

All this finds simple and natural explanation, when we inquire into the ideal, the conception, of Jehovah held by the people of David's time. Jehovah was then the God of hosts, simply the national God of Israel, a man of war, the one who, David himself says, taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight, the one who sat high in the heavens and laughed at the machinations of his enemies, foreseeing with joy the time when he should bring them to destruction, dashing them to pieces like a potter's vessel. This was the ideal of the God that David worshipped. And, by as much as David was a saint, consecrated to an ideal and conception like this, by so much is it perfectly natural that he should take on these qualities and characteristics.

Let us pass now from this God of Israel to look at one or two specimens of saints in ancient Hindostan. The old ideal of a perfect life among the Hindus divided it into four separate stages. I need not detain you with outlining

the first three; but every orthodox Hindu, if he lived to be an old man, was expected at the last to surrender his property, make himself penniless, leave his home, and go into the forest and become a mendicant hermit, spending the last years of his life in meditation, and trying to become absorbed in his thought of Brahm: so fitting himself to leave this world by gradually detaching himself from all the bonds that held him to any of his human associations. When he reached this stage, having resigned the world and placed it under his feet, loving nothing, fearing nothing, hoping nothing, caring for nothing earthly, he was supposed to have become an ideal saint. And he had; for the God that the Hindu worshipped was the Brahm who slept eternally in the heavens, without hope or fear or care or sensation of any kind,—never moved by pain, never thrilled by a desire, rarely roused to effort. He who conformed himself to the likeness of such a god became so by taking on, so far as possible, the characteristics of this Hindu ideal of deity.

The Buddhists took one step ahead of this even. They reasoned, and it seems to me logical, If this is the highest ideal of life, why, then, postpone it till you are old? Why not separate yourself entirely from the world while you are young, devoting your whole life to God, and not simply a fragment of it at the end? And so the ideal saint of Buddha became a man who devoted himself to mendicancy and to meditation, from the outset. He eschewed all the delights of love, all the sweetness of home, all the joys of childhood, and took no part in any attempt at the regeneration of the world. He had no interest in political life; he made no attempt to reorganize society, and bring it into accord with any higher thought or better purpose. He forsook his fellow-men and the world, and tried, so far as possible, to live utterly detached from all human interests. All this was perfectly consistent with the Buddhist ideal. It was a part of the creed of all Hindus that men had lived many lives before this, and, unless in some way they could escape it, they were doomed to live many lives after this. They were

wearied out with this perpetual birth and perpetual death that bound them to a sort of Ixion's wheel, that now lifted them into the light of life, and now plunged them into the shadow of death, as the wheel revolved. They were doomed to be perpetually born, to live, to suffer and die. And so the Buddhist ideal of sainthood, the grand purpose of the Buddhist life, became an attempt to escape from this fatality in which, somehow, they had become enmeshed. In the light of this conception, it is perfectly natural that a Buddhist saint should have become just the kind of character that he was. Some of them carried it so far that, if you were to have wandered through some of those jungles of India, in those ancient times, you would have found men who had for many long, long years never washed their faces or hands, or combed their hair or trimmed their beard, or done anything except what was necessary to keep life in the body, and who sat absorbed in contemplation of the Infinite, attempting thus to escape from the burdens and sorrows and cares of life. That is, one of those typical Hindu saints by as much as he became a saint became thoroughly worthless, so far as any human purpose is concerned. Yet, according to their conception of the divine and of human destiny, that was natural and logical.

One of the Hindu deities is Siva, the god of death and destruction, worshipped with cruel rites. Is it strange that, under the influences of a religion like that, there should spring up a religious sect like the Thugs, whose very religious service was ingenious and systematic murder? They worshipped the god of destruction and death; and they naturally became conformed to his character, and considered it the very essence of their religion to imitate their deity.

What kind of saints would they be, who sincerely worshipped and became conformed to the character of the Phœnician goddess Ashera or the Babylonian Mylitta or the Grecian Aphrodite or the Roman Venus, or who became moulded into the likeness of Bacchus, the god of drunken-

ness and revelry? And yet these had priests and priestesses, whose religious duty it was to imitate these qualities and characteristics. They did not regard these things as selfish indulgences. They were religious services, naturally so, when you take into account the characteristics of their deities.

We shall find other types of worship in the ancient world, if we search for them. One of the most important of ancient worships was that of the founder of a city or a tribe, as, in Rome, the worship of Æneas or Romulus; or reverence for the character of a man like Curtius, who was fabled to have plunged on horseback into the chasm that opened in the forum, thus threatening destruction to the Roman State. The worship of an ideal like this made men patriotic and devoted, consecrated to the service of their country.

Let us pass, now, and look at the typical saints of the early Christian world, and see how they became modified, as the ideal of God became modified, in the course of human development.

Christianity was not something entirely new in the ancient world. Rather was it like a river, larger than any that had preceded it, because it was made up of the confluence of a hundred other streams. The ancient world paid tribute to this new form of religion that came to be called Christianity. It had elements in it from ancient Babylon, from Egypt, from Greece, from Rome, from the barbarian world. These were permeated through and through by the peculiar characteristics of the life and teachings of the Nazarene. And, when we see the inclusive character of early Christianity, we may expect to find different types of sainthood, just as we do. Jesus, for example, taught asceticism. He taught the forsaking of even father and mother and wife and child, for the sake of the kingdom. Very naturally, then, in those old times, these precepts came to be misinterpreted and misunderstood. So we have Saint Anthony fleeing, like the old saints of Hindustan, from wife and child and father and

mother and friend, and living in the desert, and refusing to see mother or sister, even when they came in search of him. For Jesus had taught, along with this kind of self-sacrifice, that, though marriage was honorable in all, celibacy had about it some peculiar goodness that the ordinary life had not. So, with this, had grown up the ideal of perpetual celibacy, and a feeling that it was better to be apart from all human associations, and to live this lone life of contemplation and aspiration after the divine. So we have, here again, just as in ancient India, as the typical saint one who, by as much as he becomes a saint, becomes unhuman, unfit for the service of this world.

Jesus again taught the glory of self-sacrifice; and, as Jesus taught it, it was all glorious,— self-sacrifice when necessary for a principle, for truth, for the sake of man. It was very easy at that time to misinterpret that doctrine, and make self-sacrifice a glorious thing simply for its own sake. And so we have Simeon Stylites standing upon a pillar year after year, utterly useless to the world, with no development of himself except, perhaps, in self-esteem, as he came to find how he was regarded as a saint, divorced from human life, rendering no service to any one.

On the other hand, Jesus also taught that it was good to labor for our fellow-men. And so we naturally have a class of Christian saints like Saint Christopher, a man who frankly said that he did not know how to pray or to worship; but, being a giant in strength, he could place himself by the banks of the rushing river that flowed across the path of pilgrims on their way to Rome and the Holy Land, and bear them over on his brawny shoulders, sainting himself thus to a life of simple service for his fellow-men.

Jesus, again, taught charity; and so we have one of the most beautiful legends of the ancient world in the story of the life and consecration to the service of the poor of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, of whom it is told that, when, in defiance of her princely husband's express commands, she was going out with her robe full of bread for the hungry

at her castle gate, she met this husband, and he demanded to see what she was carrying; and when she, trembling, looking only for rebuke, opened her robe, nothing was to be seen but a mass of flowers, God thus working a miracle to defend one of his saints, devoted to this beautiful service of charity toward the poor.

We have, then, these different ideals of sainthood in the Christian world, all of them determined by precisely the same principle operative in the ancient world,—by the different ideals of the divine character, and of the service God was supposed to ask of his human children.

Now, I wish you to note one or two points before I come to the consideration of some of the saints of the modern world. If any one was a saint in any one special religion, by virtue of that fact he could not be a saint in any other religion; for sainthood means consecration to a special god who is worshipped by him who is thus consecrated. And the differences of the religions of the world spring out of the difference of men's conceptions of God and of what they suppose he wishes them to do. If I worship one conception of God, by as much as I worship faithfully, moulding my character into the likeness of this ideal, by just so much am I necessarily antagonizing some other conception of God. The adherents of this other faith will look upon me as an outcast; while the adherents of the faith I follow may give me a name among the consecrated ones. You will see also how, necessarily, this practice of the exclusive worship of some one conception of God moulds one into the character of that God.

Just consider for a moment. We sometimes wonder, I suppose, as we survey the field of ancient history, that men could ever think that they were doing God service in following such careers as they laid out for themselves: that Saint Simeon could have supposed God cared to have him stand for years upon a pillar; that Saint Anthony could have dreamed that he was serving God by denying himself wife or family or friends, perhaps letting them fight single-handed

and uncared for in the midst of the great, lonely world. What were these men thinking about? It is perfectly natural, perfectly logical. They believed that God was something distinct and separate from this human life of ours, separate from and outside of the world. They believed that he was the dominant power of the universe, the Almighty God; that he held their happiness, their very lives, for this world and for all future time, in his hands; that all things they could desire depended simply upon his arbitrary will.

Suppose you believed that to-day,—believed it with your whole soul,—that God was a power separate from your sense of duty, your family, and your fellow-men; that he had commanded you to leave husband, wife, father, and friend, and to go away from society and live in a wilderness alone; that he had told you, if you did not do this, you would suffer unspeakable tortures, the result of his displeasure, through all eternity. Face an alternative like that, and how many men are brave enough to meet the issue?

Then they believed, also, that all of their fellow-men ought to do the same, and, if they did not, it was on account of their wickedness, and that they justly deserved the wrath that would come upon them. It was not any lack of natural affection that made the old Calvinist believe that he could actually look over the battlements of heaven, and see wife and child writhing in the tortures of hell, and say that it was just and right. It was not lack of natural affection and tenderness, but because he had come to believe so thoroughly in the right of God to do as he pleased. He had identified his life so completely with the thought of God that the will of God was the measure of right, and he could not do any wrong. He had absorbed all these ideas; and this made all these little transitory things of a few years on earth as nothing, when looked at in the light of the eternal. This is what it means; and, when we look over this ancient world, we shall find that the gods in the main were so separate from the ordinary life of man that they took very little interest in it. And, in many cases, they were even regarded as

hostile to human happiness, jealous of human prosperity. One of the most striking features in the tragedies of the old Greek writers is this jealousy creeping out everywhere. If a man was a little prosperous or a little happy, his neighbors expected to see him lightning-smitten by the wrath of Jove. This is the meaning which lies at the heart of that marvellous legend of Prometheus, the grand old Titan, who was chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, with an eagle gnawing at his liver. Why? For no reason but that he had rendered a service to mankind. By this, he had made himself an enemy of Zeus. It is this idea also, which lies at the heart of the Eden myth. Elohim is represented as being angry because the man and the woman had eaten of the tree of knowledge; and he thrust them out as a punishment.

But, as the world went on, as Jesus taught his more humane religion, and as the result of modern study and science, we have come to have an entirely different conception of the divine, and of the relation of God to human life. Right there lies the secret of the change of our conception of ideal human character. You remember Jesus, for the first time in the history of the world's religious teachers, placed the love of God and of man on an equality. The first commandment, he says, is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Jesus taught that, though men brought their sacrifices to the temple, they could not offer them acceptably so long as they were out of right relations to their fellow-men. Jesus taught that a man might not even know that he was serving God until he found at last that he had been serving him in the noblest way in the world. You remember the famous judgment scene, where those who stand on the right hand are commended, and they reply, modestly, that they did not know that they had done these things for him, and Jesus answers, Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my friends, you did it unto me. He made the service of man identical with divine service; serving man, the way to the service of God.

It was a thought like this that Theodore Parker had in mind when at the atheist's funeral he said, "O God, though this man did not know thee by name, *yet he kept thy law.*"

And like this also was the thought of Charles Sumner when he was asked about the two commandments, of love to God and love to man. He said he did not know that he understood much about the *first* commandment, but *he tried to keep the second.*

Now, then, we are prepared for this modern conception of sainthood. Where is God to-day? What are his laws? What shall a man do to find God and obey his laws? If a man discover truth in any direction, in the farthest star or in the lowest mine, what is he doing? He is simply setting his footsteps over again in the footsteps of God. If a man renders some service to his fellow-men politically, helping on a higher ideal, framing better laws, what is he doing? He is only finding within the realm of human society the laws of God as illustrated in the relationship between man and man. So, here again, he is on consecrated ground. If a man devote himself to art in some high and noble way, what is he doing? Only discerning, loving, worshipping, picturing a fragment of the divine beauty. If a man become a philanthropist,—if a genuine and devoted man,—caring most of all to promote human happiness and to contribute something toward making this life a little brighter for his fellows; what is he doing? Since the laws of happiness are the laws of life and the laws of God, and since he who is happy is perfectly adjusted to God's laws, he again is following in the footsteps of God; trying to catch, by listening, the pure strains of eternal music, and sing them in the ears and for the joy of man.

And so, in any department of life, he who finds the truth, he who devotes himself to his fellow-men, is thereby consecrated in the noblest and truest way to God. Mark you, I have not changed my definition as to sainthood one whit. Sainthood is ever consecration to God. But he who has the truest, noblest, loftiest, deepest conception of God, and con-

forms himself to this ideal, becomes, in the very noblest sense of that word, a saint. And I dare to say here, before giving two or three instances, that, though we look upon these men as engaged in the secular affairs of the world, there are not in the entire course of Biblical history, from beginning to end, one half-dozen men who have sainthood in the truest conception of that word, so that they are worthy to stand beside the army of saints that I can show you in our modern, even our American world.

Let me give you two or three specific illustrations. Let us take a life like that of Charles Darwin. He was born in good society and endowed with an independent fortune and finely educated. When he stands on the threshold of his life, what is before him? A kind of life is before him which is followed by a great majority of those born and endowed as he was,—a life of ease, of social refinement, of culture, of dilettanteism, of self-indulgence, of selfish pleasure. Any of these was open to him. What kind of a life did he choose? From the very outset, he devoted himself modestly, simply, entirely, with no pretentious claims, to the study of truth, scientific truth, seeking out and striving to set his feet in the footsteps of God. Reverently, humbly, he followed out this plan his life through; and when, at last, as the result of it, he gave the world a discovery second to none in the history of thought, it was met, as such discoveries generally are at first, with vituperation and abuse and a bitter flinging of words. What, then, did he do? He met them all with gentleness, seeming by his spirit to illustrate those words of Jesus, and to find the excuse for it in human ignorance,—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Still making no pretentious claims, he pointed out the weakest spots in his own system, putting weapons into the hands of his enemies to destroy him and his works, if they were able, living in charity and kindness, treating all men gently, until he was received up out of sight. I dare to say that, in all the records of the world's saints in the past, there is no more saintly character, according to the truest definition of that word, than was his.

I may say substantially the same thing of Herbert Spencer; and of that great Frenchman, Littré, who devoted himself, in the midst of misunderstanding and petty social persecution, to the noblest, highest ends, and who, when well advanced in life, instead of sitting down to take his ease, laid out a plan of work which he persistently followed for twenty years, working much of the time eighteen hours a day. And, when he had completed this great monument of human devotion, he gave the remainder of his life to the service, in every way possible, of his fellow-men. These saints of literature, these saints of science, these saints of philosophy,— I seem to see them studding the firmament of human achievement like stars; and yet I have not time to even speak their names.

Turn to another department of human thought, and see another type of saint. I said that a man who devoted himself unselfishly to attempting to work out the divine ideal of human society thereby consecrates himself, in the truest and most literal sense, to God. Look at a life like that of Charles Sumner. Born in the highest social circle, endowed with an independent fortune, he gives himself in his young manhood to a cause that was socially outcast, that was looked upon by all respectable men in Massachusetts with contempt. But he follows it unfalteringly to the end. He even becomes a martyr to his devotion. There is one side of the character of Sumner, illustrating this point, that few, perhaps, have known about. After the brutal assault in the Senate, he was obliged to go away for rest and medical treatment, under the care of Dr. Brown-Sequard. Dr. Brown-Sequard has put it on record that, while Sumner was abroad, conscious of the fact that he was being abused here at home and accused of staying away from his post of duty merely to enjoy himself and pass the time pleasantly, he was utterly unable to carry on a consecutive line of thought or even to keep up a consecutive conversation. Under these circumstances, he submitted to such surgical operations as very few have undergone. Dr. Brown-Sequard says that never in the

whole course of his life did he submit any man or animal to such terrible tortures as Sumner endured, and endured voluntarily. For, when the doctor asked him if he would be etherized, he replied that he would not, if it would interfere with the success of the operation or the rapidity of his recovery. When told that he would recover more rapidly without it, five separate times he went through this torture. His life was devoted to the noblest ideal of human service,— to the political welfare of his fellow-men, to the enfranchisement of a race ordinarily looked upon as having no rights that any man was bound to respect.

Beside him stands that other modern saint, who has perhaps no equal in the ancient world,—another well-educated, socially high young man, consecrated from the beginning to the end to the service of humanity. I need hardly say I refer to Wendell Phillips. Besides these, how many another life is eminent,— stars of guidance for our modern political life!

I can just hint at another type of saint, represented by men like Wilberforce and John Howard, and women like Florence Nightingale and Octavia Hill, devoting her life to lifting up out of the slums of London the lowest of the poor; and a hundred in our own American history, worthy to stand beside these.

Then there is the other type of saint, one of the most conspicuous representatives of which is Mr. Theodore Parker. A religious saint, consecrated to new religious advance, he gave himself in his young life to contumely and scorn, to bitterness and sorrow, that he might stand for the vision of his soul, for the highest conception of God that he believed had been born into the heart of man in these older ages of the world.

Not only this, but our modern life is full of saints who are not, perhaps, members of any Church; for a man may be a saint in his store, in his bank, in his office, on the street, in his home. Any man who, according to the light that he has and the opportunity that is given him, conse-

crates himself to doing honestly and truly the best he can for the welfare of his fellow-men is thereby consecrated to God. How many are there in our homes, how many unrecognized, living obscure lives, who make darkened pathways seem a little lighter, who take by the hand and hold up and guide the steps of those ready to fall, who bring courage and cheer to fainting, despairing hearts, who are sunshine and help and comfort to those whose lives would be lonely and troubled without their aid! These saints make bright the rough path that we are walking, and are worthy, by and by, to shine as a sun set in the firmament of universal recognition and praise.

We have not, then, changed the definition. A saint is still one dedicated to God. We have changed our conception of God. He has come down out of the sky, without leaving it; for he is still in the most distant star. But he is here by our side. He is working for the uplifting of society. His are the bloody tracks on the world's battle-fields, where are fought out the great conflicts of right and wrong; his the rays of light that give us the later, higher intelligence concerning the great problems of the world; his the devotion, the fidelity, that, in the lives of statesmen, help to reorganize humanity; his the torch that guides the feet of the scientific explorer; his the dream of beauty that moves and thrills the soul of the artist: his is all that is true, that is beautiful, that is good in human life. If we seek for sainthood, let us find the opportunity for it in our common lives, wherever we are placed.

Here is the field for sainthood, here
  Where is the hottest of the strife.
Stand not aloof, but enter in
  And help men seize the prize of life.

Seek truth and noble deeds and peace;
  From wrong and sorrow set earth free!
And, doing this, thou'lt hear the voice,—
  "E'en so ye did it unto me!"

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X. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

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THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.*

LET me begin by attempting to outline for you what I suppose to be the essential meaning of the Church in holding and teaching this great doctrine. By as much as it has called itself "*the Church*," it is intended to represent its communion as universal, inclusive of all truth, of all beauty, of all goodness, of all that is divine, and exclusive of all that is outside of or antagonistic to the divine. This doctrine, then, of the communion of saints asserts and emphasizes, from the church stand-point, the organic unity, the oneness of all those in heaven and on earth, in the present, in the past, and in the future, who have, do now, or shall in any coming time become partakers of this divine life. This is figured forth clearly in that parable of Jesus, wherein he speaks of himself as the vine, and the people, his disciples and followers, as the branches. The branch lives not an independent life. It lives by virtue of the fact that it has organic, vital connection with the vine, drinks its life; and, if cut off from it, it must perforce wither and cease to be.

Suppose a gardener should go into his garden some spring day, after the roses were in bloom, and should cut off one branch from the parent bush. It might contain buds just opening, half-blown roses, full of beauty and promise; and he might set it out by itself in the earth. For a time, it would seem to be alive and to possess all the beauty and characteristics of the parent bush; but the gardener knows that the end of it all will be withering and death. It is cut off from the source of its life, and it must end in decay. So the Church would assert that, since the Church is this

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

true vine, with Christ for the root, and all individuals are only branches, stems, twigs, buds, flowers, in this, and in this alone, can any individual find the divine life. So long as each is thus vitally connected with the source of all good, of all truth, of all beauty, so long it finds its life in this communion of saints. It enters into and partakes of this common bond, which is the source of all its good.

Now, then, you can easily see that, from the church standpoint, accepting this definition, it would logically hold that this one Church, this one communion of saints, was the source of all good; that the individual lives only as he enters into communion with it; that from it he receives all life and power and beauty and peace; and that to it, in turn, he owes all duty, all devotion, all service. In the light of this truth, you get the Catholic stand-point from which to view the enormity of the position taken by the heretic. If it be true that this is *the* Church of God and the source of all life, the reservoir of all truth and beauty and goodness, then he who creates a schism within this perfect body of the Church of God, or turns a traitor to it, has committed the gravest of all conceivable crimes; for he has not only committed suicide by detaching himself, cutting himself off from the only source of life, but he has struck a blow at the common life and common hope of humanity. And so, granting this premise as true, you see not only the logic, but the justice, of the punishment which the Church has always meted out to the heretic in this world, and threatened him with in the world to come. It is not only logical but just that Dante, following the church tradition and representing correctly the church spirit, distinguishes Judas and Satan, the traitors and arch enemies of the faith, with this bad superiority over all the possible wickedness of all other beings in all worlds. And, when Dante has created his hell, down deep in the inverted apex, in the lowest, worst spot of the Inferno, he has placed Judas and Satan side by side.

Coupled with that doctrine,— I know not whether the Church would acknowledge any genetic and logical connec-

tion; but coupled with it in thought — is another belief of the Church, that of a fund of stored-up merit, the result of works of supererogation. The saints are supposed to be saved on account of the merits of Jesus Christ; but, beyond this and beyond anything necessary on their part simply to secure salvation, they have, by their patience, by their devotion, by their labors, by their self-denials and sufferings here, laid up a great fund of merit, which is at the disposal of the wisdom and the benevolence of the Church, to be set over against the debit account of those who have fallen and who are in need. So any one, who enters into this great communion of saints, enters upon, if he ever needs it, an inheritance of such a share of this great fund of stored-up merit as is necessary to make his account right with God. This is the doctrine in brief, in bald outline, of the communion of saints as held by the Church.

Out of this doctrine have sprung misconception, cruelty, division, persecution in the history of the race. And yet I believe that here the Church has always been reaching out after one of the most magnificent of truths. The error has been in assuming that only those that it had chosen to accept as members of its communion, or only those who chose voluntarily to come into membership in this communion of the saints, had a right to be classed as members of the household of God.

But we hold, in the light of our last discourse, in which I outlined the characteristics of sainthood, a broader conception of this Church of God, this communion of the saints, in all nations and all ages. You will remember that last Sunday we made the broad statement that any man, who devoted himself in any direction to the search for truth, to the search for the beautiful and the good; who was faithful in even the lowest departments of life; who was trying to add something to the common fund of the world's goodness and progress; who ministered, in however feeble or poor a way, to those things which tend to lift and lead on mankind to some better future,— that these, by as much as

they were consecrated, sainted, devoted to these labors, had a right to the name of saints, and were already consecrated to God; for God includes all beauty, all goodness, all truth, all things that lift up and lead on. And so, if we define anew our doctrine of the universal, the Catholic Church of God, of the communion of saints, in the light of this principle, we shall include in it all men, all women, all children, from all ages, in all races, under every sky, called by whatever religious name, calling God by whatever name in their worship,— all who devote themselves to this common, better life of the race. These are the Church of God. These constitute the great communion of saints.

And is it not true, when we have come to this new definition, that we can make, on behalf of this communion, the very identical claims which the Church has always made on its own behalf? Here is all the truth, all the beauty, all the goodness, all the divineness of human life, in this communion of the saints. From this comes all of good that any individual life ever receives. We live by virtue of the fact that we are grafted into this one central vine. To this, we owe all devotion, all duty, all service. To it, we owe all that we have received. It is our duty to swell the common tide of the world's life and the world's progress as it sweeps out into the future. And he who, through pride, through vain glory, through self-conceit, through selfishness in any form, cuts himself off from or antagonizes this common life, this communion of the saints, not only commits suicide, so far as his own highest and best life is concerned, but becomes a traitor to all that is divine and human in the world.

This doctrine, then, transformed thus in the light of a broader and deeper definition, comes back to us in a more vital form. It is just this common life of humanity to which the individual owes so much. By as much as we are linked in with this common life have we received all that is of value. We owe to it our endeavor, our devotion, our service. It is this which I wish to illustrate and to emphasize to your thought, and to bring home to your feeling as a weight on your conscience.

Let us see how natural, how true, how profound is this principle, by a few illustrations. I will begin by asking you to look at a life like that of Thoreau.

Thoreau, you will remember, for a time revolted against society and all its claims. He resented the external pressure of the great mass of mankind. He wished to be free, to stand alone, to walk his own way and think his own thoughts. He resented the claims which society made upon him. He denied the right even to tax him for the common good. Now, I shall not deny that a protest like this is occasionally a sign of health and sanity; that we need now and then to go a little apart from our fellows, to assert ourselves, to stand as much as may be alone, to resist the pressure of the majority, to think our own thoughts and feel our own feelings, and go our own ways, just so far as it is possible. But here is an important point: let us see how far it is possible, how far it is sane, how far it is a sign of life. Let us see how far Thoreau himself, who was a good typical example of such an attempt, was able to go.

Thoreau went to Concord and built himself a hut near Walden Pond, and became a hermit in the midst of nineteenth century civilization. How much of what made that life of Thoreau's possible was his own? How much did he owe to the great communion of saints of humanity? Strip from him all that this world, against which he revolted, had given him, and what would be left? You would take the hat from his head, the shoes from his feet, the clothes from his back. His ability to build the house that sheltered him from the weather was the result of ages of experiment and inheritance on the part of the race. The tools that he carried with which to build his hut were the result of the ingenuity, the experiments, the toils of mankind. The very brain with which he thought, the very brain that made him desirous of getting apart and looking with fresh eyes, if he might, at the world, was the result of ages of struggle, of toil, of thought, of effort on the part of this same mankind from which he wished to escape. And then, curious contra-

diction, though he had fled from the world and resented its interference with the brain that the world had made for him: with the paper, the pen, the ink, that were a part of the gift of the civilized world,—with these he must perforce write books, and why? Write them to send them out into this world that he had deserted, that they might be read, and that there might be reflected back to him, through sympathy, the author's joy. All these things he owed to the world around him; and, without them, Thoreau would have been a naked, wild, uncultivated, rude savage of the woods, incapable of counting the fingers of one hand, or forming a single letter that made up one of his books, or even of thinking of the possibility of the existence of a book. All that made him anything above a brute was the gift of the world-wide communion of saints.

Let us take another illustration. Go back to the beginning, or near the beginning, of this human life of ours on the planet, to the time when the separate particles of humanity began to aggregate into clusters and organisms of a higher type. There was a time when the materials that make up this solar system were floating diffused and separate and, apparently, independent particles through space. At last, they began to collect, to aggregate in clusters, and to make up the sun with its family of planets and moons about him.

So there was a time, I suppose, when the individual elements of humanity were very largely scattered and separated. At last, they began to aggregate; and the first and simplest aggregation must have been that relation which now we recognize under the name of the family,—a man, a woman, and a child. These make up the smallest organism that we can properly call human. And now note how each one of these is dependent upon the rest. The man depends upon the woman for all that is best in himself, for the development of all that is noblest and finest and sweetest. And she, in her turn, depends on the man for the development of the most characteristically human things in her character

and life. And the child is dependent upon the man and the woman for life itself and all things. But, on the other hand, the man and the woman depend in their turn upon the little helpless child; for through this relationship, this bond of sympathy, have been progressively developed those qualities that lift man above the brute, and make him feel that he is akin to the divine.

Then, this process of aggregation went on until families were grouped and gathered into the tribe or nation. And here, again, how dependent, mutually, each upon each in all this tribal or national life! The very first problem that the race had to solve was the ability to form a tribe or nation compacted together into one organism, and able to stand shoulder to shoulder, life to life, in one organic whole. The tribe that was first able thus to assert itself would be the one that would survive, that could resist the attacks of wild beasts or wilder men, or the disintegrating influence of nature about them; that would be able to conquer the surrounding races and all those things that interfered with its onward progress. When we come to the national life, note how little could be done by one individual alone. The chief or king would be dependent upon the nobles and the people, and the nobles dependent upon the king and the people. The warriors would be dependent on the workers, and the workers dependent on the warriors; each a part of the one whole, the hand having no right to say to the foot, I have no need of you, and the foot having no right to despise the hand; and hand and foot having no right to despise the brain, and the brain having no right to despise the heart; many members in one body organized and compacted together by this mutual interdependence. And so there arose out of this disorder the germs of this great world-wide community life, by which, alone, mankind is able to develop and make progress.

I want to draw a simple and graphic picture of this dependence of each of us on somebody else in our modern life. Let me then enter the dining-room of any one of you

this morning, and sit with you by your breakfast-table, and make a few suggestions in regard to your dependence upon the workers and the thinkers of all the past, of all the world.

How does it come to pass that you, gathered around your well-spread table, are a part of the great nation that fears no power in the world, that is at peace with all the earth, that represents this universal prosperity of all its members? All the struggles of humanity from the beginning have entered into the production of this American nationality and this American prosperity and peace. The battle of Marathon was fought to make your breakfast-table possible. The struggle out of which came the Athenian republic, the Roman Empire, the States of the Middle Ages, the freedom of the German tribes; the characteristics of Saxon Britain; the conquests of the Conqueror; the Norman element added to the great life of England; the fight of the Barons for liberty against the despotism of John; the warfare of Cromwell against Charles; the rise of the Puritans; the work of Luther; the freedom that sprang up and came to fruitage in the English national life, and was then transplanted to these shores; the warfare of years with the aborigines, the long struggle of the Revolution, all the recent phases of our American national life,—all these, the entire history of the world, have contributed to lay the foundation of the prosperity, the peace, on which your breakfast-table rested this morning; and you talk about what you have done, and your ability to live apart from your fellows, and your independence, your thought, your brain, your genius, your power! Then how many an experiment, how many a failure, are woven into the carpet that was under your feet and the cloth that covered your table! How much of human genius and effort is displayed in the porcelain and china from which you ate! How many mines dug under ground, how much ingenuity and inventive skill, went to the construction of knife and fork and spoon! How many laborers in Japan, Rio, Java, how many ships whitened the sea, how many miles of railroad track, how many thundering trains, brought

to you your tea and coffee! How many farms furnished the butter and cream! How many patrolmen walked the streets; and what a strong, protective arm of government was held above you, that you might sleep in peace and arise with appetite for this same breakfast! How many despised, poor, outcast laborers have been contributing, while you slept, to the health and the sanitary condition of the city! And, then, what human labor created the beautiful patterns on your walls and hung the pictures that delight your eyes! What a world of invention and struggle, reaching back to and out from the inaccessible past, has laid a picture of the present condition of the whole planet for five cents beside your plate! And all this sympathy that makes you care to know about the world is the development of the civilized heart that makes it possible for you to enter into these world-wide relations. How much have you done yourself toward all this? How much do you owe to the world-wide communion of the saints, to those men sainted, devoted, consecrated to the development of all this civilization of which you are a part, and which brings the water of life to your individual lips?

And so I might go on and illustrate this truth in regard to the different departments of life, business, intellectual, social, moral, and religious. How did you come by all these? How is it that you are able to carry on your business to-day successfully? You owe it to the past and to the present civilized organization of the world. Suppose you wish to cherish a thought, to pursue or utter a train of ideas. In the first place, it is this communion of saints which has given you the brain by which to think. Then you are dependent upon the sympathetic brain development and culture in those about you for the ability to utter your thought and to get back the responsive echo of the intelligent perception of it on the part of somebody else. If you wish to write a book, you are dependent upon the culture of the world for readers. It is the intellectual development and life of all the past that have created the intellectual

world in which you live to-day. How do you know that you are not living, as men used to think they were, on a little flat plain of earth, with a solid dome like a metal cover shutting down over you to the horizon, and with a few lights, called sun, moon, and stars, a few miles overhead? How do you know these great facts about the universe and its immensity? How do you know that you are riding the chariot of earth that is whirled along with lightning-like rapidity on its pathway through the blue? How do you know all these magnificent truths? Why, we have looked through the eyes of an Anaxagoras, a Bruno, a Galileo, a Kepler, a Newton, a Young, a Darwin, and a Spencer; and to-day the little child, standing on the shoulders of these, is able to gain a grander view of the universe than had any of these magnificent giants of the intellectual life of the past. He who enters into this communion of saints receives the benefit of all that has been wrought and achieved, until it has become literally true, as Jesus said, that he who is the least in this kingdom of heaven is greater than the greatest of those who were not thus privileged.

And so of the social life of men. We are dependent on somebody to love us, we are dependent on somebody to love. Shut us off alone, and how much would be left of life that we would care to keep?

So, again, in the religious and moral life. It is the experience of all the past that we breathe as the very breath of our moral and religious life to-day. Entering into it, we are able to begin where the world has left off, and go on to higher and better attainments still.

Now, then, modern science, so far from taking away this grand doctrine of communion of saints, teaches it to us in the law of evolution by an accumulation of facts that the world never conceived before. We do not bear the root, as the apostle says, the root bears us. We are simply a branch, a twig, a bud, of the common life of the world, and all that is of value in us individually we derive from this communion that we hold in this common life. We have been developed

by it; and this conviction of the common life of the race bears us up, and thrills our veins with this life.

It is, then, the one dream of the world to realize in its perfection this communion of the saints. It is the grandest problem of the modern world,—this ability to organize, and so relate to each other the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, the capitalist and the laborer, that they shall enter into not only, but receive, their just share of this common life of the world. He will be the grandest saint, in the future estimation of men, who shall be able to solve this great problem. It is the one thing that faces us and that threatens the nineteenth century civilization more than any other danger; and, if we fully realize how vital a thing it is, —this common life of humanity,—we shall see that we cannot safely neglect it.

Consider, for instance, our life here in Boston. No matter where you live, whether on the finest avenue, the most beautiful hill-top, the noblest street in the city, if the city's health in the lowest slums is not regarded, then you are not safe. No matter how fine and sweet the morality which you see budding and blossoming in the life of the loved ones around your fireside, unless the morals in the slums of the city are regarded, neither your son nor your daughter is safe. It is a common life. We are on board one ship. Whether you are in the cabin or forecastle, if the ship goes down, we all founder together. The nobility of the age of France preceding the Revolution thought that they could live their gay, butterfly, self-indulgent life in happy Olympian scorn of the common conditions of the common people of France. But when the earthquake came, and the ground trembled beneath them, and the pent-up lava burst forth, they found that the desolation swept all the superstructure away. It is our business to see to it that we develop in its entirety and completeness not only the upper structure, but the lower, in this common human life of ours.

There is no grander dream possible to any human soul, it seems to me, in the way of personal achievement, than that

which George Eliot has so grandly expressed in that brief fragment which is so familiar, but which, as the world goes on, I take it, will be more familiar still. Here was the aspiration of her soul: —

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
. . . This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony;
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion evermore intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Here is the noblest human aspiration, here the highest human duty. How any one can fail to be thrilled with the thought of it, as he looks back, passes my comprehension. I am overwhelmed and awed as I sometimes gain even a little glimpse of my personal debt to the noble ones — nay, the thousands — who have struggled and lived and suffered and died to make my present life possible. As illustrating this concretely, I met Mr. John Weiss on the street one day, soon after I came to Boston to live, and he said to me in that humorous, pathetic way of his, "Mr. Savage, you ought to be grateful to me and some of the rest of us who have been killed to make it possible for you to do your work with

freedom and peace." And I am grateful; for, indeed, he spoke the literal truth. He and a thousand true souls like him have died for the liberty that we rejoice in here this morning,— died by the year, though they dragged out a physical existence; died as truly as the Crucified One.

As we then are grateful to these men, to this communion of the saints, from whence we draw every breath and the blood of our life, let us feel the responsibility and duty that urge us to contribute our devotion and service to this common life.

But I believe this communion of saints is larger than George Eliot pictures it. She confined it to this world. Her immortality was the immortality of a life perpetual only in the onward move of the race here beneath the skies. I believe rather, with Paul, that this life here is but an arena where we run our race for the crown. We struggle, we smite, we strive after the victory; but all around us, invisible at present to our eyes, is a great cloud of witnesses, tier above tier ranging off into the invisible. And I love to think this morning that George Eliot herself to-day sits in one of these higher tiers among the grandest of the immortals. And, as I strain my ear to listen, I seem sometimes to catch the faint echo of a cheer, as some grand blow for truth or right is struck here on earth; some whisper of inspiration or courage, as we face some new foe; and I feel some thrill of that common life which binds together past, present, future, earth and heaven, the one true church of God, the Catholic Church, the world-wide communion of saints.

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SERIES ON

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

XI. EVOLUTION AND IMMORTALITY.

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EVOLUTION AND IMMORTALITY.*

THERE is, I think, a quite popular impression abroad that he who is a consistent believer in the teachings of modern science, who adopts the theory of evolution, can no longer rationally or logically hold a faith in a future life, or the continued existence of the soul after death. My purpose, then, this morning, in treating as closely and as carefully as I can this theme, will not include a general treatment of the subject of immortality. I shall not necessarily tell you all I think about it, all I believe, and all I hope. You are aware of the fact, by this time, that I am an earnest believer, in the main, in the doctrine that goes by the name of the "Philosophy of Evolution." I believe it to be, in general, the true theory of the world and of the development of life. I wish simply to tell you what I think I have a right to believe concerning this matter of immortality, while I occupy this stand-point in regard to evolution. This, simply and comprehensively, is my theme.

It will be necessary, at the outset, for me to ask, and to briefly answer, What is evolution? The answer of that one question alone, if carried to its logical conclusions, would be the solution of the problem which we raise.

Evolution, then, is simply a scientific theory as to the methods, the processes, by which the worlds have come to their present condition, by which life has developed from its lowest, through all the intermediate forms, until it has reached man. It is a theory, then,— and that is the point I wish to emphasize,— of methods, of processes. It does not

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

undertake to answer any question concerning ultimate origin or ultimate destiny. It leaves that old problem, as to the beginning of the universe and its end, where it was before. It leaves the question as to the beginning of life, its end, its origin, its destiny, where it was before; or, if not quite where it was before, if it throws some light upon it, if it gives us hints concerning it, it does not attempt a full, complete, and final explanation. It rather teaches that these questions are, in their very nature, insoluble, beyond the grasp of the human mind; for the human mind is within this universe, and is a product of it. It is, in the nature of things, then, absurd for us to suppose that it can go outside the universe, and look at it from without and tell when and how it began. Indeed, we are compelled to believe that it never began; that, in some way, life, power, always was, is now, and ever will be. From the stand-point of evolution, then, this is just as true as it was before that wonderful inscription was written upon the statue of Isis in ancient Egypt: "I am the one that was and is and shall be; and no one has ever lifted my veil." No one ever has lifted it, or, perhaps, ever will. Advocates of the scientific theory of evolution, at any rate, are not so unwise as to attempt the impossible. The question then remains for us, as it does for the advocates of the old theory: What is the soul? When did it begin? By what process did it become connected with the body? What is its relation to the physical life? Is it distinct from the physical life? Can it act independently of it? If not, will it continue to be, when the physical has gone back to dust? These questions, I say, remain for the evolutionist just as real, as rational questions as they were for the believers in the old theology.

The advocates of the old faith have not been clear on these points. Their views have not been harmonious and at one. I am spoken to frequently by men and women who seem to suppose that this question as to what the soul is, and how and when it became connected with the physical life, is a question peculiar to modern science, to evolution.

They seem to assume that it was no difficulty under the old faith, but a natural part of it.

Let us look at it for a moment. Suppose I open the first chapter of Genesis. I read there that the Elohim created the body of the first man in their own image, and then breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, and that it became a living soul. But, when we look a little more carefully, we find that this same phrase, "living soul," carries with it no special significance concerning the nature and destiny of man, because precisely the same phrase is used in connection with the various forms of animal life. They are spoken of by the writer of Genesis as possessing this living soul in precisely the same way that Adam himself is. So the difficulty pertained to the old theology just as much as it does to the new ideas of the modern world. We find, from the history of the Church, that there has been no end of discussion concerning this question as to the nature and origin of the soul and how it is related to the physical life.

There have been three great theories, with reference to this, that it is worth while for us to look at. There have been those that believed in the pre-existence of the soul; that it is, in its nature, eternal, not only destined to exist in an endless future, but as having already existed in an endless past. The old difficulty attaches to this theory — to understand how this soul becomes incarnated, incorporated in the body.

There is another type of belief, that which is called technically Traducianism; that is, it is the belief of those that hold that the soul of man is derived from his parents by the process of natural generation, just the same as is the body.

There is another theory, that of Creationism; that is, that God especially creates a new soul every time that a new being is born into the world.

I mention these simply to make clear to you that this difficulty as to what the soul is and where it comes from, and how it gets incarnated, is not any new difficulty that modern

science is specially called upon to answer. It is a difficulty as old as human thought. And it is just as insoluble on the old theory as it is on the new. I wish thus to show that this is not any new or added difficulty with which we are specially called on to deal.

But there is another point which is frequently raised; and those who make it seem to think they are raising a good and insuperable objection to the rationality of any faith in the future life. They tell us that, when once we have granted the fact that man is derived by natural descent from animal forms, that we are bound logically to accept one of two positions,—either that all the animals are also immortal in their nature or else that man, who is naturally derived from them, is not.

Now, I will say to you very frankly that, even if we were compelled to be impaled upon one or the other of the horns of this dilemma, it would not trouble me in the least. At the same time, I wish to say just as frankly that I see no necessity of my accepting either of them. In the first place, there are large numbers of rational, and some even of scientific, people, who are earnest advocates of the doctrine of the natural immortality of animals. It would not trouble me one whit, if I found myself compelled to accept that belief. Indeed, I have had, now and then, such tender, devoted friends among the inhabitants of the animal world that it would be to me even a great delight if I could hold that faith of the simple Indian, as Alexander Pope pictures him, dreaming of that far-off future when "his faithful dog shall bear him company." I have known many a dog, many a horse, that seemed to me, if goodness and service and merit are to come into this discussion, to deserve continued existence much more than many a man I have known. And, if I could have my choice as to future company, I would gladly leave out some of the men I have met, and take some of the animals in their place. But there is not any logical necessity for such an alternative. Man is differentiated from all forms of animal life in one very significant

particular. Man has developed a conscious personality, which we look on as the essence of that which we call soul; and there is not, so far as I am aware, any proof that any animal, however sagacious, however highly developed, has ever attained anything even approaching to this. If I should find any manifestation of this in the lower forms of life, I should look upon it with as much amazement and wonder as I now look upon its manifestation in the human world.

Suppose, for example, that I should find out that some noble dog had risen to the point of thinking, "I am a dog; and outside of me is a mysterious, wonderful world, out of which, in some strange way, I have come." And suppose he should begin to wonder: What am I? Whence did I come? For what destiny am I intended? And suppose, sitting beside some dying companion, he should raise the question: Is this the end? Is it possible that this stiff, cold form beside me is all, or was there something contained in this body, connected with it for a time, that had in it the essence of a life not dependent on this fleeting breath? Is it possible that there is a spiritual dog that survives the death of the body, that continues to exist, to care, to love, to progress in some other sphere? Suppose, I say, that it should come to the knowledge of the scientific world that such a course of reasoning as this had been gone through with on the part of any member of the animal world, would we not be compelled to at once revise our definition of the word "animal," and to raise as a rational question precisely the same one that confronts us here this morning? It seems to me, then, that it is not only true that there are no new difficulties confronting us as scientific students and believers in the doctrine of evolution, but that we may find here, in the highest and best results of modern science, several very important hints that will well repay our most careful attention. I shall not attempt to go over all of them, but simply concentrate my attention on one or two that I regard as of chiefest significance.

If any man comes with a theory that he is ready to pro-

pound as an adequate explanation of the world, we must demand of him, at any rate, that it be competent to explain the most important facts.

Suppose a man should come before the world to-day with a new astronomical theory, a theory intended to explain the development of suns and planets, and moons and asteroids,—a theory that should attempt to account for their relative size and position, their movements in the heavens and in regard to each other. And suppose that, while the theory was adequate to the explanation of some few minor, subordinate facts, it utterly failed and broke down, when it was confronted with the most important ones of all. You would say at once that the theory had no rational standing ground, and that a wise man would be justified in brushing it one side as unworthy of attention.

Just precisely that do I say concerning all forms of the theory of materialism as they are propounded to us by their eloquent advocates in the modern world. Here are two great facts in human consciousness, self-conscious personality and thought. Any theory of man or of the universe that fails to explain these is thereby proved to be utterly inadequate. It breaks down in the presence of the very things that are highest and that most need explanation. Materialism, then, tried by this test, I regard as bad science, as false philosophy. Put to the highest test, it utterly fails. It cannot even approximate an explanation of the fact that I think, that I remember, that I hope.

According to all the laws of physical force with which we are acquainted, the physical life might go on, and mind be left utterly out of account. It is indeed true that my thinking is correlated with certain molecular motions of brain particles; but the motions of the brain particles do not produce thought, nor explain it. Cabanis said that the brain secreted thought, in just the same way that the liver secretes bile. The best modern science declares any such statement as that to be insufferable nonsense. If you could trace the motion of the very minutest particle of the brain from the

time when the blood carried it there from the heart to the time when it was thrown out again as waste and worn, if you could trace every motion of these particles in all their near and remote effects, you would not have approached an explanation of thought, of the fact that it exists, or its nature. For all these physical processes can be traced and explained in the light of the law of the persistence of force; and thought is outside of them all. This self-conscious personality of mind is something that the best modern science declares it cannot explain. It is not a part of this physical life of mine; it is not the product of physical force; it is not a link in any physical chain.

What is it, then? The result of the teaching of science, though negative, is at least a hint that it may be something not dependent on physical organization, and that may not cease to be when the physical organization is taken apart.

There is one more truth wrought out and illustrated as the result of modern science. We see in the world processes, of which we are a part, beginning millions of years in the past. We see life by slow steps of progress rising grade after grade. First the physical forces predominate. Then it is ruled by the intellect, as cunning or as reason. Then slowly emerging, we see what is called the moral idea or moral sense of man,— love, goodness, hope, these things that pertain to the spiritual ideal of the race. We see this rational process, or progress, through the ages, until the world that began as brute becomes human, and that which was merely physical or intellectual becomes dominated by ideals like those of Jesus of Nazareth, than whose there is not a mightier name on earth to-day. We see the spiritual coming to the front. And yet, as I have traced it, we are conscious of the fact that we are only in the midst of the process. It is not yet complete: it reaches out with promise toward the future. Promise of what? Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what: but something, something grander than to-day, or else the universe stultifies itself.

We see then, and we are a part of, a rational process of progress through the ages. Do you say we have no right to call this process a rational one, no right to assume anything concerning this mysterious progression?

Let us see. These reasons with which we assume to measure things are products of this universe, whichever theory about it you take. Reason has come out of and is the product of the universe. If, then, reason is not competent to decide a question like this, it may be that the universe is only created as a sport of fancy. If reason itself is not reliable, why, then, your argument breaks down, because the decision to which you rationally come is irrational, or may be itself an irrational decision. If, however, the reason is reliable, if we can trust its decisions concerning a great problem like this, then one of two things follows: either the universe itself, of which it is a product, is rational, or else the universe has produced something that is higher and nobler than itself, which is absurd; for no stream can rise higher than its source. It seems to me, then, that we are justified, on the basis of modern science and in the light of the strictest logic, to advance and hold fast the conclusion that this process of which we are a part in the universe means some grand outcome that shall justify it all.

> I cannot think that we shall end in naught;
> That the abyss shall be the grave of thought;
>
> That e'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
> O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul.

It seems to me, in other words, the very height of unreason to suppose that this age-long process of the development of the universe is to end at last in a grand consummation of *nothing*. That would be the most stupendous *reductio ad absurdum*. If the universe means anything, and we can trace a rational process from ages ago up to the present, it is only rational to suppose that this process will go on to something higher and better yet; and it is only putting it mildly to say

that we are justified in hoping the grandest things for the future.

Now, then, we have reached this point. We have no quarrel with the man who cannot possibly see any force in reasoning like this. His mind may be constituted differently from mine; and I cannot dogmatically say that my mind is the measure of the universe or even the standard for his. But this much I can say, and say it in the face of all the world: there is no modern knowledge, no modern science, no modern authority of any kind that has the slightest right to charge me with being irrational or unscientific, if I hold fast this grand hope of a personal immortality. I have then a right to stand here, and, with a gleam of joy and trust in my eyes, hope for that which is as yet invisible.

Now, then, occupying this stand-point, let me hint to you two or three things that seem to me perhaps worthy of your attention.

1. I wish to recall to you a wonder of human nature parallel to that which I suggested a moment ago as a supposition concerning some member of the animal world. Did you ever attempt to measure the mighty significance of the fact that men have had a universal belief, a daring hope of a future life? If there is no reason for it, if it is not true, how comes it that such a daring magnificent delusion ever entered the human soul? The universe, so far as we are acquainted with it, is not accustomed to lie to us. It generally gives what it promises; and, when a longing in any department of our nature is felt, it generally indicates some source of supply. Are we to suppose that, in the highest illustration of this hunger, it is only a delusion, a mirage, a cheat, the most ·ıpendous cheat of a universe that thus becomes false all the way through? Just consider the fact, and think how marvellous it is. There never has lived on this earth a single human being, or creature of any kind, except those that still remain, and who look forward to the same destiny, that has not died. And yet, in the face of this universal fate, think of this frail child of the ages daring

to stand up and look death in the face and defy it, saying: "I do not believe thou art real: thou art only the shadow. Life is mightier than thou art; and I will yet triumph over all thy power!" Just think of the significance of an act like that! Think of a man standing by the grave of a friend, ready to lower the coffin into the earth and cover it over and leave it, knowing that it is only a matter of time when he himself shall be put there too, yet daring to look down into it, and say: "I do not believe it is a grave: it is only a cradle. It means a new birth and a grander start than the old."

2. The belief in a future life has the field; and it has a logical, legal, rational right to hold the field, until it is logically, legally, or rationally driven out. And I know of no power manifested in the ancient or modern world that has any right to tell this hope of man that it shall vacate its position. It has the field.

3. On any theory of the universe that you choose to hold, our moral intuitions, our moral sense, our ethical ideas, are the outcome and development of the universe. And what do they tell us? They say to us over and over again — it is an echo from the farthest past, an echo that comes up and rings itself anew in the ears of every generation — that this world is not a field where complete justice is done, where an ideal righteousness is attained. While the ethical thought of man declares that righteousness does exist somewhere, and that it ought to rule and shall rule, as a matter of fact it does not in this world. I cannot help admitting that there is an immense logical — yea, evidential — force in the argument which is advanced in favor of a continued existence, in order that the unevenness of things here may somewhere and somehow be righted. Theodore Parker used to say that he never believed so firmly in immortality as he did when looking in the face of a little vice-produced and vice-taught child, ragged and outcast in the streets. As he looked upon that face, with no conception of moral ideals, and thought of its origin and

destiny, he felt that the child had a right to demand that it have a chance,— a chance which this life did not furnish. The completed result does not seem to be reached here.

If I stand on the banks of a river on some foggy morning, when the mist is so thick that I cannot see more than thirty or forty feet away, and I see at my feet an abutment and the arch of a bridge, springing, reaching out, until it is lost to sight, I feel logically, rationally warranted in assuming that my vision is not the measure of it, that it reaches over and finds another abutment, and rests securely on the other side. So, when I see the unfinished arch of justice and righteousness springing here at my feet, reaching out through the mist, incomplete, my logical reason demands that I believe that it is somewhere complete, that the ideal demand is satisfied.

4. You will not all, perhaps, receive the next point from my lips without question or possible mental protest; but I say, as frankly and fearlessly as I have been accustomed for years to utter what I believe,— for I have never yet learned the art of concealing my opinions,— that there are two or three wonderful properties of this human soul, or mind, or whatever name you choose to call it by, that seem to me demonstrated, and at the same time to contain suggestions of immense significance.

I believe, for example, three things concerning the human mind: —

1. I believe that class of phenomena which is named mesmerism or hypnotism — the power of one mind under certain conditions to control not only another mind, but another body, and physical movements through that mind — is no longer questionable, but proved. Not that all reported cases are true, but that it contains a truth that is demonstrated.

2. I consider that there are many well-authenticated cases of clairvoyance, or that which goes by that name, and that it is no longer rational to doubt this power of the human mind. If any man tells me that he does not believe it, I cannot

help thinking that in this particular he is not a well-instructed person.

3. I believe in what the London Psychical Society has come to call telepathy, or the power of mind under some circumstances to influence other minds at a distance, without any physical contact or any of the ordinary means of communication.

These do not prove anything, you will say. I make no claim for them beyond the fact, except as to what they suggest. They do suggest a good deal more independence of this ordinary physical organization of ours, on the part of the soul, than we are accustomed to take for granted.

I am reminded by this fact of an anecdote of Emerson. It is said that Mr. Emerson and Mr. Parker were walking in Concord one day, when a wild advocate of second adventism met them, and announced to them in an excited manner that the world was coming to an end on a special day. Mr. Emerson replied in his calm, quiet way: "Well, suppose the world does come to an end: it does not trouble me any. I think I can get on without it."

And so, when I find this marvellous human mind of ours, this soul, able to do these wondrous things while still connected with the body, it raises the question, at least, whether in the last resort the soul cannot afford to say, as Mr. Emerson did, that it can get on without the body.

Here then we stand. Human science is utterly unable to disprove this old age-long, world-wide belief in an immortal life. It has the field. It is a logical, rational belief. We may not as yet be able to demonstrate it. I certainly am not able to. But, at the same time, I am not quite ready to concede, what some scientists claim, that it never can be demonstrated. I do not know. I shall give up the hope that it may be only when it is proved that it cannot be demonstrated. It is not as yet. And so I will but hope that some day we may be able to demonstrate that death is what I believe it to be, a shadow; and that life is the grand reality. In any case then, we have a right to cherish this grand

hope, to be comforted through it, to be lifted by it in the vicissitudes of life, to take it as balm for our bleeding hearts when we stand in the presence of the death of those we love. In the words of Campbell, I believe we are entitled to say: —

> "Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
> Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time
> Thy joyous youth began,— but not to fade.
> When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
> And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
> Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
> And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

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* THE Easter Sermon on "Evolution and Immortality" was erroneously issued as No. 11 in the series on "The Religious Life." The present one is No. 11 in that series.

Contemporary Religious Changes.*

In this series of sermons on which I have been engaged, I have made it apparent to you that I firmly believe religion is a permanent factor of human nature and human life. I think it is not likely to decline in the world, much less to die out or pass away. But, at the same time, I have made it apparent that the *forms* that religion at any one time assumes are subject to perpetual change. The heart, the soul, the essence of religion, is the endeavor of man to become rightly related to the universe outside of him, rightly related to his fellow-men. That is, an ideal life is the end and aim of religion. But the ceremonies that may be attached to religious services, the dogmatic beliefs in which men embody their religious ideas, all these externals of religion, the methods by which men may endeavor to carry out that which is the one object of all religious thinking and living,— these necessarily change as man changes and develops from age to age. It is my purpose, this morning, to consider some of the principles underlying these religious changes, and to note some of the more important of those that are taking place in the world at the present time, to which we, in our measure, are contributing, and of which we, of necessity, are a part.

We are apt to overlook these changes or not to note the significance of them, for the very simple and sufficient reason that we are in the midst of them. You learned a similar lesson during the war, when it used to be a common saying that, if one wished to know what was going on at the front, one must come to New York or Boston. The soldiers

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

in the army knew less about it than we who were at home. They were a part of those movements, in the midst of them, and consequently unable to estimate their drift or tendency as clearly as those who stood away from the passion of battle, looking at it from afar. So it has always seemed difficult for people at any particular age of the world to estimate correctly the great changes that were going on about them. Thus it is that another generation, separated from the passions of the conflict, can overlook the field, and see what was being done and what was the necessary and natural outcome. These changes, then, must always be going on, unless man ceases to advance; for they inhere in the very fact that this is an infinite universe, and that the human race is finite and is in process of development,—changing in thought, changing in feeling, changing in institutions,—going through political, intellectual, and moral changes age after age.

This necessity for change is connected with another fact of close kin with that which I have just mentioned,—a fact which is frequently spoken of as a discouraging one for man, a fact that is supposed very largely to vitiate all his attempts to understand and explain the great problems of the world. Goethe said, Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is. And this word "anthropomorphism" has played a great part in the thought and discussions of the religious world during the last generation; and, as I have just said, is supposed to indicate some terrible, mighty fact which is able to make of very little worth our attempts to understand the world. What is anthropomorphism? Why, it means simply that man is compelled, as he studies this infinite universe, to think of it in terms derived from his own being, from his own experience. He is compelled to think of them as a man, and must therefore think of them inaccurately, so they tell us.

To illustrate what I mean clearly: I came across a statement during the past week, concerning an old satirical work written some years ago, that described a convention once

held among the humble-bees, the purpose of it being to come to some better conclusion as to the nature of the universe and its purpose. And it goes on to say that they looked at it from necessity from their stand-point as humble-bees, and came to the conclusion that the universe was formed simply for them, and that they, their nature, their destiny, exhausted its possibilities. Why not? I propose this morning to defend the humble-bees, and all people, whatever their nature or degree, who look at the universe from the stand-point of their own nature. How else should they think of it, how else should they look at it? What difference does it make to the humble-bee what kind of a universe man lives in? What concerns him is whether the universe of the bee is suitable for him. That is the important truth and the only important truth for him.

You remember that short satire or satirical poem of Browning's in which Caliban, half-beast, half-human, waking up in an underground cave, comes to study the universe from his stand-point. The moral is that the universe is quite other than what Caliban thinks it. He measures it from his stand-point. But why should he not? So far as his welfare is concerned, he is right. It concerns him to know what the universe is to Caliban. It does not concern him to know what it is to any other creature. So why should not man be anthropomorphic? I look at the universe through my eyes: they are the only eyes I have. How else should I look at it? If I am to estimate whether a substance is hard or soft, I must do it through my sense of touch: that is the only way I have for knowing anything about it. It does not concern me to know whether this desk might be hard or soft in some other planet, or to some other race of beings, so long as it is hard to me. What, then, is the use of telling me that some other creature might live, like the fabled salamander, in the fire, so long as fire is hot and ice is cold to my touch? What I want to know is what is the universe to me: and that which is the truth to me is the truth that supremely concerns me. I am perfectly well aware that my capacities, my fac-

ulties and senses, are not the measure of the universe; that, if I were suddenly endowed with a sixth sense, I might have a new world about me in an instant. But I am not endowed with a sixth sense at present: consequently, I must take the world as it is to my thought and to my five senses. It is this which concerns me; and it is a real universe to me, constituted as I am. And it is nothing to me that it may be something else to some other being, in some other world, constituted in some other way. Because the human race is anthropomorphic, therefore it follows naturally and of necessity that man must picture the Infinite in terms derived from his own nature and experience. And, therefore, as his nature develops, as he makes intellectual advance, as he makes political advance, he must of necessity change his conception of the universe. And you will find that nearly all the great changes that have been brought about may be easily grouped under these three great divisions,—intellectual, political, and ethical; for man, as he has stood contemplating the greatness of the world about him, has many and many a time been deceived like the traveller in the Alps when he has seen his own figure projected like a spectre against the clouds, and has not waked up perhaps for a long time to the conception of the truth that it really is only his own shadow.

So man has projected, shadowed, against the Infinite his own political, intellectual, ethical ideas, and has named these the divine, has made them the constituent elements of his religious doctrines, his religious thoughts. It is perfectly natural that this should be so; and it is right that he should have done so, only he should have been wise enough — and he is at last becoming wise enough — to know that this is all only provisional; good enough for to-day, perhaps the best possible for to-day, but that it will be antiquated and left behind as he becomes wiser, as he is able to think more broadly and deeply and to feel more nobly.

I do not see how it could have been otherwise than it is. How is it possible for a man to transcend himself? Those

who tell us that we ought not to be anthropomorphic, that we ought to get rid of all this delusion, that the Infinite is not made in our likeness, that we ought not to use terms derived from our own experience when talking about the Infinite, it seems to me, are not overwise. They tell me that I must not talk about God as thinking, because thinking is derived from a process going on in my brain, and God has not any brain. I know that very well; but what shall I say? I know that there is a process going on in the Infinite that is not less than thinking. If it is different from thinking, it is higher than that; but thinking is the highest term that I am capable of using for it. They tell me that I have no right to talk about God as feeling, about God as loving, about God as a father, about God as a governor, about God as just, as forgiving, because they say that these are terms derived from man and his experience, and they cannot adequately measure the Infinite. I know it as well as they do; but, if I am to speak at all, I must speak as a man, and I must use terms derived from human nature and experience, or else I must be forever silent. I must, however, remember the justice there is in the criticism that these are terms that fall unspeakably short of the reality. But they are the best shadows I can use for setting forth so much of that reality as to-day is possible for me. I cannot think of anything higher along the intellectual line than that. I cannot think of anything higher than goodness. I cannot think of anything better than love; and so I use these terms temporarily, believing that they mean as much as at present we can express, but knowing that the reality transcends them on every side, and is infinitely beyond the power of expression.

These changes, then, are going on according as man is able to think more wisely, according as he is able to frame his conception of government more wisely, according as his moral nature develops and he comes to feel more justly, more tenderly, and to be more true.

I wish, now, to indicate in this brief way some of the principles underlying these changes, showing the necessity

for them, and to note some few of the important ones that are taking place at the present time. We shall thus be able to see, in some dim way at least, the drift of the religious life of the modern world.

The first thing that seems to me very marked, as we look over the religious world of the last fifty years, is to find how the dogmatic side of religion is declining, coming to be considered of less and less importance. When I became a member of the church, I was obliged to stand up in the presence of the congregation and listen to a very long and detailed creed, a third of which I did not comprehend then and do not now, and give my assent to it, as a condition of church membership. Every one who has noticed the changes that are going on is aware that large numbers of orthodox churches to-day make no such demand. They do not ask assent to a long creed. Sometimes, if they are intimately acquainted with a person's character and believe that the person is a good man or woman, they will not trouble about the creed at all. They only ask him to come in with them on the broad basis of this principle of moral fellowship, and to do what he can to make the world brighter and happier and better. The reason of this change is because we do not feel so certain as we used to as to what is perfectly true. We are not so wise as we were, for the simple reason that we are a great deal wiser.

Let me indicate a little more definitely some of these changes, that you may see how real and natural this fact is.

It was very easy for primitive man to worship a fetich, or to worship the spirit of his dead ancestors. He felt that religion was quite a definite and comprehensible thing, and that he knew all about it. But, when this little personal god disappeared in the god of the tribe, of the city, then this conception of what his god and of what religion was became less certain at each step. In the first place, each man had a little family god of his own. This god took care of his own household, and it was very easy to find out just what this god wanted. But, when he became the god of a tribe

and of a nation, a greater number of elements was involved, and his own individuality was in danger of being lost. And when, at last, this god became not only the deity of his own tribe, but the God of the whole earth, then man began to think how little a part of the attention of this God he could expect to have personally; and he bowed in the dust before him, and began to speak of him as the Infinite, the Incomprehensible, the One whose thoughts were as high above him as the heavens were above the earth.

Even during the Middle Ages, God and the universe had not grown so much but that man might reasonably expect to have definite and clear ideas concerning them. Until within two or three hundred years, this whole universe was no larger than the orbit of the moon. There was only one inhabited earth, and that was a little flat plain; and the sun and the moon and the stars were made for this. Men knew perfectly well what God created the earth and man for. There had been rebellion in heaven; and a third of the angels had been cast out, leaving a great vacancy. So God decided to create this universe, this little world, and to create man and place him on it, that he might be disciplined and fitted to fill up the blank that had been made about God's throne. They knew when God made man, and just what his thoughts were, and just what God wanted man to do, and just how they must regulate their lives, their thoughts and beliefs, in order that they might become as the angels.

But, suddenly, this little universe that we could clasp, at least, with the arms of our thought, has extended, the firmament has become thin air and melted away into the blue; and in the place of one little earth, with one little race of beings on it, we are lost in thinking how many worlds there may be and how many races may inhabit them, what different natures they may have from ours, how different their origin, their destiny, the purpose of it all. We have waked up to find ourselves lost in the midst of a universe to which we cannot even conceive a limit. We know unspeakably

more than our fathers did; but, just because we know so much more, we feel that we know very little. Our sense of the certainty of our knowledge has slipped away from us, till we feel that we are not so sure about things as we used to be.

The way this universe has grown upon us may be figured in this way. Suppose a child brought in his infancy into one room, and told that this room was the world. He lives there, grows up in it, and knows nothing else. Year after year he studies it, its furniture, its books, its make-up, until he thinks he knows and comprehends the universe. But some day he finds a key, and, wondering what this key is for, searches for a use, till he finds a lock, and, inserting it, thrusts back the bolts, and the door flies open, and he finds himself in another world. His universe has enlarged. He does not know the world quite so thoroughly as he did, but yet he knows more than he did before he opened the door. In this room, he finds another key and another door, and so room after room, range after range, till he sinks down wearied with the sense of being overwhelmed and lost in the thought,— I know nothing at all,— I, who thought I knew everything.

In this way, the knowledge of the universe has grown. Our intellectual conceptions of it have broadened; but we feel less dogmatic certainty about this particular thing or that,— not because we do not know so much as we did, but because we know so much more.

The next step that we need to take, and the next great change that has been going on in the modern world, is the natural and necessary result of the above. There has been growing a broader spirit of toleration for religious differences. When a man feels perfectly certain that he knows the whole of what God wants him to do, he has less patience with a man who differs from him. He *knows* he is right; he *knows* that the other man is wrong. But when he wakes up at last, with a sense of humility, to the consciousness that, perhaps, he is not altogether right, that he may not know everything, then he is ready to entertain, at least, a possibil-

ity of the other man's holding a part of the truth that may have escaped himself. So there grows up a sense of toleration toward those who differ from him.

We do not now feel toward other religious denominations as they felt toward each other fifty years ago. I used to have a pamphlet, written by a Congregationalist, in which it was proved with perfect logic that there was no chance for a Methodist being saved. The system of Methodism was denounced as bitterly as now a man in an orthodox church would denounce the most outright infidelity. You know, too, how our forefathers in Boston treated the Baptists and Quakers. It was only a few years ago, during the days of Dr. Channing, that a man was imprisoned for expressing a doubt as to the existence of God. These indicate a few of the changes that have been going on in this matter of toleration toward those who differ from us in religious ideas.

Not only that, but it is only a few years since that Christendom held that any one outside of Christendom was hopelessly doomed. When I was a little boy, I used to attend the "missionary concerts," as they were called, and hear earnest prayers and appeals for contributions in behalf of foreign missions, on the ground that the heathen were going down, by thousands and millions, to endless perdition. To-day, we know that even the highest orthodox authorities do not talk of Christianity as the one absolute finality in religion, and of all other religions as perfectly false. The London Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge has published some of the finest treatises that I know of concerning Buddhism, Confucianism, the religion of Mohámmed, and the other great ethnic religions of the world. And the Canon of Westminster Abbey, one of the ablest scholars of England, has published a noble book about Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Seneca, under the title *Seekers after God*. We have become, then, more tolerant of these differences, whether they be differences between our denominations or churches, or those larger religious differences that separate the great religious names of the world. This has

come about very largely because of the fact that we have learned so much more about this universe than we used to know, that we have become a great deal more modest than we used to be.

Suppose a man had been born, and lived all his life, in a little cottage on the southern slope or just at the foot of Mount Washington; that he had never gone away a mile from his home. Suppose that, some day, an artist should pass by, and should show him a picture of Mount Washington, and the man should say on looking at it: "That is not Mount Washington at all. I have lived here all my life, and I know." But the artist asks: "Have you ever been to a point twenty miles north of the mountain? This picture was taken from there." Then, perhaps, after a while, after he thinks about it and turns it over in his mind, the man may wake up to the fact that there may be just as many different pictures of Mount Washington as there are different points of view. So we are waking up to the fact that there may be just as many true partial pictures of the universe, of God, of the religious life, as there are possible points of view in the universe, from which to take these pictures. Therefore, we are becoming tolerant of these divergences. There is no doubt that every religion, every denomination, every little sect that lives and continues to live, does it by virtue of the fact that it holds, somewhere, a bit, a fragment, however small, of the truth. Men do not live on lies. They live on that which feeds them; and that which feeds one man, in one stage of his development, may not be at all that which is good for another. I believe that the lowest and crudest forms of the religious life had their value — nay, their necessity — in the condition of human nature at that time. The only danger about them is in fixing them and making them permanent, not recognizing the possibility of larger, deeper, broader growth.

Then there is another reason. The ethical side of the religious life has been advancing; and men have begun to feel that all creeds, all thinking, all speculations, all

science, all philosophy, are of value only as they culminate in moral character, in what we call goodness. Goodness is the supreme thing. It is the end toward which the world is moving; and intellectual ideas and views are of value only as they help on this development of goodness. Men are coming to value this more and more; and they are coming to the discovery that men of all sorts of opinions, and men who say that they have no opinions at all, still may be good men, humane, loving, kind, tender, true in their business relations, true as neighbors, as friends, true in their homes, true to their duties of citizenship. And they say, if these men reach these results, then it cannot be that the speculative ideas to which we hold are so vitally important after all. If the fruit ripens on the tree, that is the chief thing; and any method of cultivation must be a measurably good one that permits the culture and development of luscious fruit.

There is another change which helps on this spirit of toleration,—the development of the idea that each individual is responsible for himself alone in the presence of God. I have had occasion before to show you that, in the early development of government, there was the sense of a corporate responsibility. I have pointed out to you the fact that, when David committed what was regarded as a sin, the people were punished. Seventy thousand souls were slain by the angel of Jehovah on account of his sin. During the persecution in Spain, when the Jews and Moors were driven out, the reason was not so much personal hatred toward the Jew or Moor as it was the belief that God held Spain responsible for the opinions of the Jews, and the king did not dare to harbor heresy, lest calamity should come on his whole people. This idea was of universal prevalence in the early world and until the last few centuries; and this lies at the foundation of nearly all the old persecutions. When a man knew that his neighbor held heretical opinions, he did not dare to keep still, lest his own family should be held guilty before God. We have, then, in the

modern world, gained the belief that the individual alone is responsible for his own ideas, for his own opinions; that each man has a right to choose his own destiny; and that he, and he alone, must answer for it before God.

Another great movement, illustrative of the point I spoke of a moment ago, shows how governmental ideas of the world could be reflected in the heavens and represent the method by which God cares for the people of earth. There has come to pass, at the present time, democracy in government. The rights of man have come to the front; and the rights of the ruler have been put into the background. The king's will used to be the measure of all justice and of law. It was a maxim that the king could do no wrong. Whatever he decided was right, and the ultimate from which there was no appeal; and the people accepted this. But we are developing more and more the idea that the people are the source of all power; that the ruler is not their master, but their servant; that he is simply the expression of their collective will. Along with this has come a transformation in the religious ideas of the world. The old theology is permeated through and through with governmental conceptions derived from these despotic ideas. God's will was ultimate. He had the right to do whatever he pleased. Men were created for his glory. If he chose to create man and send him to perdition, to illustrate his power and justice, he had a perfect right to do so. If he chose to create another man, and take him to heaven as an illustration of his forgiveness and mercy and grace, he had a perfect right to do so. Humanity, as Paul said, was clay in the hands of the potter; and the clay had no right to ask any questions, no right to rebel against anything the potter might choose to do. All this was a reflection in the heavens of ancient political ideas. The sultan, the king, was absolute despot; and God was such a sultan or king.

We are beginning to feel more and more that the welfare of man is supreme. We dare to say God has no right to do wrong, God has no right to create useless suffering, God

has no right to bring into the world a sentient being, unless he sees to it that the outcome of that life is good and blessed. There is no goodness off in heaven that is not goodness down here.

So these political ideas, derived from human nature, have come to the front in the modern world, and are supreme; and they are working changes so far-reaching in theology and religion that it is possible for me to indicate only a few in outline. But I wish to touch two or three points, showing how certain things, that used to be regarded as essential in religion, are being taken away, only to come back again grander than ever. I do not wonder that the world is disturbed, perplexed, as to whether it has lost its religion or not, when it has lost those things which used to be thought the great primal, eternal essentials of religion.

As illustrating what I mean, let us glance at this book called the Bible. We have lost the Bible as the infallible word of God. This has come about through the development of the intellectual, the political, and the ethical ideas of the world, the principles that I have just said underlie all these changes. We have lost the Bible as the infallible word of God. We have found that it is full of errors: we have found that it teaches undeveloped morality, that it is partial, that it is not adequate to the growing life of the world. But, while we have lost it as the infallible word of God, it is coming back to us by and by. It is coming very rapidly. It is coming back to us as a book that we shall love to put our arms around, and hold close to our hearts with a tenderness and devotion we never felt before. It is coming back as a human book. We are no longer to be responsible for its mistakes. We are no longer to defend that which cannot be defended. It is coming back as the religious literature of a great people, full of religious fears, aspirations, hopes: a book profitable for doctrine, for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness: a book that we shall read as we would read the history of our childhood, and find out the lines along which the human race has

developed in its religious life, and the grand hopes that have animated it in the past.

We have lost Jesus. It is true, that which is quoted so many times, they have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid him. The modern intelligence and the higher thought of the world have taken away our Jesus as Lord, as Master, as a unique man, as an incarnation of the divine, as a fact dropped into human history, instead of being an outcome of its natural development. Jesus has gone forever from the intelligent modern world in this conception of him; but I see him coming back again grander, more beautiful than before. The God is going away: the brother-man is to come and stay with us. He is coming to illustrate the possibility of a true, tender human life in the midst of the commonest conditions, a perpetual inspiration and example. Jesus comes to us a man like ourselves, that we can imitate. He illustrates the fact that the divine and the human are alike, and that, therefore, the human can be filled with the divine. He illustrated it, lived it out amid ordinary conditions of human life. Jesus, then, as an exception, as a deity, goes away, to come back as brother-man, as counsellor, guide, helper, friend.

The whole process of the religious development of the world has been to take God himself away from us in one very important sense. I do not wonder that the religious world has stood appalled time and time again. Go to the fetich worshipper, and tell him that his fetich is only a fetich, and he will feel that he has lost his god. He does not know where to find him; for that was the highest and best thing he had at that time, and that is taken away, and his god becomes unreal to him in a sense that he was not before. Go to Rachel, as she was leaving her father, Laban. She has taken her gods with her; she has hidden them in the furniture of her camel, and is sitting upon them. She can carry her gods in her hand, and look at them. But tell her that they are only images, and she has lost her god. So, when Newton and Copernicus came with their new uni-

verse, and took away the God that sat on his throne just above the blue, I do not wonder that the world stood amazed for a while, and felt that it had lost its God. So, when modern thought tells us that we must not think of God as personal in the sense in which we are personal; that we must not talk about his thinking, about his feelings, as though he were just a duplicate of ourselves,—I do not wonder that the world starts, that its heart beats more quickly with fear, and that it wonders if it has really lost its God. The whole process in this line of development has been a going away on the part of God. He is removed far away, until, to-day, we say "infinite"; and the "infinite" means that we cannot say anything adequate about him, that we cannot cover him with any word, that we cannot limit him with any definition, that we cannot think him with any thought, that we cannot measure him by the grandest flight of our imagination. We stand with Herbert Spencer, and say he is the "Unknowable," the one infinite Power behind and back of all things, the one that we cannot classify; and, therefore, we put our hands on our mouth, and our mouth in the dust, and say he is the Unknown. And, yet, in this process of going away, he has been coming back again to all who can think correctly and can feel rightly. For, this one unknowable, infinite Power which thrills in the farthest star is the same God who beats on the seashore in the tides, the same God who pulses in the human heart, the same God who looks out of the eyes of our friends in tenderness and love, the same God who is manifest in the beauty of the flower, in the fact of the awakening life of spring, ready to break through the cold, damp earth, and reclothe it with all the beauty and glory of summer. God has passed into the Infinite; but, when we say "infinite," we find that it is the closest thing of which we know. The infinite, where is it? If I could measure and comprehend the curve that a dust grain makes as it is blown about in the breeze this morning, I would measure for you the curve of the infinite. If I could comprehend the tiniest

blade of grass, I would explain God for you. The Infinite which is beyond is right about us. In this Infinite One we live and move and have our being. He is the very life of our life, the thought of our thought, and love of our love. He clothes us about like the atmosphere. He besets us behind and before, and lays his hand upon us. Wherever we go, we must forever be in his presence, folded about by his care, sustained by his power, guarded by his justice, led on by his wisdom, and tended by his love.

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THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK.*

On last Sunday morning, we considered some of the more important religious changes now going on. The next step that naturally follows is a consideration of the tendency of these changes and of the question, What is likely to be their outcome? What is to pass away in religion, and what is to remain?

In order to answer this, we must look for a little at the principle underlying these changes. What is the law in accordance with which they are taking place? If we can answer this clearly, then we shall be able to throw at least some little light upon the other question which we have proposed.

I believe that the one great law of the survival of the fittest — the law which underlies the growth of worlds, the development of life on this planet in all its forms — is the one which we shall find to give us the clew through the labyrinth in which we desire to find our way. It is the law of the survival of the fittest, in accordance with which these changes go on, as well as all other forms of growth and decay. And what is this law of the survival of the fittest? Since it was discovered and verified only a few years ago, it has seemed a very simple one. And we, perhaps, wonder that it took the world so long to find it out. We may observe illustrations of its workings all about us in these spring days, if we but watch the processes going on in the squares and parks. In any little plot of ground where grasses, weeds, or flowers take root and grow, you will see this principle at work. After the seeds are planted, what is it that determines which ones of them shall continue to exist, to monopo-

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

lize the soil, to drink up the life that is in the air, and maintain their place while others perish and decay? It is this law of the survival of the fittest which is at work; or the force which works according to this law, to put it in more accurate phrase. It is not of necessity the ideally best that survives. That is not what the law means. It is not the most beautiful flower; it is not the most valuable grass; it is not the plant which is of the most possible service to man. It is not the ideally best from our standpoint, but that which is best fitted to the conditions in which it is placed. To illustrate what I mean, suppose any one of you were fortunate enough to own a little garden of your own, and you should sow the seeds, or set out the developed forms of different kinds of grasses, flowers, shrubs, such as are to be found in every clime, in every land, in all parts of the world. You would find that some of them would flourish, and that some of them would die. What would this mean? It would mean that certain of them are adapted to this climate and to the particular soil in which you have placed them, and to the air from which they derive a large part of their sustenance. Those which are thus adapted, which are fitted to live in this climate, in your garden plot,—these are the ones that will live; and the others will die. It is in accordance with this principle that we find the edelweiss growing just under the edge of the glacier in the Alps: that we find the pine in Maine and in Norway, the palmetto in the Carolinas, the olive in Italy and Spain, the sensitive plant, where I have seen it growing in luxuriance, on the Isthmus of Panama, among the rich flora developed near the equator. It is under the working of this law that the distribution of plants has taken place all over the world, till each has found its appropriate home, a place where it can survive and grow.

And what is true in this department of life is true everywhere. It is just as true of governments, of systems of philosophy, of scientific theories, of religious institutions, as it is of the grasses, the trees, the flowers. It is not

necessarily the best form of government that survives in Italy or Spain, for example. That form of government takes root and maintains itself in either one of those countries which is best adapted to the nature, the intelligence, the moral character, and the general characteristics of the people. That is what the law of the survival of the fittest means. No people can maintain for any length of time a better form of government than that which is representative of its average characteristics. Precisely the same is true of a philosophical theory. That philosophical theory may not be the one which will take root and grow at any particular stage of the world's advancement, which is ideally the best and truest, which is nearest to the actual nature of things. The philosophical theory will flourish that is best adapted to the intellectual stage of the people who hold it. You cannot have a highly intelligent theory—one that demands and receives verification on the part of the people—held by those who are intellectually undeveloped, who are not scientific, who are not accustomed to ask for proof, and who know nothing of the methods of verification. Because any great national religion thrives and grows, it is no proof that it is true ideally, or that it is to spread and become permanent over all the world. It indicates simply the fact that this particular phase of the religious life is, for the time, adapted to the stage of growth, or the intellectual life of the people that hold it.

Now, with this principle in mind, let us go on and ask the question as to what form of religion, what essentials of the religious life, are likely to become permanent as humanity advances. It used to be held that Christianity was the only true, divine, and therefore perfect religion, and that it was destined by and by to supersede all other religions and rule over the whole earth. It was believed that all the other religions of the world originated with the evil one; that they were developed by his inspiration, through the dishonest machinations of conscious impostors, and foisted thus upon people, in order to stand in the way of their

reception of the true religion. One of the most famous of the Jesuit missionaries of the world, when he went to China a great many years ago, and first came face to face with Buddhism, sent word to the authorities that he represented that the devil had been there before him and had copied Christianity so accurately in its main essentials, its doctrines, and rites, that it was almost impossible for him to get a hearing for the true religion. This indicates the way in which the other religions of the world have been regarded until within modern times. But we are come to a time when this type of thought is passing away. We believe that all the religions of the world are honest efforts on the part of men groping in the darkness to find the secret of life in the knowledge of and obedience to God. It seems to me, in this great contest among the national religions of the world for supremacy, that the probability is that no one of them is to win. I believe that each one of them is more likely to develop along the lines of national progress of its own race, gradually eliminating its errors, leaving behind its crudities, its moral incompleteness, its superstitions; and thus, along these converging lines of advance, the whole human race is to progress toward some common outcome. For, as the world becomes more intelligent, as it demands substantially the same standards of truth in matters of belief, as it demands substantially the same ethical ideas and conceptions of right and wrong, do you not see that by necessity there is to come a common sentiment of religion and life? Humanity is essentially one; and, as it grows intelligently and morally, this common consciousness will be developed more and more. So much, then, in regard to the development of the great national religions of the world.

We are to narrow somewhat our range of investigation this morning, and discuss simply those forms of religion, or such systems as are offered as substitutes for religion, within the limits of our own Christendom, and find out which ones of these are most likely to survive and become

permanent in the world. In order to do this, we must take account of the direction in which man himself has developed. What characteristics of human thought, human feeling, human life, are developing, as the world becomes more and more civilized? Which of these characteristics are likely to become permanent? That is, we are inquiring what is the nature of the soil and atmosphere of human nature in which religious institutions must root themselves and grow, if they are to survive at all. We are attempting to find out the different environments to which any institution that is to survive must adapt itself, and so prove that it is the fittest. This is a necessary preliminary to the answer of our question. In raising this question, we must remember that we are to judge by the highest and noblest specimens of the race with which we are acquainted.

If you go back two or three hundred years, you will find that certain ideas, which were held then by a very few, are to-day the common property of the race, and that those ideas which were held by the masses are very largely outgrown and left behind. That means that the world has made progress: and that, if we wish to find out the type of thought that is likely to predominate in one or two hundred years from now, we must look toward the highest and best specimens of the race to-day, because that which is the best thought and the noblest feeling of the present time, if the world really does make progress, will become the common property of the masses by and by. In other words, humanity is like an army on the march. Where the vanguard is to-day, if the whole army continues to march and move forward, the main body will be to-morrow or next week; and the rear-guard, and even the stragglers themselves, will by and by come up to the position occupied by those that to-day lead us. So, if we wish to find out what is to be the common type of life and thought in the future, we must find out what is the best type of thought and life to-day.

Which way, then, is humanity moving? What character-

istics or peculiarities of our human nature are growing to more and more, and are likely to dominate and control the future development of the race?

1. Intelligence. Brain power is developing more rapidly than ever before in the history of the world. It is only within a few years that books have become the common property of the race, within the reach of the poorest and the lowest. I was reading in a review, only this last week, the opinion of one of the leading novelists of England in regard to the numbers who would be readers in a hundred years from now; and he says, what you will probably acknowledge as true, that, whereas a popular writer has now an audience of thousands, within a hundred years he will have an audience of millions. The great masses of the people are gradually, but very rapidly as compared with the rate of progress which has characterized the past, coming up to this level in their interest in literature and the literary expression of the life and hopes of man.

Intelligence, then, is coming to the front; and along with this is coming what we are learning to recognize as the scientific method of investigating truth. The scientific method is nothing more nor less than organized common sense. It simply asks people, before they shall believe a thing to be true, to be careful about observing their facts, then to be careful to verify these observations, and, only after they have done this, to formulate their theories for general belief. It means the application of common sense to questions of truth or falsehood. That is all there is to the scientific method. This, then, is going to rule in the future. And here is the application of this point: only these beliefs in the field of religion which can bear the application of this method are likely to survive. Everything is to be tested in the light of the clearest and freest intelligence of man.

2. The world is growing freer all the time. Go back far enough, and you will find that such a thing as individual liberty was as a fact unheard of, as an idea almost unthought

of. The individual was nothing: the family, the tribe, was all. Individual responsibility was neither defended nor permitted. Such a thing as individual research in matters of religion was looked upon not as a duty, as we look upon it to-day, but as a crime. Despotism in politics, even aristocracy in politics, is virtually becoming a thing of the past. Just as fast and as far as the world advances, these democratic ideas of government, in literature, in religion, in life everywhere, are coming to supersede the old. The individual is coming to be more and more in regard to these great matters. Instead of being led by a few leaders here and there, or driven in a mass like a flock of sheep, men are coming to demand that the law to which they shall submit themselves as right shall be a law that appeals to them personally, to their intelligence, their conscience; and they are coming to refuse to submit to any power in heaven or on earth that simply presents itself as a power, and that does not appeal to their common sense and to their moral instincts. That is another great change that is going on, that is to continue in the future.

3. The gradual uplifting of the moral level of the world to a higher standard, a nobler ideal of duty, a more general recognition of the law of right as being the very law of life, the law that binds men not only by right, but that appeals to reason and self-interest, as the one to which they ought to submit themselves. This is going on until, to-day, a thousand things that were recognized as right a hundred years ago are now clearly seen as wrong; and this process is to go on more rapidly in the future. And whatever appeals to men, whether under the guise of government or science or art or philosophy or religion, must be able to be measured and proved by this ever-growing moral sentiment of the world. To-day, nations themselves are no longer free in this matter. They are amenable to this unwritten, unspoken law; and they are perpetually being brought before its bar, tried, and sentenced or acquitted in accordance with their approximation to it or departure from it.

4. There is another characteristic of the race. There has developed, along with this sense of individual right and freedom, a more general, broader, grander hope for man as man. Go back only a few ages in the past, and you find that general government, everything, was ruled entirely by the opinions and thought of the few,—one here and one there. The great mass of the people, their rights, their hopes, were utterly ignored. There was no general hope for the world. Athenian citizenship itself was confined to only a few. The great mass of those who lived in Athens had no powers and rights which anybody respected; while all the outside world were barbarians. And what was true in government was true also in religion. There were an elect few chosen out of the great mass; and these elect few were favorites of the gods, and all the rest were ignored. They had no hopes, no rights, no outlook for the future. But there is coming a development of sentiment in this matter,—a feeling that there shall be a common hope and a common destiny for the race, the lowest as well as the highest, whether it is to be in the dust or in heaven. There is coming a demand, on the part of the best thinkers, that the whole race shall be included in some common destiny. This is the direction in which the world is growing; and as man grows wiser, as he grows better, as he grows more hopeful, more sympathetic, these principles will become more and more dominant.

Now let us, in the light of these principles, bring before the bar of our investigation a few of the great religious types of the world, and see whether they can endure the examination. My time will only permit me to do this rapidly, and not in the way of an exhaustive discussion.

Let us take that which has claimed to be Christianity *par excellence* for the last fifteen hundred years, the great Roman Catholic Church. Has it a chance for survival in the future as it is to-day? It seems to me that most clearly it has not. It has manifestly been declining for the last hundred years among the most intelligent and better part of mankind.

And, if you test it by these principles which I have just been illustrating, you will find that in almost every particular it fails to meet the demand. In the first place, a large part of its dogmas cannot justify themselves before the bar of human intelligence. Test them by the scientific method of investigation and verification, and some of them are proved untrue, and many of them are shown to be incapable of substantiation.

Test the Catholic Church again by this criticism of the better humanity that is coming, the growing freedom, the development of the individual and of the race. The Catholic Church in its origin, in its whole structure as it pertains to this world and the next, is a hard and fast despotism. How can a church organized in that way survive in the presence of a world that is ever developing more and more individual liberty?

Then, again, test it by the moral standard, and a large part of its doctrines have sprung out of and are consistent with a lower stage of moral development than that which the best part of the world occupies to-day; and, as the world elevates the standard of its morality, the gulf will become ever wider and wider. A large part of the dogmas of the Catholic Church are not only inconsistent with modern liberty and freedom, but they are immoral, distinctly and definitely. Test it again by the last standard, the growing universal hope of man. Its outlook is a narrow one,— bliss for the few, destruction for the many. Test it, then, in the light of all these principles which are becoming more prominent in the better part of the world, and it fails to meet the demand.

Let us next look at the principles of the orthodox Protestant world. I group them all together, because, in so far as the churches are orthodox, they agree doctrinally in the main, not only with themselves, but, with a few exceptions, they also agree with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. And precisely the same points that I have made against the claims of the Romish Church for perpetuity will hold equally,

only in a lesser degree, as against any form of orthodox Protestantism. The intelligence of the world is gradually rejecting all these dogmas. While it has not one pope that claims absolute domination over the mind and heart and the conduct of all the world, every sect and denomination has a little pope of its own, who claims almost as exclusive a jurisdiction over his own sect as does the Romish pope over the Catholic Church.

Then, again, many of these dogmas are repugnant to the noblest morality of the world, and must, as the world grows better, be rejected and left behind. The secret of many of the changes going on in the Churches about us is the revolt of the human heart, the revolt of the better moral sense of the world. It says, These things are bad, or they would be bad here on earth and among men; and we cannot intelligently believe that what is mean and partial and evil and hateful here can be just the opposite in heaven. Against these doctrines also holds this other objection that I have indicated, the fact of this narrow outlook for the hope of humanity.

Now, then, let us turn from this and glance for a moment at that form of thought which in many directions is claiming to be a substitute for religion. I shall group in my discussion two or three phases of thought which are really distinct in some particulars, because they agree in the main, and because I have not time for more particular discussion. There are those who call themselves secularists, those who call themselves materialists, many who call themselves agnostics. They differ in many important particulars, but they agree in those points which are most important for me to notice this morning. All these forms of faith are consistent with the largest liberty and the noblest morality. But they seem to me to fail to meet the other two standards which I have set up as rules for judgment. In the first place, they dare to limit human intelligence. They advise us to study and think about only this little world and this little life of ours here on this one planet. They tell us that we can never

know anything about God, if there is a God, and that it is useless for us to speculate about a future, even if there is a future, because it does not concern us. But this restless thought of man which looks before and after, which wanders through eternity, refuses to be limited to one world. The growing intelligence and mind of man demand the universe for a field. And if you set up any limit, and say, Beyond that is the unknown, it replies, That is a question to be settled by further investigation. We demand leave to pass the old limits, and to believe that a thing is unknowable only when, after ages of effort, the human mind has failed to gain a foothold on that field. Then, again, this human hope of ours is not satisfied by any of these forms of secularism or exclusively this-worldly religion. The hope of the human heart will forever follow the track of those who have left us and gone out through the mist into the beyond. You may talk to a man who has never lost a friend, a man who is prosperous in business, who is young or only in middle life, who has not begun to think of death, to whom misfortune has never come,—you may talk to him, if you will, about being contented with what he can see and hear and feel; but just so soon as one of our own personal friends has gone over to the other side, or so soon as we begin to feel that we are growing old and that our days here are fewer and fewer, or as trouble or calamity or sorrow comes upon us, we begin to wake up to the fact that there is no satisfaction for our highest, noblest aspirations here. Man refuses to be limited to one planet. He looks up to the stars, and finds there a hint that possibly there are other lives, possibly a higher destiny. He demands at any rate a right to think, to dream, to hope, and, if it be possible, to investigate beyond the limits of this life. It seems to me, then, plain and palpable that none of these limited types of belief are going permanently to satisfy the human intellect or the human heart.

Let us consider a moment what we in this church are claiming to represent,—the general liberal movement of the

modern world. Is this likely to be permanent? In one sense, it is, and, in another, not. I do not feel at all sure that the dogmas,— for we have them,— the special ideas, the institutions which we have developed to-day, are to be permanent. But the one characteristic of liberalism is that it is not a dogma hard and fixed. It is not a scheme of things; it is not an institution. It is a movement; it is a method; it is a life. And just in so far as it is a method and a movement, just in so far I believe that it is looking in the right direction, and is, therefore, to be permanent. Our ideas, our special notions, our pet conceptions, perhaps, may pass away; but the method, the free inquiry, the scientific investigation, the devout aspiration, the human help by the way,— these are of necessity and in their very nature a part of the best that is in man, and so likely to remain so long as the heavens and the earth endure.

What about Christianity as a whole? Is Christianity to be a permanent form of the religious life? I cannot answer that question; and for the sufficient reason that I do not know of any six people, belonging to different forms and phases of religious life, who are in any sort of agreement as to what Christianity is. When I can find somebody who will give me a definition of Christianity that people in different sects and different denominations will accept, then I can form some sort of clear and rational judgment as to whether that is likely to survive. Christianity, according to the popular definition of to-day, assumes as many different forms as the cloud in Hamlet. It is a cloud, or a whale, or a weasel, or a camel, according to who looks at it. But, instead of this being something against Christianity, I regard it as the grandest thing about it. If Jesus had formulated a scheme, if the apostles had elaborated a system, if they had turned Christianity into a dogma or an institution, as some of the more modern churches have done, then we could say with a good deal of assurance, This scheme or dogma or institution will not survive. But Jesus is represented by the writer of the Gospel of John as having said a

very profound and significant thing,—"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." And here is the reason why Christianity survives through so many changes, and is able to dominate so many civilizations. It is as flexible as a river, starting in the mountains, capable of flowing through all sorts of soil and all types of landscape into the infinite sea. It is spirit and life, not dogma, institution, rite, or ceremony. Just in so far as Christianity is that, is in accordance with the highest liberty of thought, with the highest hope and life, Christianity will survive; and I doubt not that something that shall go by the name of Christianity will be held by the intelligent world for hundreds of years yet in the future; and all that is true in it, all that is divine, human, vital, will live forever under whatever name.

Now, then, it remains for me to do one other thing. I shall not be able to point to any special church, any special form or institution of religion, and say, I believe that is likely to be permanent, to rule the world in the future; but we may consider another thing quite as satisfactory. I want to ask: What are likely to be the permanent religious wants of the most highly developed men in the future? What are likely to remain as religious ideas, hopes, thoughts, institutions, that are capable of feeding these wants?

I believe that, in order that there should be anything that can be rightly called religion, the human race must continue to think of a Power, infinite and eternal, outside of itself, out of which it has come, on which it is dependent, toward which it stands in the most intimate relations. I believe that man must recognize a law as above him, a law rightly controlling his life, to which he must be ready to submit intelligently and voluntarily, as a law that has a right to control his thought and his action. I believe that there must continue some permanent motive power adequate to make men obedient to this law; for I believe that men will always have this hunger.

Let me turn to the other side of this question, and, briefly

as I may, tell you what I believe to be permanent essentials in the universe about us. I believe that the time will never come when this human race shall cease to believe in an infinite and eternal Power, of which all worlds and all life are the manifestation,— a Power that was before us and will be after us. We have come out of this Power, we are intimately related to it, and we are dependent upon it every moment of our lives. The law of its life is the law of our lives; and the main motive for keeping that law lies in the fact that keeping it means life. Keeping this universal and eternal law of righteousness means life, physical, mental, moral, spiritual. Breaking it means death, complete or partial, according to the degree to which that breaking is carried.

I believe that there will remain, in the highest and grandest development of the world, a reason, in the nature of things, for the continued existence of the Church,— a voluntary organization of men seeking after the best things, looking for the secret of life, trying to live the truth and the goodness and the beauty of the world, and help others to live it; that there may remain such rites, ceremonies, and services as are vital and as express the real feelings, hopes, and aspirations of the race; that there will remain a reason for that prayer which is communion with the infinite Life, and that does not seek to change these laws or interfere with them; that there will remain ground for the deepest hope, the noblest outlook, for the individual and for the race on this planet, and in some at present unknown world.

I cannot see how any of these by the utmost development of the intellectual, the political, the moral life can ever be outgrown. It seems to me, therefore, that here we have a reason for the permanence of religion not only, but for the permanence of all those things connected with the religious life which are noblest and sweetest and best and which have in them the grandest hope for the future.

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THE NEARER WORLD.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—ISAIAH lx., 5.

WITH the advance of their real prosperity, the prophets of Israel look outside her old, narrow bounds. The land of Israel is by nature curiously shut off from the outer world. The desert on the south and east, Lebanon on the north, and the sea on the west shut off her people from other men. And their early history is the history of defence against the incursions of foreigners. To hold the passes of their mountains against this or that host of Assyrians is their business. That their God is the God of gods is their religious conviction. And, as their faith in him makes them despise all other gods, it leads them all the time to think other nations common and unclean.

But, as Israel advances, prophets of the higher type take loftier ground. To them, Israel is the centre of the world. This second Isaiah, the noblest poet yet since David, of all who have tried to express for man man's sense of God, is not satisfied with any Japanese seclusion from the rest of God's world. It is not in vain that even the red right hand of war has dragged the princes of Israel, and her best gentlemen and ladies, from the fastnesses of her isolation to look at the larger world. What we call the Captivity is the carrying across to Babylon of the leaders of Hebrew society and the complete break-up of the old condition of things in Jerusalem and its surrounding regions for two generations. It is as if, at the end of our Civil War

here, the national government had taken five thousand men and women from each of the ten Rebel States, and had compelled them to live for sixty years in the city of New York, choosing for this purpose the senators and representatives, the generals, colonels, and captains, and other social leaders, and ordering them to bring their wives and little ones. The removal in the case of the Jews was as cruel a lesson as that would have been, and as profitable. For the purpose of the Assyrian leaders, it was certainly a wise one; and, for the Israelites, they learned their lesson well. From that time forward, they knew that God had light for other nations, and that his sun shone on other valleys than those of Judah and Benjamin. And, when they are returning to their own homes under the clemency of Cyrus, Isaiah, the poet-prophet of their return, shows them in every strain of his that they are not simply to hold the milk and honey of Israel: they are to exercise a moral rule over the world. "The forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." "They shall feed at thy breasts; and their kings shall come begging for thy overflow."

It seems to me quite worth while for us to trace the like advance in our own history here in New England. Nay: it is quite worth our while, as people who are seeking for the largest life, to see what future is before us. We must not be provincial. We must not be bounded or hemmed in. We must find out what the Gentile world has for us; and we must welcome their wise men, when they come to us with their counsels, whether they come with or without gold and incense and myrrh.

The most pathetic thing in New England history is the sad imprisonment to which the first fathers sentenced themselves. Here were a set of men, some of whom had known face to face Raleigh and Philip Sidney and the other men of the later times of Queen Elizabeth. They had, perhaps, seen Shakspere act in his own theatre. Some of them had talked with Drake about California. Some of them had fought the Spaniards in the Low Countries. They had lived

a large life. They came over here to be shut up,— they and their children,— for thirty or forty years, in a range of fishing villages scattered along the Bay between Newburyport and Barnstable, with hardly an interest for a generation beyond what Indian warfare affords, and possibly a visit from a Frenchman in Acadia or a Dutchman in Manhattan. Nothing else but letters and books from England, with perhaps four months parting one arrival of such treasures from another. It is out of the introspection and lonely life of such a little handful of hamlets that such horrors grew as the persecution of the Quakers and the execution of the witches. They had nothing large to think of. They turned their eyes inward, and brooded on themselves, to their ruin.

In an elaborate tract by old Judge Sewall,— the same who hung the witches,— he makes out the conclusion that the terrestrial paradise, or city of God, is to be in the region which we call Texas. In a stilted humor, not usual with him, he expresses the hope that, some time or other, when the saints there have to send an argosy to Europe, their vessel may be so far injured in a gale that it may have to run into Boston Bay for new spars. He expresses thus the longing which, after forty years of such isolation, a sensible New Englander began to feel for intimacy larger than that to which he was devoted in his daily life. To him, the journey of the Supreme Court to York, in Maine, and to Plymouth, in the Old Colony, was almost the utmost stretch of the lines of life; and, after many repetitions, this proved insufficient to him.

We have most of us seen the contrast between a snug country town, where the interests are limited to a little circle of ten miles' diameter, and some railroad village or seaboard place, with wide relations. In early life, I was in the city of New Bedford, and was there thrown into that intimate society which makes the charm of my profession. It was in the old days, when the sails of that town still whitened the oceans of two hemispheres. Nothing could be more interesting than the moral and spiritual effect wrought

on its population, of every class, by their constant connection, fairly organic, with all the world. You went to see an old woman, whose home was twelve feet square and eight feet high; but on the mantel-piece was the shark's-tooth and the conch-shell which her son brought from his last voyage. In her pocket was his last letter from Alaska, and your talk was on the manners and customs of the Society Islands. It was a charming thing to see how life, in the native and simple processes of its enlargement, made life grow, and made it happier because it grew. The circumstance alone gave her a better chance than the woman had, whose interests were all bound up in the whirling of a bobbin in a spinning frame or the flight of a shuttle. The very Gentiles of the earth came into the circle of her interests and companionship. And she was taught to look beyond herself into the infinite life. She looked outward, where she had looked inward; and her own heart and soul were the better for the outlook.

I had occasion to repeat lately the frequent statement that the evangelical churches of New England were saved from death by the foreign mission movement, into which they plunged with such loyalty some seventy years ago, and which, with such success, they have maintained to this day. It is not simply that these missions gave them a distinct objective for attack,— though that is itself a great thing,— it was the outlook into larger life which people got when they began to hear about bungalows and Brahmins and Juggernaut and suttees: about the travels here and there of men of their own blood who were on the other side of the world. It is a great thing for the somewhat kiln-dried church in South Berea to have a map of Hindostan hung up in front of the pulpit. They do not know it perhaps; but really, when that map appears, old Judge Sewall's wish is accomplished, and a messenger from the new Jerusalem steps into the church to say that his ship has fallen into difficulties, and he shall be glad of supplies. Precisely as an intelligent physician of hypochondria longs for some outside event to

wake up his patients,— if only the bed-curtains would take fire, that this woman may have to start who thinks she cannot move! — exactly so may the recording angel, who happens to have the oversight of that village, be thankful when any Macedonian cry for help — when any letter from a son or daughter of the town, who is teaching the heathen — comes in to disturb the waters of its stagnant pool, and makes them dash and plash so as to reflect the very stars of heaven.

Hardly one of us is in a position to know how complete is the change of our social order in this matter, even as thirty years have wrought it. For no one of us, of course, can see the whole. I got a pretty glimpse of it myself one evening as I rode westward out from Cleveland in Ohio. I had just been reading the Frenchman La Salle's account of his canoe voyage along this lake at my side,— that memorable voyage which was to teach Christendom the very existence of the Mississippi River. A little more than a century and a half had passed; and here I was flying westward, close by his track on the water, in a train with three hundred people, who were the passengers of one afternoon only of the year. Between us and the lake was a screen of seventy electric wires, which were taking to the Mississippi and beyond the messages of those other people for whom the flying train was too slow. A few years ago, in successive evenings, with one Sunday-school class of my boys, I tried first to mark with red spots on the map the places of their immediate relatives in the world, and then the present homes of the men and women who, as boys and girls, had been christened at the font of our church or had studied at our school. Well, we covered the map so close with our red wafers, almost before we had begun, that we had to give up our experiment because we had no place for more. For many years there has not been a Sunday in my experience when, in every continent of the world, some one of my congregation has not been praying with our prayers in memory of his old Sunday home; and I think that at this

moment there is hardly a large city in America which has not one or more of the children of this church living in it. The world grows smaller as its population and its interests grow larger. You send your son or your daughter, for business or for study, to Paris or to Rio Janeiro with less thought that here is a distant adventure than you had when your father made his first perilous journey to Cincinnati or Savannah.

And, now, where do we find the moral and spiritual uses of the change of life which makes the world so small for each of us, while it is larger than ever? Easy enough to see the physical advantages: that we are better fed when we draw our beef from Texas and our wheat from Dakota than Dudley was who had to be satisfied with such corn as would grow at Dedham and with the haddock or lobsters from Boston Bay. Easy to see how the mind finds more exercise, when I meet in the same day with a student from Japan and a traveller from Jerusalem than was my grandfather, who did not in a year see ten people from any township other than his own. But what are the moral and spiritual advantages? Are there any moral and spiritual dangers? Dangers or advantages, what are the responsibilities?

This seems clear. If I bravely and often consider that I owe my very life to a man who is toiling for me in the Mississippi Valley, if the cheer and happiness of last evening — as we read aloud — came from a book which a woman wrote for me in London, I shall be saved, or might be, from the vanity of thinking myself the only important person in the world. I shall be less apt to think that weather and laws, shipwrecks and battles, are to be adjusted to suit my plans, fine gentleman that I am: and I shall, perhaps, the better acquiesce in that great movement for which we find no better name than Providence, with all our philosophizing. Granting, for argument's sake, that we wish we could be advised with, more often than we are, as winds blow, as stocks rise and fall, still the most stupid of us — as he does see better and better what the common life of the world is,

and how infinite it is — will be less and less tempted to advise the Almighty about its oversight. And if we come at last, in all our modern sweep of knowledge, to that which David found out,— restricted and hemmed in as he was between Edom and the sea,— that God's ways are not as our ways and God's thoughts not as our thoughts, while they are yet the best ways; if by good luck we learn that the management of the Universe is a large business, and may include considerations which are beyond what we learned at school,— why, that learning will be to us an invaluable lesson.

"I do not understand this business, but the God in heaven does." When a man has received that revelation, he has gained a step in human life which goes far to making it divine life. And that step, I think, is most easily taken by the man who will fairly and rightly consider the largeness and the nearness of the world in which he lives from day to day.

Clearly enough, too, the grandeur of duty opens before my eyes in proportion as I really begin to see that it is duty done, not for Union Park only, or for Newton Street or Washington Street, but quite as surely for the other side of the world. I cannot learn that lesson without seeing that it is duty done for all time. It is not finite to me any more. It is revealed as infinite. I was greatly pleased last week, when I heard of a fine old market man in Faneuil Hall who said, "Did you ever think that when a boy, out on the prairies yonder, is driving his six yoke of oxen, he is answering the prayer for daily bread of an English clown, who does not know there is any prairie or any such boy as he?" It is a very great help to see that duty is not a twopenny thing of this minute or even of half an hour,— to see that the stars of God sing together, that each duty is part of each other duty and makes its performance easier. It is an easier thing for me to lead a chaste and true life, peaceable and kindly, because George Eliot has lived one, and Florence Nightingale, because statesmen and patriots the other

side of the world have shown me what is true patriotism; because such men as Garfield and Lincoln have taught me that it is a good thing for a country that for the country a man should die. Such lessons, in a poor fashion, men always have. But, to-day, such lessons are repeated in every crumb of bread I eat, in every cup of coffee I drink,—when I put on my fur gloves to keep me from the cold, when I light the lamp that I may read my newspaper, I am dependent on so many thousands and thousands of men. Yes: and who am I, to do nothing in return? Surely, I can lift somewhere. I can do something. There is something which the Lord, who controls and supervises all this marvellous machine, expects of me. It will help, whether I see it or not, if I do justly, if I love mercy, and if I walk humbly before my God.

And, the more I know of Japan and Zulu land and Bulgaria and the rest, the more do I see that there is one and the same law for them and for me. Right is right, there or here, as sunshine is. Indeed, I count it no small thing that we come to respect these Gentiles as our fathers did not, and that we talk more mildly about their heathenism. It is as Isaiah came to think Cyrus a commissioned messenger of the Eternal, and certainly regarded him with much more respect than he had for the poor dynasty of Zedekiah, which had led Israel down to ruin. We had in our church for a year or two, as a regular attendant, a Japanese gentleman, —one of those students who have done such honor to their country. When he returned by way of Europe to his home, there was a terrible storm on the Atlantic; and the passengers were greatly alarmed. "But I found myself very calm," he wrote home. "I had Jesus with me, and I had Buddha with me. What had I to fear?" They were the two noblest incarnations of God in man of which he had learned; and, in the stress of life, what he had learned served him. Now, it is impossible, when we know of such faith as that, to speak of such people coolly as idolaters, or to think of them, as the old books taught us, as deliberately

spurning good and electing evil. But this is only a slight gain in comparison with the infinite lesson of the eternity and certainty of right and truth. When I hear of the absolute rectitude of a Chinese merchant, of such faith as this of a Japanese student, or of the tenderness and devotion of some Indian mother, then I find out that these moral laws tell and bind everywhere, as the law of gravitation does. They are not merely the outcome of a revelation made to Moses on Sinai, far less the outcome of Puritan legislation in New England. When I find this, then I am coming out on the Eternal Rock. Right is the exhibit of the will of God. I am to do right because I am of his nature. He and I are in one business.

If I can go a step farther than the notion of one law,— the same for the Pacific as for the Atlantic; if it is revealed to me in vision that this law is a conscious law, that I am to say "He" and not "It," when I speak of such achievements and their author,— then I have attained the sum of knowledge. For me, henceforth, there is a being to whom there is no distance and no time. To say this seemed more mysterious a century ago than it seems now. But to-day, in the daily use of telegraph and telephone,—as distance drops out between two men talking to each other,— the distinct illustration comes in, which shows to them both how a being of their nature, higher than they, may be at once in two places, and may hold both oceans in the hollow of his hand. Is my friend there or here, whose voice sounds so naturally upon my ear as I listen at the wire? His body is there, I say; but this wave of sound which gives to me the very tone and humor of his speech, is not this an embodiment of his living soul? And these records of my Father's handwriting which I find in my garden or in every pasture as I walk, on the crest of every wave as I sail,—they are formed by the same will and in the same love as forms sister traces on the other side of the world. Is it not easy to see that he is there and he is here, in the same will and with the same purpose? "Do not go here to seek him," said the Saviour

to us, "do not go there." And, as if he had prescience of the very electric flash which teaches me to-day what China does or Japan at this instant, he took that figure to show them that to the Eternal Love there is no here and no there.

"As the lightning flashes from the east unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

Not in one place, not in another place, but at once and everywhere is the universe, so large, yet so near, of the Present God.

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THE GOOD AND THE EVIL OF PLEASURE.*

"At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."— PSALM xvi., 11.
"Lovers of pleasure."— II. TIMOTHY iii., 4.

I HAVE taken these two texts, because they represent an antagonism which runs all through the Bible,—an antagonism which is plainly apparent in human nature, in ordinary human life; an antagonism which runs through and characterizes all the religions of the world, so far as I am acquainted with them.

The first of these texts speaks of pleasure as a good thing, —not only a good thing, but the supreme thing. It is that to which the favored of God are to look forward as their portion at his right hand for evermore. The other text speaks of pleasure as an evil thing. It treats pleasure slightingly, and carries an implication, at any rate, of condemnation, of the most pronounced disapproval; and, as you listen to it, you can hear the undertone of threat,—of coming judgment. "At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore," on the one side: "Lovers of pleasure" condemned and denounced, on the other. Here is the antagonism. Let it stand for a little. I shall have occasion to come to it and try to explain the meaning of it by and by.

There are certain classes of activity, physical and mental, that we call work, or labor. We enter upon them under a kind of compulsion. We do not choose them. I suppose the most of us work because we have to, not because we like it. At any rate, this is true of the earlier part of every human life, before the habits are fixed, so that they become

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

what we denominate a second nature. There is another class of activities, physical and mental, that we speak of as play, or pleasure. Toward these we are drawn. We enjoy, we seek them, when we can. We leave them, to go about our daily tasks, with a certain reluctance; and we come back to them when we are free. One we call work: the other we call play. One we dislike; in the other, we find pleasure.

Now let us look at these activities and analyze them a little, and find out, if we can, what is the difference, the distinction, between work, a task, and play, which is a delight and pleasure. It is not a difference in the faculties or functions employed necessarily. It is not a difference in the effort required. It is not a difference in the employment of force. It is not a difference in the reaction, in the amount of strength that we have expended, or the weariness that follows. Precisely the same kind and amount of effort, accompanied by the same muscular weariness at the end, may in one case be caused by work and in the other by play. In one case, we may shrink from it: in the other, we may seek it. The difference, then, is not in the amount of effort required, nor in the resulting weariness at the end. What is it?

We are all familiar with the fact that a child will look upon a thing at one time as a pleasure, a play, and, at another, will look at it as a task. A child will work a great deal harder in having a good time, and do it happily, delighted with the effort of doing, than he will in doing something that happens to be labelled "work," or that, from some peculiarity of circumstances, is regarded as a task. I have myself seen a small boy play by the hour with a set of blocks, delighted with the exercise of every physical and mental power he possessed, playing until he was weary and worn out, but finding no fault about it, yet discovering that it was a dreadful task to pick up these same blocks and put them away; although that required not five minutes, perhaps. It certainly is not the labor here expended

that makes the difference between work and play. But I have never been able to discover yet the particular time in the course of the child's development when this principle is reversed, when, in this respect, a child ceases to be a child and becomes a man. The condition is precisely the same; and the same characteristics are developed in the case of grown men and women. They often exert themselves a hundred times more in their pleasures, expend more muscular and nervous force, and find themselves much more wearied at the end than they do in their labors. The one they do voluntarily: the other they look upon as task-work.

What is the difference, then? The difference is not in the thing itself, not in the activity, its kind or quantity. It is rather in the end that is sought and the motive that is at work. That which we call labor is effort put forth for the sake of some ulterior object,—an end beyond itself. We go through this labor which is a task for the sake of some result which we desire; and we desire it so much that we are willing, perhaps, on the whole, to do this which, otherwise, would be disagreeable and hard. While play, pleasure, is the exercise of these same faculties, the play of these same functions, for the sake of the gratification attending the exercise itself, and not for any ulterior object or end that may be in view. That is the only difference that I can discover between work and play, between toil and pleasure.

Let us raise another question, Why is it that work has always been regarded as more meritorious than play? Why is it that the fulfilling of one's task, the performance of duty, is commended, and that indulgence in pleasure is looked upon at least with suspicion, and many a time condemned, not only by the religions of the world, but by our own judgments as well?

I think we shall find our answer, if we look over the condition of the world a little, and ask ourselves what we are living for and what the outcome is to be.

Let us for a moment build up an ideal world. Suppose

there was no man or woman or child on the face of the earth in need, none suffering for clothing, none suffering for food, none suffering from cold, none suffering oppression, none suffering from disease; suppose that there was no necessity for us to struggle for knowledge, that we had intuitive knowledge of all that we needed to know; suppose that this was the ideal world we dream of, that we look forward to and hope that we shall attain some time in the far-distant future: do you not see that in a world like that there would be no call for labor? There would be no need to work. Work would cease to be a duty; and every man would be at liberty to indulge himself to his heart's content in anything he might choose or desire to do.

But the actual condition of the world is quite different from that. We are individually, in each case, undeveloped. We need to grow to something more than we are to-day. We are ignorant; and our ignorance is perpetually leading us into mistakes and misfortunes of every kind. We are liable to disease. We need to know the conditions of health, so that we may escape pain and sickness, and guard against premature death. Then there are vicious, evil tendencies in us that are continually breaking out into wrongs of lesser or greater degree. And, all over the world, men are struggling with the problems of life and being worsted in the battle. Men and women fight to keep hunger away from the door, they fight for clothing, for all the conditions of a healthful and happy life. It is a world, as we say, of sin, of sorrow, of want; a world in process that has not attained its growth, that is not yet complete. Therefore, the duty comes upon us not to indulge ourselves in our own personal gratifications, not to make these the end of life. The duty comes upon us to think and plan and deny ourselves and labor, fulfilling the tasks of life, lifting up and leading on the world, until we have created that of which we dream, until we have turned the poor fact into the beautiful ideal.

But do you not notice all the while that, in what I have said in regard to the duty of labor, I have implied this

motive of pleasure as well? Why should we seek to educate the ignorant? Because ignorance leads to suffering. Why should we try to clothe the naked? Because their lack of clothing means suffering. Why should we seek to decrease crime and wrong in the world? Because crime and wrong everywhere lead to suffering, tears, heart-ache, sorrow. Why should we try to make an ideal world? Because the ideal world means perfect harmony, perfect happiness. My motive, then, in denying myself, my motive in saying I will refuse pleasure, my motive in putting aside all the allurements of the time, is still a seeking of pleasure, is it not?

Let us notice now this curious contradiction of the Bible, — this curious contradiction that runs through and characterizes our own judgment in regard to this subject: "Lovers of pleasure" denounced; "At thy right hand pleasures for evermore," the ideal. There is not a religion, so far as I am acquainted with them, on the face of the earth that does not point at some outcome of general, eternal felicity as the end of human life, the one great motive force for the moulding of character and the shaping of action; and at the same time, as I have said, runs along with it this condemnation of pleasure, presenting this contradiction that needs a rational solution. Now, let us ask for a moment, Is it possible for any man ever to act except with pleasure in some form as the ultimate mainspring and motive of that action? It seems to me that plainly it is not. Let us analyze this human nature of ours, and see.

The intellect, the perception of a truth, never moves a person to action. A motive, that which leads a person to do something, is always a feeling. The intellect is nothing more nor less than the headlight of the locomotive, shining out over the track along which we are to move. The feeling is the steam in the engine, the propulsive power which makes the individual, and all organizations of individuals, move along the pathways toward which they are inclined. It is impossible for a man to

move under the impulse of anything save a feeling within. Now, what kind of a feeling will influence him? No man can choose a disagreeable feeling, certainly. The fact that he chooses a feeling carries with itself the implication that he desires it. Perhaps he may be situated so that he would not desire that, if he had another kind of choice before him. But there is the alternative here which two possible courses of action open before him. Which path, now, shall I choose? If I really do choose, if I am a free agent, I choose that which, on the whole, at the time, being what I am, I prefer. Well, that is implied in the very idea of choice. To say that a man chooses what he does not choose is absurd.

Let us take an extreme illustration of this, and see how true it is. There came a time in the history of Sir Thomas More when he was arrested for heresy against the Church. He was imprisoned and in danger of his life. His wife came and visited him in prison. He knew perfectly well that, by the utterance of a few words, he could save his head from the block. There was not only the love of life to influence him to utter these words, but his wife came, and, clinging to his feet, begged him, for love of her, to speak them, and so be free to go to his home again. But he stood firm and unwavering; and, while home and wife and love and all the delights of life allured him on the one hand, he deliberately chose to go and lay his head beneath the axe. Does this contradict the principle of which I am speaking? It seems to me not at all. Could he have had the alternative of choosing life along with faithfulness to his principles and respect for himself, how gladly would he have chosen it! But the alternative came in this wise: Which will you have,— home, a course of action by which you surrender your principles and your self-respect, or the block, proud of yourself, of your allegiance to principle? And, when the choice was narrowed to these two, he did not hesitate. He chose to die; and he found a finer, higher, nobler satisfaction, a truer pleasure, being what he was, in the edge of the

axe than he would have found in all the delights of his home, with his manhood gone.

A man, then, must choose under the influence of a feeling; and he must choose to follow that feeling which, on the whole, being what he is at the time, in his circumstances, is most desirable to him.

There is, then, no contradiction between this aim of ultimate pleasure and the sacrifice of pleasure for the time. Let me give you three instances illustrating three phases of life, to show you how this practically works. I have said that religion points out ultimate pleasure as its end, and that it demands suffering and self-sacrifice by the way. Why? Because human nature is what it is and we are circumstanced as we are. That is the answer in general. Now let us look at two or three phases of it. Mankind, as it develops, develops a tender-heartedness,— a sympathy that feels and suffers at the thought of another's sorrow. This is a part of human nature. This is as natural as any other passion or feeling; but it also develops a power of imagination. Do you know that one of the finest results of human civilization is the development of our imaginative power, — this power of picturing things that are not present to the outward eye, and making them real to us? This underlies some of the highest and finest elements of human life. I picture, then, the sufferings of another, until I can endure them no longer. They are real to me. I put myself in the place of this sufferer. I find under these circumstances a finer, higher joy in alleviating this sorrow than I would in the sweetest indulgence of self.

Another thing: I gain gleams of something in a higher realm of life than that which I have fully or perfectly attained as yet. For the sake of attaining that higher thing, I must sacrifice the lower in me. I must put indulgence of the flesh beneath my feet, if I will climb into these higher, subtler, finer joys of the soul. I sacrifice then, I choose the pain, I choose the loss of this lower pleasure as the price of attainment of this higher.

Take still another illustration. One of the highest characteristics of civilized man is the ability to look ahead and exercise what we call foresight. I see, for example, or think I see, something that may be attained next year or perhaps in twenty years. I make it real to me by this imaginative faculty. It seems to fill the vision of my soul. I see its grandeur and beauty, glory and power, until I desire it more than I desire present gratifications. I am willing to labor, I am willing to suffer, I am willing to deny myself, I am willing, as it is said, "to bear the cross" all the way through these intermediate years, that I may attain that. I believe so strongly in the possibility of attaining it that I am willing to enter upon this present course of sacrifice for the sake of the possibility of that grander thing. Do you not see now how consistent these two are, the self-sacrifice and the ultimate joy? What does the New Testament say concerning even Jesus himself? I believe you misread his life, if you think always of him as "a man of sorrows." The New Testament says, "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame,"—despising the pain and the shame of to-day for the sake and in view of that larger and grander attainment. Do you think John Howard was a miserable man as he gave himself year after year to visiting the prisons of Europe, for the sake of alleviating the sufferings of those who were in pain? Do you know you have never yet understood what the sweetest, daintiest morsel of joy may mean, unless you have tasted self-sacrifice for the sake of a final good? Here, then, is the reconciliation, these are the principles underlying our whole discussion; and I have given so much time to them, that you might see that there is no necessary contradiction between these two sides of ordinary human judgment, or these two utterances of the Bible, or of any one of the great religions that say similar things.

I wish, now, to turn for what little time there is left, and speak as briefly as I may of some of the phases of the good and the evil of pleasure.

In the first place, all healthful human functions are pleasurable in their action. If a man is healthy, it is a pleasant thing for him freely to look out over the world, up to the stars at night or the blue heaven by day. Simply to breathe the pure air, simply to engage in ordinary exercise,— all of the functions of healthful physical activity conduce to happiness, and are pleasurable in their exercise. Whatever means life, then, means pleasure. If there is pain, it is an indication of something wrong always, whether it is physical, mental, or spiritual. A healthful man ought to be a happy man. If he is unhappy, he ought to apologize for it and explain it in some way. It may not be his personal fault; but it is *wrong somewhere.* A happy man is a positive benefit to the world. Simply to be happy and healthy and walk about in society confers a good upon every one with whom such a man as this comes into contact. Happiness in the presence of sorrow is a benediction. There is a certain amount of truth in the saying that "misery loves company"; that is, we do not like to feel that we are singled out, isolated, as the recipients of the worst sorrows of life. But, on the other hand, if one who is happy and full of life and strength goes into the presence of one in sadness and sorrow, it is like a streak of sunshine bursting through clouds on a stormy day. Instead of confining yourself to the sick-room, where there is some one in sorrow, and letting that sorrow wear upon yourself and look out of your face, you do your highest and noblest duty by the sufferer by going out into the world and getting something of its happiness, of its sunshine, which you may bring back, and thus illumine the sick-room and make it brighter and sweeter than it was before. Do we not count it a noble thing on the part of Mrs. Grant to-day that, if she has any tears to shed, she sheds them alone? She goes always with a bright face and cheerful temper into the presence of her husband. Is she not doing him a higher and nobler service by getting all the health and sweetness and joy she can into her own life, that she may be a light and a joy-giver to him?

And, then, it requires a happy man to do good work in this world in any direction. The difference between drudgery and art, in the true sense of these two words, is just the difference between enforced task-work and work that the worker loves. Do you not think that there was joy in the heart of the creators of the old masterpieces of painting and sculpture? Was there no joy to Milton in building the lofty verse of *Paradise Lost?* Did Shakspere experience no thrill of satisfaction in writing "Hamlet"? I believe that the grandest work of the world was of a kind such as the Book of Genesis represents the creative work of God as having been. When it was finished, he pronounced it "very good": and the morning stars sang together for joy. We know perfectly well, in our own case, that we can do our best work when we are happy; that, if we are in condition, we can do in an hour what, under other circumstances, it would take us a day to accomplish, or that we might not be able to accomplish at all. And then, as I look out over this universe, I cannot help feeling that religion has very largely, in its popular interpretations, misread the character of God and his disposition toward us,—God, who has given us the brightness of the sky, the glories of night; who has given us the grandeur of mountains, the light play of the sunshine on the many-laughing waves of the sea; who has filled all the woods with the songs of the birds; who has decorated so exquisitely the wings of the honey-bee or the butterfly; who has put it into the heart of every creature to dance and play, skip and gambol, through the forest and through the meadows; who has made the hearts of little children to bubble over with laughter and song,—the God who has made all the brightness and beauty of this world! I cannot think that he is a God who finds fault with human happiness, who delights in tears, who takes pleasure in a groan. If he tells us to bear a burden to-day, it is only as a loving father lays a task upon a child for the sake of that child's higher good,—a nobler happiness in the days to come.

But there is another side to this matter of pleasure. I

want to indicate a few phases of the evil of it. I have only a little time left without exceeding my limits. I shall be obliged to run over these points very rapidly. There is danger, there is possible evil, attending everything in this world. Those who find out that there is evil in a certain form of pleasure frequently set out on a crusade, the endeavor of which is to abolish that particular thing. If you wish to abolish all the possibilities of evil, you might as well join Schopenhauer and Hartmann, the pessimists, and start on in the endeavor to abolish the universe itself at once. There is the possibility of evil connected with everything; every human activity, thought, word, and deed, however noble, high, pure, sweet it may be, is right on the brink of a precipice of evil. For what is evil? Evil is not a thing; evil is not an entity; evil is not something that can be placed in direct opposition to good. Evil is only perversion or excessive use of those things which are right. Study all the evil of this world, and you will find that every single form of it may be classified under one or the other of these two heads. Everything that is wrong is simply the misuse or excessive use of something that is right. You cannot abolish the possibility of evil.

Let us notice now, then, what are a few of the phases of evil as connected with the pleasures that present themselves to us along the path of life. In the first place, it is wrong to indulge in pleasure at the wrong time. When is the wrong time? When there is something more important, more pressing, to be done either for yourself or for somebody else. I cannot stop to enter into detail, as I had intended.

It is evil, again, to indulge in too much pleasure, to run to excess. There is a very narrow line that divides what we may properly call recreation from what may properly be called dissipation. When is the proper time for recreation? Always, whenever you can find it. When is the proper time for dissipation? Never! What is the difference between the two? Recreation is that form of indulgence in any

kind of pleasure which leaves you stronger, better off physically, mentally, morally when you are through than you were when you began; that recreates, that fills out, that strengthens and makes you better. What is dissipation? The word itself carries its own definition. It is the scattering of the faculties, the energies, lowering the tone of the health, making the person less fit for the part he has to play in the world. And here is one of the dangers that beset us on every hand. A man needs to be a wise man to take his pleasures wisely. Every one knows how difficult a thing this is, when he looks over the laboring world, and finds that many times a man at the end of a holiday, a day of recreation, as he says, is less fit for his work and is less of a man than he was at the beginning.

There is another danger besetting this matter of amusement, pleasure, everywhere. I wish I could speak to all the young men of this city, and enlarge on this one point. A young man is so apt merely to class himself with some other mate of about his age and think that it is perfectly proper for him to do whatever these young men may properly do. But here comes in the question of circumstances. Suppose a young man is the son of a wealthy father, it would be proper for him to expend a larger amount of money on his pleasures than it would be for another one who is the son of a parent in ordinary circumstances or absolutely poor. And yet the one is apt to say, "Because he does so and so, I ought to be able to." Circumstances change the quality of the action completely, making that which was right in one case wrong in the other.

Then, again, in the matter of circumstances, how many times a young man says, "What is the harm in my playing a game of billiards, or in my attending a base-ball game, or in my enjoying myself in this direction or in that?" No harm in the wide world, so far as the thing itself is concerned; but here is the question as to whether you have other duties to perform in which you ought to be engaged at that time, the question as to the amount of money expended, the ques-

tion as to the associations which gather about this billiard table, the base-ball game, the question as to the kind of company you are likely to be in, the question as to whether all the circumstances will elevate you, make you more of a man, or lower, degrade, and make you less of a man.

We need, then, to discriminate carefully and to eliminate these contradictions and circumstances from the question, so that we may look at the thing really, and see what it is in itself.

I have no time for the other particulars that I had in my mind. Let me, then, come to the one general principle. If you bear that in mind constantly, you may draw out its particular lessons and teachings for yourself. The great end of our life here on earth is the building up of ourselves into the noblest and highest manhood and womanhood, is to render the largest and finest service that we can to our fellow-men. That will inevitably and infallibly issue in the largest and noblest, the sweetest results of pleasure to yourself and to everybody else. In the nature of things, you cannot escape it. The world is built so. God's laws make it inevitable. The man who seeks the immediate personal indulgence of his own satisfactions, who forgets the development of his humanity and the service of his fellow-men, will find at the end that he has made a lamentable, if not an irretrievable mistake, and that he has missed the very thing he was after.

Let us remember, then, that, if we be true and noble men and women, we must be actuated by the spirit of this little brief Buddhist scripture: —

"Never will I seek or receive private, individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone: but, forever and everywhere, I will live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds."

That is the noblest conceivable ideal of life. Along that pathway grow the sweetest flowers of personal satisfaction. At the end is the highest and grandest felicity we can conceive. And we shall find, when we come to the right hand of the Father, that we have entered into pleasures for evermore.

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The Good and the Evil of Them.

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POPULAR AMUSEMENTS:

THE GOOD AND THE EVIL OF THEM.*

It is a principle of human nature, that is not confined to any one department, that whatever is a general and permanent element of humanity first or last becomes incarnated in some external form, in some organization or institution. Every permanent and universal element of human life seeks thus to make itself objective.

One of these general and permanent elements, for example, is justice, which has organized itself in external forms of government and judicature. Another of the permanent and universal elements, of civilized human nature at least, is a desire for knowledge. This results in educational institutions and organizations of many forms. Another general and permanent element of civilized men is the love of beauty. This results in art associations of every kind. Another such element of human nature is religion; and that has incarnated itself in all forms of religious organization, in churches, rituals, services. And just as general, just as permanent as any one of these, is the love of pleasure, the desire for amusement, the seeking after some kind of recreation; and, in accordance with this natural law, we find that in every age of the world and in every nation there have been organizations and institutions connected with this desire for entertainment.

There is another principle which, in connection with this, is worthy of our attention just here; and that is that, just as in the case of government, of education, of art, of religion, so also, in the case of amusement, the institution will take

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

on the character of the age and of the people. It will be intelligent, if the people are intelligent; it will be moral, if the people are moral; it will be brutal and coarse, if the people are brutal and coarse; it will be ignorant and degraded, if the people are ignorant and degraded. You see, then, that these external institutions are only reflections of what is in man. They have no independent and permanent character of their own. They take on the character of the people and of the age. And if, in any special case, it is found that these institutions or organizations, these external manifestations of the inner life of the time, are degraded and brutal, it is a serious question as to whether any particular amount of good is done by merely suppressing the outward institution. It does not change human nature one particle. There is just as much evil in humanity after the suppression as there was before; and, so long as the evil remains, it will seek some method of manifestation.

If, for example, it is found that a brook or stream is polluted, that its waters are bearing disease all along its course on account of its inherent pollution, it is not very wise merely to dam up the stream. The waters are all there; and they will spread over the country, carrying their poison and producing their natural results wherever they go. If a spring is bubbling forth from beneath the surface of the ground and you place a huge rock over it, that does not diminish the quantity of water. The tendency to manifest itself on the surface is still there, and it will find vent somewhere. It will produce its natural and normal effect in some way. The only way to prevent a polluted stream from carrying desolation and disease along its course is to cleanse its waters. The only way, so far as I can see, to make popular amusements healthy, pure, noble, elevating, is to change the quality and character of the people themselves. They will desire amusements and seek those of their own kind; and there never has been, in the history of the world, any very large or marked effect produced in the way of cleansing popular amusements, except by purifying

and cleansing the people themselves. When the popular life is clean, its manifestation in the form of amusements will be clean. If the popular life is not intelligent and pure, then its manifestations, even in education and religion, will be tainted, since they partake of the nature and character of the people.

I have a great deal of sympathy for the traditional attitude of New England toward amusements. If we study the origin of this attitude, we shall find that it is perfectly natural, inevitable, and, in a certain sense, logical and consistent. Let us see, for a moment, how the Puritans came by their intense aversion to popular indulgence in the amusements of the world.

It is a well-known fact to even the casual and superficial reader of history that the time of Charles II. was one of the most depraved that the entire course of English history has ever developed. The great mass of the people, or those who made themselves manifest in the life of the times, were ignorant and debased. The Church and the clergy were degraded. The ministers were largely the younger sons of the nobility, that had to be provided for in some way. So, without any regard to their fitness, their intelligence, their character, they were appointed to these positions in the Church, because they were respectable positions, and because they offered a desirable social status. The ministers, then, instead of attending to their duties and devoting themselves to the comforting and uplifting of their people, turned very largely to the amusing of themselves in social intercourse with the average country squire of their neighborhood. The prayers in their ritual and the services of the Church were prepared for them without any labor on their part; and it was not considered a disgrace at that time for them to purchase whatever sermons they needed in open market; so that these positions were very largely sinecures, and did not at all depend on the character of the ministers who filled the pulpits. Such being the condition of the churches even, is it any wonder that the popular amusements

of the day were in the direction of a general and brutal immorality? Not only on holidays and ordinary work-days, but on Sundays or Sunday afternoons, after the people had been to church perhaps, they would engage in all sorts of brutal, coarse, and cruel amusements. Is it strange, then, that there came the Puritan revolt against this condition of things in the Church and in society, and that it included in its sweeping condemnation these amusements which had degenerated into coarseness, immorality, and brutality? People at such times are not apt to be discriminating. They see that an institution is evil, and so will try to suppress it. It was perfectly natural that our Puritan forefathers should have had this intense aversion to the ordinary popular amusements of the world.

There is another way of looking at this matter. Now and then, some clergyman in our modern American world is clear-headed enough, brave enough, consistent enough from the stand-point of his creed, to denounce some form of popular amusement. The public wonders how he can take such a position, and regards him as antiquated, as a fossil; but, if you look at this clearly, you will find that this is not the man to be wondered at. The other ministers, who stand on precisely the same creed, and who are not brave and logical and consistent enough to stand by his side, are the ones to be wondered at.

Think for a moment what it means. Suppose that we believed that every man, woman, and child who was not converted, who had not been through a special form of religious experience, was doomed to eternal torture; that they were pouring headlong, like the waters of Niagara over the brink, down into endless death, by the thousands every day,— what would you think of yourself if, in the midst of a world like that, you should spend precious time, strength, money, thought, simply in tickling your nerves and having a good time? Whatever you thought of yourself, I should look upon you with unspeakable contempt. What would you think of a set of men, appointed as guardians and

nurses of a hospital during a war, where every single cent of money was needed, every particle of time and thought was necessary for nursing the wounded and trying to save them from the grave, who should, in spite of all this, spend their time in amusement,—the most innocent amusement, it does not matter what,—amusing themselves, wasting their money and thought, when every moment of time so spent might mean a bereaved home, when every dollar so spent might mean the heart's blood of some comrade or companion? No: the ones to be wondered at are not those who, standing on the basis of this creed, whose foundation-stone is hell, are brave and consistent enough to declare that there is no time, and that this is no place, for simply enjoying one's self. It is those who, standing on the same creed, are not thus brave and logical and consistent. The thing, it seems to me, for every man who claims to believe this creed to do is one of these two,—either say, I believe it, and then live it consistently, or be frank enough to say, I do not believe it, and put it aside. These, then, are some of the principles that we need to bear in mind in dealing with this question of popular amusements.

I wish now to run over a few amusements to illustrate the point that I have in mind; namely, that the good or the evil of them does not reside in the thing itself, but that the form that amusement assumes at any particular stage of the world's history is merely a manifestation of the character, the intellectual and moral condition, of the people themselves at the time.

Let us look first at the circus. I use this word in the broadest sense, as covering everything that has ever gone by that name. If we go back far enough to find some of its manifestations, we shall go to ancient Greece, and shall visit the Isthmian and Olympian games and observe the fact that these games in their best days were pure, noble,—in every way elevating in their tendency. They were the development of the love for athletics on the part of all physically healthful people. They consisted in running,

wrestling, pitching the quoit, and in different kinds of athletic sports. And we shall find that, among the ancient Grecians, this form of amusement did not, necessarily, carry with it anything whatever of evil, but was one of the healthful, hopeful, grand manifestations of Grecian life. We shall find that out of it was developed the finest and noblest art that the world has ever seen. But for these games and athletic sports, we should never have known the highest development of sculpture that the world has produced. By these sports was developed, in the first place, the finest and most perfect physical form; and, then, both the climate and the customs of the times allowed the nude physique to be properly and admiringly studied, and so it was embodied in enduring marble and bronze. We shall, probably, never have such a development again, until these conditions, or similar ones, can be reproduced.

This same love for out-door sports became the arena of the Romans. There was the same principle precisely, the same external conditions; but the character of the people had been largely changed. The Roman was fierce and cruel, with no natural love for athletics for their own sake, no natural love for art. The people were fierce and hard and warlike. They wanted the arena, the wild beast, the gladiator, and all the cruel sports that came to be connected with the amphitheatre. So when one visits the Coliseum to-day and gives free play to his historic imagination, if he sits there some moonlight evening in the silence and listens, the air will be all alive with the howl of hungry wild beasts and the wails of dying men. Every particle of sand drips with blood. And, if he recreates the beautiful, gorgeous spectacle, the spectators rising tier on tier, numbering high into the thousands, he will see the development of cruelty even in the tender hearts of the women, and shall see these pampered ladies of the court turning down their thumbs as a signal that not merely female tenderness, but even human pity no longer palpitates in their bosoms.

This is what the circus came to mean,— not from anything

inherent in it, but on account of the character of the people. No wonder, then, that the Christian consciousness of the world revolted against the amphitheatre, and fought it to its death.

What is the circus of the modern world? All this grand development of the ancient Greeks has passed away; but there is still a popular amusement that goes by that name that has been so glorified and degraded in the history of the past. I remember,— and I speak of this, though it may seem somewhat trivial, because the same principle runs through it,— I remember distinctly, when I was living far away in the country, that my father would never allow me to go to the circus; and I never did go till I was a grown man. It seemed to me then hard and cruel. Looking back at it now, I modify my judgment, and partially, if not completely, agree with my father's opinion on that subject. The circus, when it came to us, caused a general holiday among the people; but it degenerated very frequently, if not always, into a scene of drunkenness and immorality. There were things there that a young and growing boy would better not see and hear. But the circus has changed, like everything else, until now it is not only innocent in itself, but it is even a means for popular education, the larger part of it something to be in every way commended.

Let us turn from this to another form of popular amusement, and glance at the theatre. The theatre began as a religious service. There is a love in every human soul for that which is dramatic; and the dramatic was, therefore, brought into the service of religion. Even to-day, it finds its place among those who would consider it a profanation to enter a theatre. Every elaborate ritual and ceremony of the Church is just so much of the dramatic brought into the service of religion. And, if a minister of the most orthodox church develops a remarkably dramatic ability, the people will crowd his doors and feed upon it, though they would say at the same time that it is wicked to go to the theatre. The theatre in ancient Greece grew out of the national

religion, and the play was a dramatization of that religion; and some of the dramas of the great tragedians have some of the finest religious and ethical teachings that this world has ever seen, in spite of the incidental defects growing out of the religious ideas and intellectual culture of the age. Then, down through the Middle Ages, the Church itself called the drama to its aid; and, while there was not such a thing as a secular theatre in existence, there were miracle and morality plays, in which the whole Bible history, from Genesis to Revelation, was set forth dramatically for the education of the people, who were not able to read these Scriptures or get a knowledge of this history in any other way. But, when the theatre came to be merely a secular amusement, and when it was a company of strolling actors and actresses travelling about the country, giving representations in the castles of the barons, the market-place of the town, or wherever they could gather a crowd or get paid for it,— precisely as the Punch and Judy show travels about the country to-day,— then it would naturally take on the characteristics of the people. It would not be any higher in its level than the popular taste. Therefore, it was no wonder that it was looked on with suspicion and regarded as being demoralizing in its tendency; for, undoubtedly, so it was. I suppose, if we could revive here in Boston the famous old Globe Theatre of Shakspere's time, we should look at it very much askance, and question whether it was a moral and creditable thing for respectable people to be seen there; that, even if we went ourselves, we would not want to take our wives and daughters, even if Shakspere had written the play and was standing on the boards. For it was connected with all that was low and disreputable in the town, drinking and every kind of debauchery making it their natural home and a place for all immoral meetings and appointments. At the same time, it was beginning to free itself from these things and to rise into a higher and nobler atmosphere. Perhaps you noticed that Mr. Henry Irving expressed some surprise that the theatre

had made itself so clean and free from all these grounds of criticism here. Every man who has visited theatres in Europe knows that the theatre here is freer from such evils than those abroad. Mr. Irving was surprised that there was no bar in connection with our best theatres, and this illustrates the change that is passing over them.

What, then, is the condition of the theatre in the modern world? Of course there are the fourth and fifth grades of theatres, as there are of everything else; and, naturally, the degraded elements of the city will seek their amusements there, just as the highest and most refined will seek theirs elsewhere. But I believe it to be a fact that those that we call first-class are almost entirely free from any objectionable features. I have been to the theatre, not as much as I would like, but a good deal within a few years; and I have seen little that any healthy and clean-minded man would have a right to object to. And the actors and actresses, as a class, so far as I am acquainted with them,—and I am acquainted with some,—stand fairly well morally, as compared with any other class of professional people in the community.

There is one element of danger connected with amusements like the theatre that does not attach itself to the other professions; and so it seems to me we ought to bestow all the more honor on those members of the theatrical profession who, in spite of the added temptations, do keep themselves free and clean.

Let me indicate what I mean. Singers, actors, all caterers to public amusement, live in a little world apart by themselves, in a sense that is not true of the other professions; and the obligations that bear heavily upon other people press with less weight upon them. To illustrate: suppose an actor does not pay his bills, is generally loose and dishonest in money matters, that does not interfere with his being a great actor; and his success is as great as if he were more scrupulous. Suppose an actor or actress is careless in social morality, that does not necessarily interfere with their

powers as actors; and we cannot help this or change it. But, if a banker or lawyer or some other professional man is thus dishonest touching business matters or openly reckless as to social morality, the penalty comes down on him in a way that it does not on a person who lives in this little world apart by itself. The actor and the actress, then, are freer from ordinary social bonds; and this is an element of danger in the profession. So I say we owe more honor to those who keep themselves free and clean in the midst of these temptations.

But the theatre itself is not necessarily touched or degraded by this fact. It may be one of the best means of popular education and moral uplifting. Even if it only furnish rest and recreation, if it clear the weary and clouded brain and fit it for better and nobler labor on the morrow,—even so, it shall amply justify itself. But I believe to-day there are in many first-class theatres nobler and grander sermons preached than in half the churches, because they are sermons that touch human life, that come home to the people of the nineteenth century, and do not deal with things beyond the range of human affairs that are attached only to the far-off past. I have rarely listened to better sermons than Booth has preached to me. Where can you find anything more impressive and warning than Charlotte Cushman's "Lady Macbeth"? Where can you find a more suggestive and more terrific sermon than Irving's "Louis XI."? Any one who can find fault with theatrical representations such as these must be in a condition of moral health that is very feeble indeed.

I wish now to turn to two or three other phases of popular amusements, and see how the same principle applies to them. Let us take games of chance or games of chance and skill combined. Take, as a type of all, card-playing. What shall we have to say of that? I believe, in general; that games of chance would better be let alone. Why? Because there is anything necessarily wicked in turning a dice box? Not at all; but because games of chance almost inevitably

run into gambling, for the reason that there is not enough human intellectual interest about them to make them pleasant for their own sake. A game purely of chance is almost exclusively used for gambling.

But what is the harm in gambling? I used to wonder, as a young man, before I had analyzed these things, just where the harm was. I never doubted that there was harm; but I did not understand how it came in. This world is just about rich enough to keep in existence for a year and a half, if people did not add to the sum total of its wealth. The person who takes out of that stock and does not add to it comes very near being a thief. The man who gets his living by gambling adds nothing to the world's wealth. He simply takes from it, without giving any equivalent, and uses it for his own purposes. Then, again, money lightly gained is lightly spent; and gambling tends to break down character and make spendthrifts. A person who becomes accustomed to this excitement of gambling easily learns a distaste for any of the serious occupations of life, and ceases to be a man among men. He goes through life as a trifler and a thief, making the world poorer, and being of no use to himself or anybody else. The world is better off without than with him. These are the things that make gambling an evil.

I would, then, let games of chance alone. There is not enough of intellectual interest about them to make it worth while to play them for their own sake. But card-playing — some of the games, at any rate — calls for the highest intellectual powers, and some of the finest moral powers as well. One may make them even a school for life in his leisure hours. I remember, when I was a boy, my father forbade my ever having cards; and I never played a game with them until I was a man. I thank father for it to-day; not because there was anything wrong in the cards themselves, but because, boy as I was, with other boys, it would have almost certainly led me then into associations that I was better by being kept from. The surroundings were evil; and I am glad I was kept out of them.

Let us take one more phase of the amusement question,— the dance. Like the theatre, dancing originated, not as a social amusement, but as part of an impressive religious ceremony. You remember that, after the Egyptians were overthrown, Miriam came forth with her timbrel, and danced and sang, not an ordinary society song, but a hymn of praise to Jehovah, who had delivered Israel. David danced before the ark of his God, as he was bringing it back from its captivity. The dance is one of the oldest religious services. I suppose it has its origin in planetary worship. The movements were supposed to imitate the solemn, sacred, beautiful dance of the planets in the heavens, around their centre, the sun. The dance still survives even to-day — a sort of poor, frayed-out remnant — in the religious service of the Shakers.

Where is the harm of dancing, as a social amusement,— beautiful, rhythmical, poetical in itself, full of beauty and poetry,— the poetry and the beauty of motion, instead of the beauty and poetry of song and words? When we hear lively music, our nerves thrill and tremble; and we begin a physical response to it almost in spite of ourselves. The most orthodox deacon in the world will find himself beating time to lively music with his feet, all unconscious of himself, but showing that that part of his organism is not quite sound in the faith. There is a natural tendency to rhythmical motion in hearing rhythmical music. Where is the harm in it? To recur, if I may be allowed, to my own experience, I was never allowed to learn to dance. I never even went where there was dancing, and never saw any until I was a man grown. And, again, I thank my father for that restriction. The dance, as it existed in the country in my boyhood, was something for clean and sensitive youth, either boys or girls, to keep away from as far as possible. There was no harm in the dance itself; but the associations were harmful. Evil was connected with it in such a way that it was not possible to disassociate the two. Society was not large enough to divide itself into separate sections, so that one could pick and keep his company on such occa-

sions. There is the same harm in dancing to-day that there was then; and reputable people regard the same principles as those in my father's mind, when he gave me that prohibition. We do not allow our daughters, or like to have our sisters or wives, attend a promiscuous ball, without regard to the people who are to be there and the associations and circumstances under which it is held. We recognize this same principle, that amounts sometimes to prohibition, sometimes to regulation.

The same evil connected with this is connected with another phase of amusement against which there is now a great outcry,— skating-rinks. What is the evil there? It is the same as in the promiscuous dance. It is letting the young and growing boys and girls join in a promiscuous crowd, without any regard to the kind of people they are coming into contact with, or to the suggestions and insinuations that may come to their ears. The evil here is the lack of guardianship on the part of parents and friends. I am astonished, living, as I do, on an open public square, at what I see during our beautiful spring and early summer evenings,— young, tender, growing girls, belonging to the best families, whose fathers and mothers would be astonished and horrified if they knew whom they were meeting and what they were talking about. This unguarded, promiscuous association, this coming in contact with what may be perfectly innocent, but what may be precisely the opposite, is the evil to be feared,— the danger of corruption through bad associations.

If we are to abolish or prohibit all public amusements and popular entertainments, if we are consistent and are not to have anything to do with anything in which evil men are engaged, then we shall have to get rid of grocery stores and dry-goods stores and banking-houses and lawyers' offices, and even the Church itself. We shall have to do as the apostle said under similar circumstances, go out of the world; for there is evil in all departments of human life. What we must do in regard to all these matters is to use our

common sense, and distinguish between things: condemn that which is evil, and which, under the circumstances, naturally and necessarily is evil; and approve that which is good. We must take things innocent and lift them out of their evil associations, and turn them to their noblest uses.

I have one or two things to say to young men. Suppose a young man has a rich father, and is able, as he says, to spend as much money as he pleases. Is it wise for him to indulge himself constantly and excessively in amusements? Even the wealthiest man's wealth is not his own, in the sense that he has a right to do with it as he pleases. He owes it to all the struggles of the past and the general civilization of the world. It is not his own, except in trust, to be used rightly. Suppose a man, because he is rich, feels at liberty to make himself worthless: is that a worthy ambition? Suppose your father is rich: is it not worth your while for you to be a man yourself, as though he were not? Is it not worth your while to have some object, some aim in life, to play a part in the world, to be a benefit to society? Will you make it a license for self-destruction, just because you do not need to work for a living?

Let us turn to the other young men who have to make their own way in the world, and see how foolish it is for them to ape these sons of wealth and idleness. Here is a young man who has his own way to make. He must find his own place, carve out his own fortune. Suppose he spends every dollar he can earn on the theatre or base-ball, or the skating-rink or the billiard table: where will he be when he is twenty-five or thirty years old? If he has a position at all, he will still be a clerk, with no better prospect before him, unless he have exceptional business ability. I met a gentleman on the cars last winter, and he told me his own history. He is now a business man in Boston. His father was a man of means, but would not give him one single cent. He said to him: Go to work now, and if in three to five years you prove that you can earn money and keep it, then I will help you; until then, not a cent. He

went to work as a clerk in a store. Inside of five years, he paid all his own expenses for living and clothing, and earned and saved besides eighteen hundred dollars. Half the young men around town would think they could not pay their board and clothes from what he received, just because they think they must ape the sons of wealthy gentlemen. His father then lent him some money: he would not give it to him. The young man went into business for himself, paid back the money to his father within a few years, and retired with a competency when about forty-five. Suppose he had pursued the opposite course, and spent time and money for amusements: think of the difference in the position he would occupy to-day!

Take another case of spending, not money but time. I know a successful business man in this city who, when a clerk, instead of spending his leisure time in amusements, determined to take up some course of study. It happened to be French. He said, "I will make myself a master of French," and gave a large part of his leisure to it every day. Some time afterward, a member of the firm was to go abroad to transact business. The person who usually went could not, for some reason, go: and they looked about for some other person who was interested in the business who could take his place. They found this clerk, and gave him the opportunity. He was fitted for it by his studies. As a result, he became the head of a great firm on his own account.

If young men wish to succeed in business, they must not spend their time and money in having simply a good time. They must not be discontented with the little place they are in, because they think they are too big for it. The way to get into a larger place is to outgrow the one you are in,—grow until it is so small that it will not hold you any longer. A man who simply sits shrunk up and worthless in a little place, because he thinks it is not worth while to grow enough to fill that, has little prospect of getting into a larger one. Fill the place that you are in. Study ahead of where

you are. Fit yourself for higher business. To do that, you must do something besides play, though that may be innocent in itself.

What, then, shall we say of popular amusements in general? They are just what people choose to make them. They are the reflection of the popular life. A knife in the hands of a charitable, loving woman, cutting bread for her family or the poor, is an instrument of generosity, kindness, and helpfulness. This very same knife, in the hands of a lunatic or of a blackguard, may become the instrument of murder of one's dearest friend. Shall we say, then, that the knife has any moral character of its own? It depends entirely on the character, the purpose, of the person who wields it.

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CHURCH-GOING.

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ERRATUM.

In *Unity Pulpit* for last week (No. 34), on page 8, fourth line from the bottom, instead of "turning *down* their thumbs," read turning *up*, etc.

CHURCH-GOING.*

For the purpose I now have in hand, the inhabitants of Boston may be conveniently divided into two great classes,—those who do not go to church and those who do. I shall have very little to say directly to you who are here this morning or to those who do go to church; and yet the principles that I propose to discuss, the purpose that I have in mind, concern you quite as intimately as they do the others, about whom chiefly I shall speak.

I do not need, I am grateful to say, to talk to you who are before me about church-going. I have had no personal necessity to feel anxious on this subject for the last ten years; and yet I do have an intense interest in the general question that at the present time is agitating the public mind. And it seems to me that it may be well for all of us to do what we can to contribute to the moulding, the reforming, of public opinion in the right direction. I shall hope, therefore, through my influence with you and through the press, to do something in the attainment of this object.

Those who do not go to church, then, are the ones of whom I am to speak; and they, again, may be conveniently divided into two classes,—those who cannot go and those who do not care to. Concerning those who cannot, I shall have but little to say. They are the very young or the very old, or those who are ill or infirm, together with those who have the care of such. I think, when I have made that statement, that I have covered all those people who properly belong in the class of those who cannot attend church. Of course there are large numbers of people who are not able to attend church on any particular Sunday. The reasons for

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

this are various, and need not be entered on here. It is not of these who can attend now and then that I am speaking, but of those who are habitually kept away from church by necessity.

Perhaps some of you may be disposed to wonder that in the class of those who cannot attend church I do not include the poor. The charge is perpetually made against the Church, in an indiscriminate fashion, that the poor are naturally excluded from its fellowship; and the comparison is perpetually drawn between the attitude of the modern Church in this regard and the attitude of Jesus. Jesus, it is said, came to preach good tidings to the poor, while the Church of the modern world appeals chiefly to the fashionable and the rich. This, I say, is the charge. And, of course, I am quite ready to admit that the charge, as against some particular church here or some particular church there, is true. There are churches where the poor could not go on account of the expense attached to attendance. There are others where they would not feel at home, even if they were able to go. In many cases there is this mingling of pride with poverty. It is therefore not quite true to say that a poor man cannot go. Rather, the truth is that he is not willing to go on the only conditions which are possible to him. But, as a matter of fact, though there are churches where the poor are excluded, there are, on the other hand, in every city and town in America plenty of churches that are open and free to them; and by this I do not mean churches at large, missionary churches, chapels around the corner or in back streets. I take, with all simplicity and frankness, this church as a specimen. I do not believe that there is a poor person in all Boston who, if it were known that he wished to come here, would not find the way open and free for him. This is the reason that I have not included the poor in the class of those who are necessarily kept away from church.

Now, then, let us turn and deal with those who do not care to go to church; and I have two main lines of thought

here which I wish to follow. One will deal with the reason of their staying away; and the other will treat of the basic principles underlying the Church, its permanence, the real work that it has to do in the world, and its claim on rational, intelligent, earnest men and women. These two grand divisions, then, of my theme I wish to treat, and ask your attention to.

I. Let us look, then, in the first place, at the reasons which people give for not attending church, some of them good, some of them bad, some of them indifferent.

1. There is a large class of people in every community of whom it is true that they have not as yet developed any consciousness of a religious nature. There is nothing in them to which a true, earnest, consecrated church appeals. In this respect, they are very much like persons who have no taste for music. The finest singing, the finest playing, falls on their ears, and awakens no response. I believe there is an inherent musical capacity in every soul that is normal and healthy; but there are many people in whom there is not sufficient development of it for it to seem a vital and real thing, and consequently they are never drawn to places where music, vocal or instrumental, may be heard. So there are many people who live in the lower or animal ranges of their life. They have no conscious religious nature. They do, indeed, as we shall see, stand in vital relationship with this great universe around them, just as much as we do; but they are like persons who have not waked up to this fact. So they are not ready to take active steps in the matter.

To illustrate what I mean. We all know that our physical health depends upon the air we breathe, upon our getting air of a good quality, and breathing enough so that it shall come in contact with the entire surface of our lungs, that every particle of blood may be vivified by it. Yet thousands of people live without pure air, and suffer the consequences of it without ever waking up to the fact that the kind of air we breathe has anything to do with health. So

those people who have no religious feeling, no conscious religious life, who are living in the lower ranges of their being, are suffering, pining, and dying in the highest and noblest things that constitute manhood and womanhood, only they do not know it. This upper world is not a real world to them. They have not waked up to the fact that it exists. It is true, I believe, in many of these cases, perhaps in most of them, that, living thus as they do in the lower ranges of their life, they would feel the aspirations, the restraints, of the higher life irksome. Call to them in the name of duty, and they do not like the word. Why? Because it lays a restraint upon them. It tells them they ought to do this or that, or ought not to do it. It requires effort. It requires something of self-sacrifice always for a person to climb up out of a lower range into a higher, whether in the religious department of his nature or any other. They are like a child whose success in life depends on learning his lessons at school, yet who does not like to learn the lessons, and will play truant when he can. The restraint of the school-room is irksome to him, and he escapes it whenever it is possible. Large numbers of people do not go to church, because they do not like to. They do not like the associations, the ideas that are dominant there. They do not like to listen to the call of duty which comes from the pulpit. They do not like to make the effort to rise into any higher life than the one in which they are leading an existence of contented animalism.

2. There is another class of persons, who, for some reason or other, are out with the church, with the minister, with the method of its administration, with the way in which it is carried on. There are many people in every community not in sympathy with the particular church which they would naturally attend, if they went at all; and so they stay at home. Perhaps the minister is too aristocratic or he is not aristocratic enough. He preaches too long sermons or does not preach long enough. He is too doctrinal or too practical. He touches on political subjects or he does not touch

them. He deals with matters of practical reform or he does not. For some reason, they do not like him. They are out with him. I do not wonder at this. I only wonder at the shallowness of the conception of such men as to what the Church stands for. If one of these men would only stand for a while in the pulpit himself, and find out what it means to try to please a thousand people every Sunday in the year, — people from all classes of society, of different intellectual tastes, of different social standing, of different æsthetic tastes, of different spiritual training, conservatives and radicals, those interested in politics and those who are not, those interested in reform and those who care nothing about it, people who like a close logical discussion of theology, people who want one always to be practical and to aim at common every-day affairs,— if one of these men would stand in the place himself, and see what an appalling task it is to preach to such an audience, he would be charitable toward the minister of whom the impossible is asked every Sunday in the year.

Or these men, perhaps, get out with some other pew-holder; or they are disgusted with the way the church committee manages the music, perhaps; or, perhaps, they have not been able to secure the particular pew they want. Any one of a hundred reasons will keep some people from church. They look at it from the poor, mean, petty, contemptible stand-point of their own self-pleasing. They have no conception of any large, grand thing that any church which is a true church should stand for. They are out with it, because nine hundred and ninety-nine men and women are so unreasonable as not to give way on the instant to the wishes and whims of the thousandth.

3. There are large numbers of people in this community who believe that the Church is antiquated and outgrown. They are materialists, secularists, or agnostics. By whatever name they are called, they believe that the Church, as at present organized, is only the survival of antique superstition and mythology. They are not necessarily unedu-

cated men. They may be as well educated, some of them, as the best ministers. But the result of their thought and study is this conclusion. Of course, they stay away: they could not do otherwise. If they are earnest men, they not only stay away from the church, but they fight it; and men like that I respect. They can have my hand-clasp and sympathy any day in the year. I have thorough respect for a man who stands for something, even if he is a direct antagonist to that for which I stand, if he is earnest and cares for it, and is trying to make things better in the world. But putty men, who are nothing, who care for nothing, who are utterly indifferent, have my unmixed contempt.

I remember two or three years ago hearing Mr. J. Ll. Jones, of Chicago, in one of his fiery speeches, in speaking of Calvin and Servetus say that next to having been Servetus, and so willing to be burned for his convictions, he would rather have been Calvin, who was willing to burn him. That is a principle that I believe in with my whole soul. I have twice as much respect for Calvin who was ready to burn a man for what he deemed the glory of God as for people who do not care for the glory of God, or the welfare of man, either. It is of men who are lukewarm, neither cold nor hot, that the writer of Revelation says, The Lord will spue them out of his mouth; and I do not wonder.

These people, then, directly antagonize the Church: and they ought to. But how do they do it? They do it recognizing the principle of the Church itself. They organize into what? I do not care what they call it, but they really organize into another church. The word "church" is only the translation of the Greek word *Ecclesia*, which means a congregation, an assembly, a meeting. Wherever there is a voluntary meeting of people of a religious or moral nature there is a church. So those people at Paine Hall, for instance, who believe that the Church is outworn and antiquated and ought to be abolished, have organized there a church as much as this is a church,— church fighting church. All right: let them fight. If they represent the right, the

universe will be at their back, first or last. If it is proved that they are right, we will join them by and by; and so the new church will go on doing the churches' work. The Church is not killed, it has only arisen in another form.

4. Many people do not go to church, because they say they need Sunday for rest. I want to consider this a little seriously, because I appreciate this reason, so far as it is genuine. But I want to help interpret this reason. I believe the grandest use of Sunday, next to the development of the religious life, is rest. I believe we do not make enough of it in this direction, because we let our business encroach on this time. We abolish the rest-day by letting it be flooded with the cares of the rest of the week. I would have you make more of this idea of rest on Sunday, not less. I would have you recognize the principle that there is no necessary antagonism between your spiritual and religious development and rest. Rather would I have you see that the two go so naturally together that the one ought to help on and contribute to the other. If a man is simply an animal, if there is no higher life for him, if the only object of his existence is to work through seven days of the week to make money, and when it is made to simply spend it for his own amusement or pleasure,—if that is all there is of human life, why then take Sunday, all of it, for sleep, for rest at home, for driving in the country, for anything you will. But if man is something more than an animal; if there is a spiritual nature in him; if there is something that links him with the spiritual nature that permeates and breathes through the universe; if there is anything in him to respond to the call to a higher life, a higher law; if it is possible for him to go up into these higher ranges of his being, for him to look beyond the limits of his own petty, personal existence; if it is possible for him to recognize the glory of some common cause: if it is possible for him to feel that he is one member of an organism called man, that there is a mutual dependence, mutual helpfulness and duty implied by that bond,— then I say that, if he is a rational man, he will set some part of his time aside

for the development of this higher spiritual nature. If it exists at all in you, it ought to be the dominant element. If it does not, why, be an animal, as comfortable a one as you can, and let it go. If it be there, then recognize it, and be governed by it. It seems to me that, if I were a business man, busy in my bank, my office, or my store, or in whatever avocation, six days in the week, instead of spending the seventh day dreaming over the newspaper, which merely repeats the experiences and round of this wearisome, business, caretaking world, if I could find a place where I could meet with my fellows to consider the fact that I was a little more than that; if I could be lifted up a little, stirred and stimulated into the recognition of more serious and nobler conceptions of life; if I could get an outlook into the eternal,— it seems to me I should like it as a break in the weary routine, and that I should find rest in it, that I should find stimulus, and that I should go back to work Monday morning better fitted by it for the week than if I had spent Sunday in dreaming over my business. Rest is something besides laziness. Rest may be the vigorous activity of another class of faculties than those which have been taxed so severely. If a man's brain is weary, it may be the best rest for him to call into exercise his muscles, to be distracted from this everlasting thinking, to go out into the country for a long stretch across the fields, to look at the hills, to catch a glimpse of the ocean, to see the stars come out. That is true rest; but, if a man remembers that he is something more than an animal to coil himself up in a corner and sleep, he will find time enough in the afternoon of Sunday for the walk, the drive, the social recreation in his own home or a neighbor's. Then how it ought to help a man if he can go back to his business with a higher conception of what business is: if he can have a purpose put into his life; if he can feel that in all this round of labor, this money-getting, this toil, there is an outlook, an end, that redeems it from pettiness and selfishness, and makes it contribute to better results than merely getting and selfishly handling and using!

5. There is one other reason why people do not go to church. This is in many ways one of the most important, if not the most important one. There are people in this city, in New York, and in all our great towns, who do not go to church, because they are better than the churches, as they average. They stay away from the churches, because it depresses them to go, because they have no sympathy with the petty ends, the narrow, restricted outlook, with the unworthy objects which the church frequently has in view. There are men whose religious natures are aroused and developed so that they feel the call of God to be doing something grander than many of the churches are engaged in.

There are two classes of ministers, and always have been and always will be, I suppose. We find their representatives in every church and in every age, the priests and the prophets. The priests care for the ritual, the service, for keeping things as they are. They magnify the routine. They look after the tithing of the mint and anise and cumin. And then there are the prophets who are not always looking backward, not listening for the voice of God as spoken a thousand years ago. They believe that God lives to-day. They are listening for a new call with every fresh morning. They believe that God is working in the forces that are remoulding and leading the life of the age.

To illustrate the attitude of such men, I wish to quote a remark which fell from the lips of William Lloyd Garrison, a representative man of this kind, not long ago, before the Liberal Union Club. He said: I do not go to church, yet I want to go. I wish I might go. I feel the deprivation and loss both for my own sake and for my children. But I do not find any church, that is convenient for me to attend, that seems to be so alive in dealing with the real divine things of human life that I can heartily join it. As illustrating the attitude of many churches, he referred to the famous saying of Wendell Phillips. Phillips, in the anti-slavery days, felt that the one great moral question of that age was slavery. And yet the churches were afraid of it.

They let it almost entirely alone. Mr. Phillips was speaking in Abington on this question, when he burst out in a way which sounds humorous and strange, and yet which, as he gave it, he meant as the most earnest of all truth,—"What a God-forsaken town! four orthodox churches and no anti-slavery society!" A God-forsaken town, with all its religion organized to potter over questions practically outgrown, with no life or force to touch the living questions of the day,—here lies the reason why a great many of the best people do not go to church.

But I have two things to say about that. In the first place, I believe that there is not a city or large town in America of which it can be said that it does not contain at least one church and one minister ready to deal in the freest, freshest way with the vital questions of the modern world. It may be a little difficult; but, if a person cares for such a church, he can find it. This, I believe, is true of nearly all the large towns of America. But, if there is a town where it is not true, then what? What is the best thing for a man to do? Is it to leave the church? If he cannot, by staying in and gathering others of his mind, remould and reshape the church to some larger and finer issue, then the best thing he can do is to leave it. But it is always open to him in this country to organize a church that will be alive, and will do the work of the modern world. And there are generally enough people to accomplish this, if they are willing to start with a small beginning and do the best they can, and wait to grow. So much, then, on this side of my subject.

II. As my second division, I wish to say something concerning the principles which underlie the Church, whether it is a permanent institution, whether it can appeal to earnest and intelligent men with a voice which they ought to hear and obey.

1. I have had occasion many times to bring before you what seems to me an incontrovertible fact, that religion of some kind is a universal and permanent element of human

nature. In the nature of things, it can never be outgrown. But, if there is not developed a high, intelligent, noble type of religion, then a lower, unintelligent, ignoble type will dominate society; for all men are bound by this religious bond, and they cannot escape it. The Church simply attempts to voice this, and to give expression to the broadest, the most universal, the most eternal of human relationships,— the relationship in which man stands to the Infinite Life that is manifested in the universe. And the aim and purpose of every religion that ever existed was to bring men into what the people of the time conceived to be right relations with the Infinite Power. And we can never escape the fact that we do stand in some kind of relation to this Power; that our welfare and happiness, our progress and prosperity, turn upon our standing in right relation to it. So long as there is a universe and so long as there is a man in it, there will be religion of some kind. The intellectual part, the emotional, the ritual, may change,— they must, if man learns anything, if he grows and enlarges; but the purpose remains the same. This fact, then, that the Church stands for is not a relic of an antique superstition or the survival of a mythology. It stands for the most vital thing in human life. It may stand for it very poorly, it may misinterpret it, it may torture it out of its right relations; but it stands for it, and the only way to better the condition of things is to have the Church intelligently and morally developed, that it may stand for the noblest ideal that the age can frame.

2. Because a man objects to a particular church or a particular organization, he is not thereby objecting to the Church. Because he believes that the Catholic Church or the Protestant Church, the religion of Buddha or the religion of Mohammed must necessarily pass away, it does not follow that the Church is going to pass away. As I just said, the intellectual, the emotional, the ritual side of religion perpetually changes, grows, shapes itself to the intellectual and moral condition of any particular age. But the purpose, the soul of it remains, reincarnating itself at every new

stage of human progress. Fight any particular church you please, stay away from any particular church you please, but remember that the permanence of the Church and your loyalty to it are not at all touched by any questions like this.

3. I wish to make what I conceive to be a true and moderate claim on behalf of the Church,— not this particular church or that, but this ideal organization of humanity which tries to help the development of the best religious life; as that is what I mean when I talk about the Church this morning. Not only is it likely to be permanent, not only may it put in a rational plea for continued existence, not only may intelligent, strong, self-poised men attend it without loss of self-respect, but it is the grandest institution of all the world, in the very nature of things.

Let us look for a moment at the profession of the architect. What does he do? He builds a house for people to live in. But suppose, after he has the house built, that there is only a half, or a third, a miserable fragment, of a man to move into it. He only makes a shelter for people, a place for men to live,— that is all. Let us look at the work of the artist. What does he do? He decorates human life. He ministers to the sense of beauty in men and women. But suppose that there is nothing in human life that is worth decorating? Suppose that the men and women to whom he ministers are only half men and women? At the most, however noble the men and women may be, all that art can do is to decorate, to minister to the sense of beauty. Let us take the work of the scientist. What does he do? Science is only man thinking. It is man looking for the truth. It is man trying to find the way in which he ought to walk. It is man trying to verify his perceptions, and to discover the nature and laws of the universe in the midst of which he lives. That is all that science is. The utmost that science can ever do is to help man to think rightly and live truly, to point out the pathway.

Now, what is the work of true religion? Religious search is the search for the secret of life. The aim of religion is to

develop manhood and womanhood, to help people to live rightly while they live. You know, if you review the history of the world and look over the face of society, that all the evils of the world, all the sorrows under the burden of which this earth is groaning, have been produced by the mistakes people have made concerning the art of life. They are the results of the failures of men and women to do just that which true religion is trying to help them do. Religion, then, means life, when it is rightly interpreted; and the most that science or art or architecture, or any of the professions, can do, is simply to minister, in their particular departments, to the one great end that religion proposes to itself. There can never be anything higher than the service of religion; for religion is the true representative of the divine on earth, dominating, and rightly dominating, the world. It is only necessary that you should have a noble, intelligent, broad conception of what religion means.

4. Now, just a word concerning the subject on which I trenched in the first part of my discourse. I wish to say a little in apology for the ministers and the churches that are not quite up to our ideal. To hear some men talk who are opposed to churches, you would suppose that the priests, as a set of designing men, had invented all the gods and all the theologies and all the dogmas and all the rites and institutions, and then had some way fastened them as chains on the people. What is the fact in regard to it? Simply that the churches, the religions, the priesthood of the world, are just as natural outgrowths of the soul of ordinary human nature where they exist as the flowers and grasses that you see springing in the fields to-day. It is the people that have made the churches and the ministers, not the ministers that have made the people and the churches. Not only that, nine times out of ten, I venture to say, the ministers in this country are ahead of their pews. When a minister goes into the pulpit and preaches a little common sense and gets into trouble for it, what is the explanation? Some deacon, or presbyter, or member of the standing committee, who is not

5. There is just one other point to which I need to call your attention this morning: and that is the fact that we need to deplore, that so many men and women, otherwise intelligent and noble, do so lamentably misconceive what they go to church for. The majority look upon church as a sort of lecture association. They go to church, if the minister entertains them, if he happens to please them. They take a pew, just as they would buy a seat at the opera, for the time they are going to be in town. If they are going to leave town, they leave the burden of church support in the hands of the few who are willing to carry it on. They seem to have no idea that the church is an organization which they have joined for the sake of what that church can accomplish. They go to church selfishly, thinking of what they can get. It never occurs to them that it is a nobler and better thing to go for what they can give and what they can do. It is just as much your duty to give your time, money, thought, to make the city of Boston better as it is mine. Do you join an art society, a scientific association, a philanthropic or reform club, just because you like to hear the president talk? Is that what it exists for? The church, if it is worthy of the name, is an organization of people to help each other, to help the world, realize the art of true manly and womanly living.

Go to church, then, not because you are pleased on a particular Sunday: go to church to help. Oh, if you only knew what a comfort it is to a minister to know that rain or shine, thick or thin, whatever happens or whatever fails, this one and that one are sure to be there,— not because they like to hear him talk, but because they are ready to stand beside him and help him do his work! You ought not to consider yourself a passive instrument with a few keys that like to be played on, and that hunts around until it finds a man that can strike its particular notes. If you are not worth more than that, you are not worth living any way. If you are men and women, you are worthy of doing something that will remain.

In conclusion, when the work of the Church is realized, it will be when all the evil and all needless sorrow are driven out of the world. The Church is simply an anti-sin and anti-suffering society. It tries to make people better, because all sin and suffering result from the fact that they are not better. But when, by and by, the perfect harmony of perfected humanity shall have been attained, it will be no proof that the Church has passed away any more than the fact that the heavenly bodies swing harmoniously in their orbits is a proof that gravitation has passed away. It is only a proof that gravitation is complete in its sway over these heavenly bodies. So, when love and mutual helpfulness are universal, humanity will swing, peaceful and glorious, shining in its own orbit; and the perfect condition of the world will have come, because religion, no longer needed as an outward institution, has written its laws on the fleshly tablets of the heart, and those laws are by every man and woman and child intelligently read and lovingly obeyed.

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THE OLD "OLD TESTAMENT."

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THE OLD "OLD TESTAMENT."*

About four years ago, just after the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament, I preached two sermons bearing upon that, on the "Old New Testament" and the "New New Testament." My purpose is now, on the issue of the Revised Version of the Old Testament, to render a similar service. Of course there is no such popular interest concerning the changes that have been made in the Old Testament revision as there was concerning the changes made in the New; for, in that, it was supposed that there might be involved important doctrinal questions.

The interest in the changes that have been wrought in the Old Testament is, however, largely literary. They do not concern in any important way the beliefs of Christendom. And yet, when we consider that this book is regarded by the great majority of Christians still, as being in every part the infallible word of God, and when we remember the part that this book has played in English and American history, it seems to me that we cannot exaggerate the importance of understanding just what kind of a book it is. There is no other volume that has stood in such intimate relation to the life of the great English-speaking nations.

Whatever theory you hold regarding this book, whether you think it a noble book or an ignoble, whether you believe it is the word of God or the manufacture of a priesthood, it remains a fact that it is woven into the very fibre of the history of all English-speaking people. No other work has touched us so nearly, so closely, or has modified in such important ways our lives. Not only has it touched us relig-

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

iously, but it has played an immense part in the political development of England and America. It has touched us ethically; it has shaped us socially; and it is woven in the most intimate way into all our literature and art, so that it is impossible for a man to travel through Europe and understand its picture galleries, for example, without a knowledge of the Old Testament. It is impossible for a man intelligently to read English literature without being familiar with the Old Testament. And yet, for one reason or another, large numbers of people have neglected the study of it, and are not ashamed to be ignorant of it, though they would be ashamed to be ignorant in the same degree of either Milton or Shakspere. Not only are all these things true, but, looked at merely as a piece of English literature, it is a classic. It has become, in a very unique way, the standard for the use of the English language, and is regarded as a "pure well of English undefiled."

So, then, for all reasons it seems to me it is important that we should go to this book now and then afresh, look at it carefully, and find out just what it is. Suppose we take it up as though we had never seen it before, and start by asking the simplest questions about it. What is it? We open it, and find that it contains thirty-nine brief treatises bound together in one volume. It starts by giving what it claims to be a correct account of the creation of the world, — the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars; the origin of the human race, the origin of sin and evil. It gives us an account of the origin of languages, the division of the world into separate nationalities. Then it goes on to trace the history of one people supposed to be divinely selected out of all the rest of the world as the depository of a divine revelation.

The first five books contain the law of God, the truth so far as, in the belief of the Hebrews, it was necessary for man to know. Then we find a beautiful idyl of faithfulness and truth, of religious and human devotion. Then there is a history of the people, a chronicle of their wars,

their defeats, their triumphs. Then we find the story of the exile and of the return. Then there is another little book written to give an account of one of the great festivals of the Jews, considered to be important enough to stand alone by itself. Then we have one of the grandest poems that the world has ever produced, dealing with the great problem of human suffering and sorrow in its relation to the justice of God. Then the Psalms, the Jewish hymn-book of the temple. Then a collection of proverbial sayings, words of practical wisdom, a sort of ancient "Poor Richard." Then a book, pessimistic and dark, dealing with the problems of human thought,— as to whether there is any distinction between good and evil; whether there is any God, any future life, anything better for man than to eat and drink and die. Then a beautiful love song, one of the finest and sweetest of all the world, celebrating the faithfulness of love and its triumph over evil. Then come the prophets,— the prophets being not, as they are commonly supposed, persons who confine themselves chiefly to foretelling the future, but rather men who speak freshly and boldly the direct word of God to the people instead of dealing with the traditions of the olden time.

Here, then, are thirty-nine separate treatises making up this one book. As we look at it first, we find that it has come into our hands in English,— idiomatic, standard English. But we know that this English edition is a translation from Hebrew and Aramaic originals.

Let us, then, trace it, starting in the modern world, and going back as far as we can, that we may find out just what sort of a book it is, just how it has come down to us; and this will better qualify us to decide as to its authority over modern thought. Have we here, then, a correct and accurate translation of the Hebrew and Aramaic originals? What about the manuscripts? You will remember that in the case of the New Testament there was a very large and bewildering variety of readings in the original manuscripts. We do not find the same to be true here. The oldest manu-

script that we have of the Old Testament, or of any part of it, takes us back to the beginning of the tenth century, about the year 916 A.D. Now, what about the accuracy of that? Are we sure that we have these thirty-nine books in this manuscript of the tenth century precisely as they were written by their authors, whoever those authors may have been?

Let us see. There are two points that we need to notice here. First, there is a difficulty concerning the establishment of the accuracy of the Hebrew words that we do not find in any other language in which we have any special interest. The Hebrew language, as printed or written, has no vowels. It is a language made up entirely of consonants. When spoken, the vowel sounds are, of course, used, and there would be no difficulty in understanding the meaning; but, when it is written or printed without the vowels, it is quite possible that the consonants of one word may be precisely the same as in some other word. Hence there may arise a serious question as to what word was intended by the author. To illustrate. Suppose I should write the two letters, c and t, on a bit of paper. It is plain that a good many different words could be made out of them according to the vowels we used. It might be "cut" or "coat" or "cite" or one of a dozen others; and precisely the same would be true of many other combinations. So here arises a grave question as to the accuracy of the words as they are delivered to us in this ancient manuscript.

But somewhere between the sixth and ninth centuries there was a set of signs invented by a body of scholars called Masorets, or "keepers of the traditions," that were intended to obviate this difficulty. They were supposed to be familiar with the meaning of the words employed; and they invented a system of dots and signs, which they placed above or below or within the Hebrew letters, to indicate to the reader what vowels ought to be read with particular words. In this way, we have our Hebrew Bibles printed to-day. These scholars settled the question for us as to what the reading of any particular word should be.

Second, why is it that there are so few readings in the original manuscripts of the Old Testament when there are so many in the Greek of the New Testament? We trace these Hebrew manuscripts back to about the first Christian century; and we find that then there were just as many differences and various readings in the Hebrew Bible as there were in the Greek New Testament, but they suddenly disappeared. How? The scribes having charge of this matter selected — according to the best wisdom that they could command, not in a very critical fashion doubtless — the text to be regarded as standard, and carefully and rigorously excluded and suppressed all other readings, establishing this as the only authoritative text for all time. From that day to this, the manuscripts have been copied with such care that the copyists have even reproduced the errors. The copies are almost as accurate as a photograph. We have, therefore, the text practically unchanged; and there was no occasion for the revisers to decide as to the varied readings. So much for the accuracy of the manuscripts.

Are these thirty-nine books the only ones that have any claim to be regarded as sacred literature among the Jews? If there were any others, why were they excluded? and why were just these thirty-nine books given to us as the result of the activity of the Jews in the production of sacred literature? Why are there not forty or forty-five or perhaps only thirty-six?

Here, again, we have to admit that there is no authority for it higher than tradition, and what we may regard as providence or accident, according to the way in which you choose to look at it. The production of sacred literature went on actively among the Jews just so long as they continued to be a nation; and there is a large body of books, making quite a respectable volume of these, that go by the name of the Apocrypha, printed sometimes in our Bibles between the Old and the New Testaments. These are received by the Roman Catholic Church as of equal authority with the books of the Old Testament; but they were never

so regarded by the Jews, and for this reason. I have said that the production of sacred books went on among the Jews so long as they continued to be a people. But when Jerusalem was destroyed, when the Jewish nationality ceased to exist, then the leading scholars selected those books that they thought had a right to belong to the sacred canon, and forever placed a bar against the acceptance of any others. Of course, they naturally adopted those books which were the oldest, which were the most widely in use, which had the largest religious acceptance, and which were crowned with the greatest reverence and respect of the people. At first, the Pentateuch only was looked on as the word of God; and thus it became, throughout their entire history, the standard by which they tested the claims of all other books to an equal acceptance and equal authority. A book must be old before it can gather about it the reverence that men regard as sacred. New books, no matter how good they are, must become old before they have about them that flavor of sanctity which attaches itself only to those things that are far away, and that have about them an element of mystery, and concerning which the human authorship is not quite so apparent. There were then large numbers of books that sought admission into this Jewish canon, and the canon was not finally settled among the Jews until into the second century of our era. There was, for instance, a question as to whether Ecclesiastes should be admitted, as to whether the Song of Solomon should be allowed to come in; but, at last, it was decided by rabbinical authority. There was a council called; and Rabbi Akiba, one of the great ones among his people, stood up in earnest and strenuous defence of those books that were questioned. And, by the weight of his authority, he carried the day, and settled the question finally and forever as to what should be regarded as the Bible among the Jews.

Now there is nothing supernatural, nothing wonderful, nothing at all out of the ordinary course of human events, that we have discovered here thus far. We have, then, this

book, this canon, settled some time in the second century, looked upon with reverence, and regarded as inspired by the people,—a belief which is inherited from them on the part of Christendom, and that is popularly held to-day.

Let us ask, now, as to the period of time covered by the production of these books, and as to their authorship. They were written during a period of about six hundred years; that is, in the main, from the eighth to the second century before Christ. During this period of six hundred years, almost all of them were produced, though they contain fragments and elements that have a far greater antiquity than that, reaching back several hundreds of years before this eighth century before Christ. So much for the time.

Now, who wrote them? Of course, a thorough believer in the infallibility of the Bible does not need to ask anything about their human authorship. Whoever the man was, he wrote under the dictation and guidance of the Holy Spirit, and so was precluded from any possibility of error. But for us, who hold no such theory as this concerning its authorship, it is, at least, a matter of a great deal of interest to find out, if we can, the human authorship; and, if we know nothing about the human authorship and the conditions under which they were produced, except in a few cases, it at least bears in a very important way on the question of their infallibility and authority.

It is popularly believed that the Pentateuch, the first five books of the Bible, was written by Moses; but it is settled almost beyond question that, in the shape in which these books now stand, Moses had very little, almost nothing, to do with them. Probably Moses did not write a single paragraph as we have it published in our Old Testament to-day. If he was the author of any part of the Pentateuch, it was probably the Ten Commandments, or "Ten Words," as they were originally called. We know, for example, that a large part of this Pentateuch was not written for several hundreds of years after Moses' death.

Who did write the Pentateuch, then? We do not know. We can trace the authorship of three or four different persons. It is made up of the productions of a good many ages. It was edited and re-edited and additions made, until, finally, it took its present shape, only a few hundred years before the birth of Christ. Who these authors were is only a matter of conjecture. The simple fact of the case is that nobody knows.

Who wrote Joshua and the Judges? Nobody knows. Who wrote Ruth? Nobody knows. Who wrote the two books of Samuel, the two books of Kings, the two books of Chronicles? Nobody knows. Who wrote Ezra and Nehemiah? Very likely, Ezra and Nehemiah themselves had much to do with these two books; but in just what shape, or whether they have been remodelled by other hands, we do not know. Who wrote the book of Esther? Nobody knows. Who wrote Job? Nobody knows: nobody has the slightest idea. But yet do not, I beg of you, misunderstand me, when I make these plain statements as to the authorship of the Old Testament. It makes no difference who wrote the book of Job, any more than it would if it were decided that Bacon was the author of "Hamlet." The book stands, one of the most noble poems of the world.

Who wrote the Psalms? I supposed, when I was a child, as probably most of you once thought, that David wrote them, or all but one or two. We have to invert that now. We have discovered that David perhaps wrote two or three of them, probably not more than that. Instead of the Psalms being the work of any one man, they are, as I said, the hymn-book of the temple; and the period of their production covers, perhaps, hundreds of years. At last, they were gathered together; and, as David was supposed to have written some of the most characteristic, the whole came to be ascribed to him, and took his name.

Who wrote the Proverbs? To answer such a question is no more easy than to gather all the English proverbs of the ages, of all kinds of authorship, and say who wrote them.

They are the gathering up of the national wisdom as expressed in this form.

Who wrote Ecclesiastes? The author evidently meant to convey the impression that Solomon wrote it, but we know that Solomon did not write it. Beyond that, we do not know anything. Who wrote the Song of Songs? Some say that Solomon wrote it; but he is represented as playing a very reprehensible and ignominious part in it, and he is defeated and worsted at the end. It is not likely that a great poet would write himself down in this fashion. Who did write it we do not know.

We now come to the prophets, and here we are on surer ground. In the case of most of them, we may assume that they were written by the persons whose names they bear. Concerning one of them, a vital distinction must be made. Isaiah did not write all that goes by his name. The last half, the grandest part, the sublimest poetry, the most beautiful of all, was written by some other unknown man, who is called by the critics, for want of a better name, the second Isaiah.

Concerning the rest of them, it is not important for us to add anything. Let it stand that they were written by the men whose names they bear; but these men are to us only names, after all. And it makes very little practical difference to us whether they were written by one person or another. Concerning the larger part, then, of these thirty-nine books, we are obliged to confess that we do not know who wrote them, when they were written, or where.

Let us turn to a broader question than this. We have found that here is a volume made up of thirty-nine little books, translated out of Hebrew and Aramaic originals, concerning the accuracy of which we cannot be quite certain, transmitted to us through a process of changes, coming down to us and offering itself, or rather being offered, to speak more accurately, by others as the veritable, infallible word of God. Now, it seems to me — and this is the point I wish to make — that just these questions as to verbal

accuracy, as to whether we have the words of the original authors, are enough to settle in the negative that other great inquiry, as to whether we can take this book as deciding the destiny or welfare of the soul. People who are defending the accuracy of the book are accustomed to say to us, "But, my friend, we are quite as sure of the accuracy of these works as we are of Homer, of Thucydides, of Virgil, or of Livy." I grant it, we are. Very likely, we are surer of the accuracy of the Old Testament than we are of any one of those; but nobody claims that the eternal destiny of my soul hinges upon the accuracy of the text of Homer or Virgil or Livy or Thucydides. If it did, we should be intensely interested and excited over the accuracy of these writers. At present, it is only a matter of literary curiosity. So the cases are not parallel. Until, then, it can be proved beyond question that not only was this an infallible revelation, in the first place, but that every verse and word and letter of it has been infallibly transmitted to us, the claim of infallibility is folly. The change of a word or of a sentence might make a change of the belief of Christendom in regard to the grandest questions of the world.

Now, then, suppose we were quite sure of all these questions; that we could put them one side, as though they were settled, and, for the objects of the morning, take them for granted: we should have a still further question to raise. Let us examine for a little these books themselves, or the general tenor of them, and see whether they bear the marks of an infallible origin, whether they are perfectly true in scientific matters, whether they are perfectly true in historical matters, whether they are ideally true in their bearing on the great moral questions of the world. If they are, then no matter whether they were inspired or not, they would be infallible; and we, as rational men and women, would be obliged to accept this book as a perfect transcript, so far as it goes, of the eternal truth of God. But, if they are not accurate scientifically, historically and morally, then, no matter what claim is put forth for them, we cannot accept it.

One thing you must remember. There is not a single place, from the beginning to the end of the Old Testament, where it claims for itself to be infallible or to be the perfect word of God. This is a claim put forth on its behalf by very fallible people. Let us, then, look at the Bible in regard to these points that I have indicated.

In the first place, we find that it is full of scientific errors. The account which it gives of the creation of the world, for example, is not and cannot possibly be true. Its order of the creation is not true. It is a mere shuffling and playing with words for people to try to get over the word of Genesis that the world, the whole universe, in fact, was created in six days. We simply know that it is not true. The creative work is going on now just as much as it ever was.

The order has not been such as is set forth in the opening chapter of Genesis. We know that this account of the origin of the human race and the early condition of man is not true. This account of the origin of evil is not true. This account of the origin of the division of mankind into nationalities is not true. This account of the origin of languages is simply childish and absurd. And so you may go on; and, so far as its science is concerned, it is just the crude, barbaric, undeveloped science of a primitive, crude barbaric, undeveloped people, just what we should expect it to be on the theory of a simple human origin. As to historical matters, from the beginning to the end it is full of such historical errors as any not very well-informed human author would be likely to fall into. I will not take your time by specifying them. It is more important to pass to the consideration of the moral teaching of the Bible. Is the Old Testament morally perfect? Is it up to the level of the ideal ethics of the modern world? Is it fit to be taken as our infallible teacher and schoolmaster in questions of right and wrong?

Let us see. The character of Jehovah himself, the national God of the Hebrew, is represented as being anything but morally perfect. It is a character not up to the

level of our highest human ideals to-day,—capricious, changeable, cruel. He stoops now and then to lie, to carry out his purpose. He teaches the people to lie and steal. There are a hundred directions in which we should be obliged, if he were on trial, to impeach the moral character of this God. We cannot then regard this as an infallible portrait of him whom to-day we think of as the Infinite and Eternal One.

Then, this Old Testament indorses human slavery; it indorses polygamy; it indorses persecution for opinion's sake. It makes it even the duty of husband and wife to betray the partner of their bosom, if untrue to the popular religious ideals of the age. So, in many other points, I might go on, and show a long list of ethical defects from the negative side, faults of omission. It never anywhere teaches the supremacy and guidance of the human reason. It never anywhere makes it the duty of men, freely, simply, fairly, impartially, to investigate and find the truth of things. So, then, as for its science, its history, its ethics, it falls far short of being an ideal or infallible standard.

But, now, on the other hand, I have certain things that I wish to say that seem to me of great importance to help us to a true conception of the nature and value of this book, and that may assist us to guard against undervaluing it. The time will come, by and by, when we shall be able to look at it without prejudice, when the world will have ceased fighting over it, and we shall be able to take it for what it is, read it, use it, love it, profit by it. Then, the Bible will take its true place in the estimation of intelligent people as one of the noblest books of the world. For let me say to you frankly there is no other volume that can for one moment be placed beside this, none that can be compared with it for grandeur and practical religious value.

Let me indicate two or three things. First consider its value as being the completest spiritual biography of a great race that the world has ever produced. It teaches, step by step, the religious development of a great people, so that we

can trace it from its crudest nature worship up to the time when Jesus declared that grand truth that God was not to be worshipped at any shrine or in any sacred mountain: that he was spirit, and to be worshipped in spirit and in truth by all men everywhere. The Bible gives us, step by step the history of that kind of progress; and we have no parallel to it in the religious literature of the world anywhere else. If we will, we can learn how it is that humanity has grown and man has naturally eliminated the crude, the earthy, and has risen up into the highest and noblest.

There is another important lesson that can be learned by a study of the Old Testament. The Jews made one great mistake, which other nations of the world have repeated over and over again, and which we are likely to repeat. They made an unauthorized division between the natural order of the world and the supernatural government of Jehovah. They put their trust in the supernatural instead of discovering the divine in the ordinary laws and affairs of human life, so that they did not even try to perfect their race and develop their people by natural means. They expected a sudden revelation to come out of the heavens and redeem the poor old earth which they for hundreds of years had neglected. There was nothing of God, nothing of the divine, for them in the established laws of life. It was all in the supernatural, the interference of Jehovah. This is the secret of the Jewish national overthrow. They went on despising the nations about them, paying no regard to their mighty armies, their wonderful secular development, trusting alone in the supernatural arm of Jehovah, and believing that at the proper time, if they only went on tithing their mint and anise and cumin, and kept all the laws, and repeated all the prayers and rituals,— that in the proper time, when he was ready, the eternal God would reveal himself out of the heavens, and, not only deliver them, but abase all other peoples at their feet. So they rested in this false hope, with this unnatural division between the natural and the supernatural, until they were overwhelmed

by the mighty force of the nations about them. When they looked for deliverance, the heavens were calm and silent, and their name was taken away from among the peoples. We need to learn that lesson to-day,—that the laws of politics, the laws of business, the laws of health, all the laws of society, and all national life are the present God, and that we must deal with him here, and that it is no substitute for these to say our prayers and faithfully observe our rituals.

Then there is another lesson we ought to learn from this Old Testament history; and that is the distinction between the conservative element in religion and the progressive, in its effect on national prosperity. There are always these two,—the conservative, trying to keep the past; the progressive, seeing something better in the future, which they are trying to realize. Among the Jews, these two were represented by the scribes, the lawyers, the ritualists, and the prophets. But there came a time when the prophets ceased. The scribes and the ritualists became supreme; and, from that day, the national life was doomed. The people went on simply repeating over and over the past, reverencing the past, worshipping the past, looking backward to the glory of Mount Zion and the throne of David, instead of looking forward to something better. They did this until their national life was destroyed.

This Old Testament, then, we may compare, for convenience and illustration, to that magnificent figure which Nebuchadnezzar is said to have seen in his vision, and of which Daniel furnished an interpretation. The figure was mighty and gigantic in its stature. It had a head of gold, shoulders and chest of silver, body and thighs of brass, legs of iron, and feet part iron and part clay,—a composite structure, gold, silver, brass, iron, clay. Every religious literature of the world has this mingling of elements,—the gold, tried and tested by experience, the eternal truth, and the baser elements that can stand no test, and must perish and pass away. The only thing that we can say in favor of the Old Testament, as regards other religious literatures of the

world, is that there is no other book that contains so large a measure of the element of gold as compared with the baser materials.

Let us, then, seek out this gold; and, just because we find out that there is silver and brass and iron and clay in it, let us not throw it all away. That were folly and lack of wisdom. Let us treat the Old Testament as an artist would treat a picture gallery, the Louvre or the Pitti Palace, at Florence. He does not throw away all the works of art except the few finished masterpieces of the world. He is not afraid that he should ever mix up the two, and not be able to tell which is the masterpiece and which is of lesser worth. He does not need to destroy and burn down galleries, because they are not all masterpieces. If he is a wise man, he will learn, perhaps, as much by artistic failure as by artistic success; just as, in the biography of a great man or the history of a great nation, a statesman may learn as much by the failures and the errors as by the noblest successes. And, just as an artist, learning what he can from the poorer work, goes at last into the inner room, where the masterpieces are collected by themselves, and bathes his soul in the imaginations of these mighty men, until he is inspired and elevated by them, filled with an ideal that he may never reach, but that, at least, will spur him on to endless effort for attainment, so let us go into this Old Testament, learning by its failures and its follies, its errors, its mistakes; selecting the best works of the most imaginative masters, the finest pictures of God, of truth, of duty, of humanity, of hope. Let us bathe our souls in their presence; let us be inspired and elevated by them; let us gain an ideal that shall forever spur us on, though we may not be able to realize it. And, then, we shall learn the lesson that was given by the writer of the Second Epistle of Timothy, that all Scripture, which is given by inspiration of God, is profitable for teaching, for correction, for reproof, and for instruction in righteousness.

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THE NEW "OLD TESTAMENT."

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THE NEW "OLD TESTAMENT."*

WHEN, a few years ago, the proposition was first made looking toward the revision of the old translation of the Bible, it was looked upon in many quarters with a great deal of questioning, and in some with serious disfavor. It was urged against it that to let the people become familiar with the fact that the Bible, as they have been accustomed to hear it in the churches and to study it in their homes, contained errors, some of them of a serious nature, would interfere with their religious convictions; that it would undermine the basis of their faith, take away, possibly, their trust in God and their belief in the reality of things eternal, and destroy in their minds the distinctions between right and wrong. People had been accustomed for so many years to associate these great truths with the very wording of a particular book that it was feared any change in its phraseology might be attended by serious and disastrous consequences. We have largely outgrown that fear, so that now, when the Old Testament revision is placed in our hands, we hear very little said concerning this objection, which was prominently and strenuously urged four or five years ago. The people, for better or for worse, have found out that there are errors in the translation; and they have begun to raise the question as to whether their reverence ought to be directed toward God's truth or toward the errors of King James' translators. For what they desire, no matter what theory they hold, is that they may have the Bible as it is, that they may know what the original words represent, when translated into English. So we have done away at last with that objection, and are free to search for

* Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

the simple truth, without any lingering remnant of that old fear.

One other objection, however, was urged, and is urged still; and so strong is the feeling out of which it has sprung that we shall find traces of it even in this revision as it has at last come into our hands. People have said these old and beautiful words and phrases over till they have become linked in with the associations of their lifetime. They are a part of our childhood memories. They are the words that mother repeated to us, when we sat on her knee or kneeled by her side in prayer. They are the words that are associated with the most sacred experiences of life. And it is urged that, in any case, it will be a loss to have these words and phrases of speech taken away from us, whether they belong to the original Bible or not. I grant that this is true. I feel the force of this as much as any man; for many of these words are laden with associations, are rich with memories, are suggestive of things that, perhaps, in the whole of our natural lives, we shall never be able to attach to any newer form of speech. That is a fact that is true in our experience in many directions. I remember, at my old home, one pine-tree that will never look to me like any other tree on earth. No other tree could be a substitute for it or take its place. To others, it would be simply a tree; but, to me, it has sacred associations. My brother planted it when we were boys together; and it is now more than twenty years since he passed away. And so the touch of his hand, the memory of our common associations, will always be connected with that one sacred spot. That is only an illustration of what is true in different directions in all of our lives. And so many of these old words and phrases remind us of our past experiences. But are sentiments like these enough to warrant the perpetuation of error? Let these words be ever so sacred and beautiful, if we want to keep them, let us have them published in a little volume by themselves. Let us have them for what they are. They are no part of the Bible, however sacred and beautiful. What we want in the

translation of the Bible is not beautiful and sacred words connected with associations of the past: we want the Bible. This objection, then, is not sufficient to stand in the way of giving us these old writings just as they are.

What are the reasons, then, that make it wise to enter upon a revision of the old translation at the present time? There existed a reason in the case of the New Testament, which does not exist as regards the Old Testament. Since the former was translated, in 1611, certain other important original manuscripts have been discovered; and these have very greatly modified and changed the text, not only in regard to words, but even phrases, and sometimes even a large part of a chapter. But no such reason as this exists in the case of the Old Testament. No new manuscripts of the Old Testament have been discovered. We have the text and the readings substantially as they have been for the last sixteen hundred years.

But two things have happened. The modern world has learned many things in regard to the original Hebrew as a language. It has gone more deeply into the manners and customs of the East. It has learned more of its geography, of its archæology, of its botanic terms. It has learned more in regard to its natural history. And so there is now a scholarship that is wise enough to reconstruct much of the old translation and to correct many errors into which the best minds of that time necessarily fell. This advance of modern scholarship is of itself a sufficient reason.

Then there is another reason important enough to be noticed; and that we find in the fact that every living language is growing and changing from year to year. A language that is in the mouths of the people is like a tree. It is putting forth new twigs, new leaves, new branches, just as long as it is alive and growing; and it is shedding old leaves, losing the old twigs, and there are old branches decaying and falling off. So every live language is growing, words are becoming obsolete, new words are coming into use. In the case of a language that has no written litera-

ture, no alphabet, these changes go on very rapidly. There are cases, for example, where a tribe has split in two, the different branches going in different directions; and, in the course of twenty-five or thirty years, their speech has changed to such an extent that with difficulty only could they converse together. The reason why the languages with which we are familiar are so much more permanent than this is that we have our standards for the use of good English, of good French, of good German, in the great masterpieces of literature. And still, in spite of this, a change is perpetually going on. Bede wrote in what passed for English; the *Vision of Piers Ploughman* was written in English; Chaucer wrote in English; and yet, unless you have made some special study of the old forms of English speech, there is probably not a person present who could read either of those works with satisfaction. They would need to be translated for you as much as if they were in some foreign tongue. Every little while, as you read Shakspere, you come across words that have no meaning for you. So the language of the Bible, which dates back to about the time of Shakspere, contains many phrases and forms of expression not familiar to our modern ears. They convey not only a false meaning, but they sometimes convey a meaning precisely the opposite of what was originally intended by the writers. Here, then, are the reasons — and they are sufficient — why we should have a revision of the Old Testament that should give it to us in the language of to-day. For what do we wish in the translation? What is the object of translating any work? We want it reproduced in clear, fine, idiomatic English, so that it shall be as nearly like the original as it would have been, had the author written in our own tongue. That is the ideal. It is very difficult of attainment,— perhaps it is never done; yet it is the aim of every conscientious and scholarly translator. We ought to remember — and theologians ought to remember — that a word or phrase has not any meaning which it would bear, if it were turned or twisted, but the meaning as

the writer meant it. It is our business, so far as possible, to put the meaning of these original writers into as clear and definite English as possible. We shall find that the translators have only partially succeeded in this work, as we come to examine it. We shall find that they have not come as near to it as they might have come, on account of certain biases that have apparently influenced them.

Now, then, it is my purpose to take up some features of this revision,—some that I agree with and some that I do not,—in order that I may make clear to you what the translators have done. I do not wish to leave on your minds the impression of fault finding; and I shall therefore make my criticisms first, that I may afterward come to those things that I can cordially rejoice in and heartily approve.

First, I want to refer to a few things that seem to me not well done. Take the account of the creation of the world in the beginning of Genesis. I do not feel quite sure whether I am justified in making the point that I propose to make. I am not positive that the translators intended what the newspaper critics tell us they intended. But they have noted the fact that the separate days of creation are set apart by themselves, each occupying a separate paragraph, and that the wording is changed in such a way as to imply the possibility of these days standing for long periods of time, so attempting to bring the Mosaic account of creation into accord with modern science. I am not quite sure whether the translators had this purpose in mind or not. It does not necessarily appear in the translation. I only wish to say, if there were any such purpose, they took an utterly unwarranted step, unwarranted by good science or good criticism. Any such step would be characterized by disingenuousness. There is not the most distant hint in the original of any long periods of time; and such a thing was never dreamed of, until the modern discoverers of geology compelled us to believe that the world was not created in six days. Not only is this so, but even the order of creative work is not, as represented, the order of nature.

It is petty and puerile to attempt to reconcile things that are irreconcilable. The creative work has never been completed. The most that can be made out of this first chapter of Genesis by any reconciler is that it may possibly represent six distinct periods of creation, followed by a distinct period of divine rest. But there never has been any period of divine rest. The work of creation is going on to-day just as definitely as it was ever going on. There has been no beginning and no end,— one eternal process. Rather was Jesus right; and his words might stand as a rebuke to those who claim him as the infallible God of the universe, when he says, in defence of his breaking the traditional idea of the Sabbath, My Father works up to this time, and I work.

The next point of my fault-finding is this. There is no reason in the world, except the bias of theologians, why the word *Elohim*, in the opening verse of Genesis, should not be translated correctly. It is translated God. Instead of translating at all, perhaps it would have been better to say *the Elohim*. The word "God" ought to have been in the plural. The first verse of the Bible does not say, In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. It says that *the gods* created the heavens and the earth. The word in the Hebrew is in the plural; and — to make this clearer — it is emphasized by the fact that, in two cases at least after that, these gods, referring to themselves, say, *Let us* do so and so,— Let us make man in our own image; and, in another case, it is said that man, after he had eaten of the tree of knowledge, had become as "one of us, knowing good and evil."

The word, then, in all honesty, should have been translated in the plural. There is no sort of question that the ancestors of the Jews began just where other national ancestors have begun, away down in fetichism, coming up through polytheism, and attaining monotheism at last, instead of having begun with that at first. Here, then, is a definite trace of polytheism, in the opening of this account of the creation. It was ages after the supposed date of

that writing before the Jews became monotheists. The next step after polytheism was a belief in the supremacy of their God,— the God that the Hebrews only should worship. They had no more doubt of the existence of Dagon, the god of the Philistines, than they had of the existence of Jehovah. Dagon and Jehovah were enemies, fighting against each other, each trying to help on the success of his own worshippers and followers.

There is one other fault to which I must refer. Jehovah was merely the national god of the Hebrews. The word "God," as we use it to-day, has come to mean infinitely more than the Jews ever meant when they pronounced the word "Jehovah." A word, as you know, is only a symbol: it stands for the thought of the person thinking and speaking; and an accurate use of it must keep it to that thought. Our word "God" means now the infinite and eternal spirit, the invisible God; but the word "Jehovah" meant nothing of the sort. It meant a God who lived just above the solid firmament, a God who was just as visible as King David, if you could only be where he was, a God made in the image of man, though an unnatural, magnified man. So this word, wherever it appears in the Old Testament, ought to appear as Jehovah, and not be translated, as it is generally, Lord God. Wherever you find the words Lord God in the Old Testament printed in small capitals, you may know that the word in the original was Jehovah. It ought to be Jehovah, that we may know it is the national God of the Jews, and not the God of modern universal thought.

Then there are two famous passages in the Old Testament that are not translated correctly; and it seems to me a misfortune. In the nineteenth chapter of Job, twenty-fifth verse, appears that famous passage which I know is sacred, and is linked in with many of our associations, and has become a part of the world's masterpieces of song; yet it is not a part of Job, and ought not to appear in a revised translation. It is the verse, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The word "Redeemer," in Christian usage, is always applied

to Jesus and to Jesus only. When people say "The Redeemer," or "My Redeemer," they are understood, and rightly so, to be referring to the Christ. What does Job mean in this passage? According to the old translation, he is represented as meaning three or four things that he does not mean at all. He is represented as declaring his faith in Jesus of Nazareth, and that he will appear in the latter days upon the earth. This has always been interpreted by theologians as referring to the second coming. It is made to carry the meaning of the resurrection of the body, and the last judgment. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and will appear in the latter day on the earth; and, though this body be destroyed, yet in my flesh I shall see God." These four supposed truths have been conveyed by this passage as it appears in the old translation, but neither of them has any sort of right in this old Book of Job. What is the simple, natural meaning of it? Job has come into very serious straits through his disease, his suffering, and the accusations and cruelties of his friends; and he exclaims, simply voicing that deep-down faith of the human heart in justice and truth somewhere, "Though you accuse me, though appearances seem to be everywhere against me, yet I know that my vindicator liveth, and though this skin be destroyed, yet in my flesh I shall see him. He will appear. He will deliver me. He will pronounce in my favor against these baseless accusations." This is the grand faith of the man in justice somewhere that would finally vindicate those who put their trust in him. But, under a purely theological bias, the translators, although they know better, are willing to let this passage stand.

One other point: I can hardly keep from feelings of indignation, when I see what scholarly men will allow themselves to do under the influence of doctrinal bias. In the seventh chapter of Isaiah occurs that famous passage in which it is said, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." There is not a respectable scholar in Christendom who does not know that this word in the original does not

necessarily mean virgin at all. It means simply a young woman, a maiden. They have ventured so far as to put the word "maiden" in the margin. That is one step toward accuracy in the translation of this text. This passage has been the basis of countless sermons and discussions in upholding the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus. Still, this word does not necessarily mean virgin; and it has not the most distant reference to Jesus, for the prophecy goes on to say that the child which shall be born from that young woman shall grow up, and such and such things shall occur before he is old enough to know his right hand from his left. It is a prophecy of something that shall occur during the youth of this child who is to be born.

Then, in general, the English translators have been, it seems to me, far too conservative in their use of language. They have allowed words to stand just because they were old,— words which convey either no meaning now or a false meaning. When the Psalmist cries, "I prevented the dawn of the morning," what sense does the average reader get out of it? What does he mean by "preventing the dawn of the morning"? The ordinary meaning attached to our usage of the word would indicate that he stopped the rising of the sun in some way. "Prevent" means now to "hinder." The words of David simply expressed the fact that he got up before it,— "I anticipated the dawn of the morning." Then take another word. The word "corn" is used universally in America, and frequently in England, to indicate Indian corn. I remember all through my childhood that word never called up anything else to my thought; but, of course, Indian corn was not in existence, so far as the knowledge of the Hebrews was concerned. The word "corn" means grain in the Old Testament and in the New. Then take the word "let." "Let" to us means always to permit. At the time the old translation of the Bible was made, it meant "to hinder," precisely the opposite; but the translators have been so inconsistent that they have allowed the word to stand in both these meanings, and left it to the reader to

find out what it means in each case. So there are many words and phrases that this conservative love of old words has permitted to stand. Let me say, for the credit of our American scholars, that you will find at the end of the Old Testament the readings which the American committee proposed, and which I think are to be preferred in almost every instance, but which were voted down by the majority in England, although they were considered important enough to be printed in this supplement.

Now let me turn to the other side, and give some words of hearty praise; and, in general, let me say that, in spite of these serious faults, we have here a careful, accurate, beautiful rendering of the original. With the exception of these few things that I have indicated, you may be sure that you are getting at the meaning of the original writers, as far as the best scholarship will allow.

Then it is a great gain, if you wish to read and study the Bible, to have the old division into chapters and verses abolished, and to have it given in paragraphs, indicating the natural divisions of subjects. The division into chapters and verses, as you know, has no antiquity and no authority. There are cases in the old translation in which a chapter ends and another begins in the middle of a paragraph, thus breaking the sense completely, and making it impossible for a person not familiar with the original to get a conception of what the writer meant.

Another thing, they have dropped the running head-lines that used to be on the tops of the pages. I supposed, when a boy, that they were as much a part of the Bible as the text. They were put there by the translators; and, instead of being accurate, they were often far from true. They are in the nature of a commentary. To illustrate what I mean, suppose I had a copy of Robert Browning's works without any titles to any of the poems, or any hint given by him beyond the poems themselves, as to what he was writing about. I undertake to write names for the poems, and outlines of the contents, according to my understanding. You see that

would be no part of Browning's works; and some other writer might have a decidedly different opinion as to the best titles, and perhaps one much nearer to the truth than mine.

Then, for the first time in the publication of the English Bible, we are here able to get an idea of the poetry of the Bible. The poetical parts are published as poetry, as they ought to be. Hebrew poetry had no division into accurate feet and no rhyme; but there was a beautiful rhythm and parallelism of the lines, which was the nearest approach to the poetic form which Jewish writers had attained. Now, we can read and get the sense of the poetical expression of the Book of Job, and of the Psalms, far better than ever before.

Again, for the first time, the Psalms are separated into the five books of the original. They were not brought into one collection at one time. There were five little hymn-books, representing different periods and different collections, which at last were gathered into one. These books are now indicated.

Then, by letting the original word *sheol* stand in the text, the Biblical area of the theological hell has been contracted somewhat more nearly within its proper limits. The old Saxon *hell* was allied to *hole*, and meant only a subterraneous cavern, the supposed abode of the dead. This also is the meaning of *sheol*. There is not, then, a single passage in the whole Old Testament where the word has any reference to hell in its modern sense of a place of torment. Scholars have long known this. It is time the people knew it also. Let us thank the translators for lifting the infernal shadow from the page of Scripture and from the oppressed hearts of its readers.

So much in general of the good work of the translators. The work has been admirably done, and is a monument to the fidelity of earnest and genuine scholarship.

Now, two or three things suggest themselves to me in regard to this matter of the word of God. It is a great gain that we are getting rid of the old superstition of the letter, and are able to read the Bible in different phrase-

ology, caring chiefly for the truth of God in the words in which it is expressed. I know no reason why we should not have as many translations of the Bible as we have of Dante and Virgil. We lose something in losing these old, time-honored phrases; but is not there a gain on the other hand? Is it not true that the use from childhood of certain forms of speech makes the whole thing become tame and unmeaning to us? Put the same truth into new forms of speech, and it comes to us with a freshness and force that we never dreamed of before. So, I believe, it would be a distinct gain to have as many translations of the Bible as accurate scholarship can furnish us.

Then we are to remember that, though this Bible is proved to be a fallible book, this proving does not at all touch the fact that there remains an infallible word of God. If God did not write with his finger the Ten Commandments on tables of stone, the Infinite Life and Power of this universe has written eternal truths on the stars, on the leaves of the trees, and in the bodies, minds, and spirits of men. Every truth is a fragment of the word of God, and every truth is infallible. So we have an infallible word of God still; and the truth that is contained in this Old Testament scripture of the Jews is one leaf of that infallible book. Let us remember that it does not touch the beauty, the force, the binding power on conscience and life of the truth contained in that Old Testament, because it was mingled with error. Every sensible miner knows that, though there is much worthless rock and alloy of baser metals with the gold, yet that does not alter the quality or value of the gold. So we ought to learn that, because certain things are not true, that does not interfere with the truth of that which is true. It does not take away its binding force on the conduct and conscience of man. This truth of God is eternal. It is written by his finger everywhere. It is for us to read it and reverence it and love it.

We are to remember just one more thing of equal importance, and that is that all truth, just because it is true, just

because it is a part of God's word, because it is infallible, is not of equal importance to us. I hear people talk sometimes as though, if they had proof that anything is true, they had proof that it is just as important for us as any high spiritual religious truth. There are a thousand truths that may not concern us. Although a part of God's word and infallible, they are of inferior importance. What are the parts of God's word that we need to study and know chiefly? Those that concern the character and the conduct; those that are a guide for life; those that are fitted to lift us up to a higher plane of thought and living; those that are of service to us when we try to be of service to our fellow-men; the truths that conduce to health of body and sanity of mind, fitting us thus to be of use, to be vehicles of power in the word; the truths that concern the intellect, that fit us to study and know; the truths concerning moral character, those that have been written by the finger of God through the medium of the experience of the human race as it has progressed from age to age. These are the chief parts of the word of God that you and I need to study carefully, and most scrupulously to obey.

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GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Ps. xxiii., 2.

"FAMILIARITY breeds contempt," it is said. It is apt, at any rate, to breed indifference. An exquisite bit of literature that was used as a task — perhaps as a parsing lesson — at school is almost sure to become spoiled for us as literature. At least, it takes time for us to get rid of the drudgery associations, and learn to look upon it as "a thing of beauty," which is "a joy forever." The farmers that were born under the shadow of Mt. Washington, who have seen it welcome with a flush of joy the first rays of the rising sun, and glow with its last good-night kiss ever since they were children, are not the ones who most appreciate its wonder and glory. Thousands of persons in our Protestant Christendom — I presume the larger part of us — have had to commit the twenty-third Psalm to memory as part of some Sunday-school lesson. We stumbled over it without any distinct sense of its beauty. And, since that day, it is probable that the words have sounded trite to us: they have borne the finger-marks of our task-work, and we have had little appreciation of their exquisite poetry. I wonder how many persons have ever waked up to the fact of the position and rank that this anonymous little lyric may rightly claim merely as poetry? Do you know that there are not half a dozen others in all the literatures of the world that are entitled to stand beside it?

What a beautiful picture it draws! Its author felt that he, at least, had found, in all the confusion of the world, some

one to guard and guide him. Henceforth there are to be for him no haunting, unsatisfied longings: "I shall not want." "For his name's sake,"—because of what he is in himself, his own goodness,—he guides me ever in right paths. Though my way be through the darkest shadows, I will have no fear: he knows, leads, and comforts me. However numerous my enemies, however helpless I seem in their presence, whatever adverse circumstances close me round, he spreads my table of supply even in their very presence. My head is anointed as one prepared for a festival. My cup of rejoicing is so full that it runneth over. The future has no fears for me; for only goodness and mercy will follow me—attendants about my pathway—all the days of my life. And, as a guest, I will dwell in the house of this mighty helper and friend forever.

And all the way through, a lingering, haunting suggestion of plenty and peace and perfect rest, we see the background of "green pastures"; while the floating cloud of the calm sky by day and the quiet stars by night are reflected in the "still waters"; or, as the margin has it, the "waters of rest."

In those old days then, before even the dawn of what we call civilization, the author of this Psalm had found—had he not?—the secret of the ideal life. Is not satisfaction, content, the thing we all are after? And of what use to us is all our boasted control over the forces of nature, the extraordinary development of our external life; of what avail our epics, our dramas, our music; where is the good of our scientific achievements; what for is all our wealth and culture, if, in the midst of all, we are dissatisfied and restless as before?

In Byron's powerful drama of "Cain," his hero meets and converses with Satan, and the following brief and suggestive dialogue takes place:—

> "*Cain:* Art thou happy?
> *Satan:* I am mighty!
> *Cain:* Art thou happy?
> *Satan:* No: art thou?"

Milton indeed makes Satan declare his creed in the words,—

> "Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven!"

But Jesus — a better authority, I think, in a matter of this kind — says that the fundamental law of the divine kingdom is that he who faithfully serves the welfare of others is the highest of all.

The modern world, like Byron's Satan, is proud of being mighty, even at the cost of a great unrest at the heart. But let us consider a minute. What, after all, is the use of my flying at the rate of fifty miles an hour from city to city, if, when I get back again, I am as restless and careworn as when I started? Why should I be so anxious to get a message to Chicago inside of thirty minutes, if it only makes life more busy and burdensome, making no happier either the sender or the receiver? To what end shall the astronomer take me on a swift journey of millions of miles among the stars, if this poor old earth, when I get back, is just as unsatisfactory an abode as it was before? Who is the better or happier because he can whisper his commonplace or unkind or plotting conversation through a telephone instead of being obliged to use a slower process of saying what would make the world no poorer, if it were not said at all? What is the use of soft carpets for restless feet, of decorated walls for eyes that no seeing satisfies, of luxurious homes for aching hearts? Would it not be well for us now and then to listen to the home-thrust question of Isaiah,— "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" We are all of us after satisfaction; and yet the most of us spend our lives in a restless search for the means that we think will lead to it, or in envying others that we think possess it; and, all the while, it is a bird waiting outside on our window-seat, ready at our beckoning to come in and sit on our hand, and sing to us its sweet, contented song.

How many sane people really think that Mr. Vanderbilt is as many times happier than other people as he is millions richer than they? And yet thousands of persons would sell their souls — such souls as they have — for half his wealth. I once heard a fairly well-to-do merchant say that he would be willing to spend his life, till he was sixty years old, in a little counting-room, six feet by eight, for $30,000. He would sell his life's manhood — the ocean, the mountains, the wide fields, the woods, the birds, poetry, history, religion, friends — for a mean, narrow old age, and a monument over the grave of the contemptible remains of a useless life. Well, I wouldn't! How many sane people really believe that the best things of life depend on the street they live in? And yet thousands would barter honesty for the sake of a street. Other thousands will make their present homes unhappy, will be bitterly envious toward somebody whose house is more costly than theirs, will vent this envy on the husband or wife they have sworn to cherish, instead of finding happiness in what they have. How many sane women really think that other women, who write books, make themselves a career, become famous, are happy just because of these things? And yet many, who have *only* loving husbands, healthy children, *only* the beauty and glory of the world, *only* God and immortal hopes, will distil the bitterness of discontent out of all these flowers in life's garden, instead of rejoicing in their color and fragrance; and all because they are not something other than what they are. Many and many of these famous women would gladly barter all their fame for a strong man's love and a babe nestling in their bosoms. How many sane people really believe that a man is happy, just because he has made a great scientific discovery or some new industrial invention! And yet how few utilize what is already discovered or turn to account the inventions already made, so as to find what the envied authors of them probably missed,— the green pastures and the still waters of life!

It is perhaps true that all people start out in life by

hungrily seeking the impossible. The child, in its nurse's arms, cries for the moon. That is fairly typical of humanity. We are all bundles of appetites. Physically, we are like a callow birdling in its nest,—a wide-open mouth. We hunger for food. The eye, the ear, every sense, every nerve, hungers for sensuous gratification. Hear a boy ask questions, and note the beginning of that restless and insatiable curiosity that leads on the mind to the discovery of all truth. See this same child rush to father or mother, climbing in their arms, flushing with pleasure at some demonstration of love. Note here the earliest unfolding of that heart-hunger that we call love, that is, perhaps, the mightiest power in all the world; that builds up kingdoms and overthrows them; that makes and ruins homes; that thrusts down to hell and lifts up to heaven; that writes novels, sings poetry, inspires the dramas of the world; that is the mightiest power in religion; that creates heaven, and fixes God on his throne. Then there is that spiritual hunger that aspires after the infinite, wanders through eternity, and makes its home in the unseen. Man is thus ever restless, because he does not attain the impossible. No mountain summit satisfies him, because there is a higher summit beyond.

What is the practical outcome of all this restless striving? Many never learn its real lesson, but keep on restless and dissatisfied to the last. They never find peace; but hurry and hurry, until their feet stumble over the edge of the grave, and there comes to us who are left a sense of relief that a part of them at least is now still.

Others learn from it what seems to me a lamentably false lesson. They find no rest; and so they conclude that life is only an illusion, a will-o'-the-wisp that leads nowhere. So they give up aspiring, and sink into contentment with low and unworthy things. These are the authors of such sage maxims as that he who desires nothing is in no danger of disappointment. The central thought of one of the world's great religions—that of Buddha—is here. "Quench all

desire, and ye will attain to peace." Of course you will; but, then, what is the use of life at all? This is the creed of disappointment and despair. It may lead a person to self-denial and practical death; or it may lead one to say: "What is the use? Let us eat and drink and indulge in the sensual pleasures that are nearest at hand, for to-morrow we die."

Or, again, this same conviction that such a thing as a satisfied life is impossible may lead one, under the spur of an inherited strong sense of duty, bravely to bear the load an inscrutable fate has laid on his shoulders; while at the same time he is never reconciled to life, and gets no restful satisfaction out of it. Such wonder what it is all for, and never attain any peaceful trust. They know of no one who leads to green pastures or beside still waters. Green pastures and still waters, though others talk of them, they think are only mirages in a desert: the sand of the glaring, weary waste is the only real thing to them.

It is this restless dissatisfaction, and this locating of the green pastures and still waters of satisfaction in wrong places, that is the root of much of the socialist and communistic unrest of the modern world. Do not misunderstand me. I would not lay the blame on the poor who wish to better their social conditions. So long as their social superiors appear to believe, hold, teach, and practise the belief that the chief good of life is to be found in houses and land and clothes and money and amusements, why should not the poor accept the creed, and try to attain these things? If the world's possessors only lived for higher ends, if they proved that they regarded these things only as means toward these higher ends, if they were willing to work to help the poor to gain those ends that are better than money, then the poor might believe it, and the world would rise together. Until the rich do this, they may look for earthquakes and upheavals.

A few in every age, as the result of their seeking for the impossible, do learn the true lesson of life. After trying all

the "broken cisterns that can hold no water," they seek the living springs. They suffer themselves to be led into green pastures and beside the still waters. They find rest unto their souls.

But, you say, is it not true that our "glorious civilization" is the result of just this restless, competitive striving? Would you have the world settle down into calm content and seek no more? Let us look just a moment at this matter of content and striving, and see if we can find a way in the confusion. Paul says, on a certain occasion, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." And yet Paul's was one of the most restless, striving, aspiring natures that ever lived. It was he who said also, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but, forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before, I press toward the goal,"—the goal of a perfection that ever eludes attainment. What then? Paul says, "I have *learned* to be content." It is a lesson, then, that the wise man learns in the midst of a constantly progressive life. And this lesson consists of two or three points that are worth noting separately in our thought.

First, it is right to strive for personal satisfaction, if we do not do it at the expense of the welfare of others. Not only right, we ought to seek to know and be and do the most, the noblest possible. We cannot teach others, except as we know. We cannot give to others, except as we have. We cannot lift up others, except as we are strong. We cannot lead others, except as we can see the way. We cannot do for others, except as we develop capacity in ourselves.

Secondly, we ought not to be content with our present capacity for being or doing, so long as it is possible for us to reach further attainment. The way is long: we have no business to sleep in contented laziness under the wayside hedges, while so much of the pathway remains untrod. It was not this kind of content that Paul had learned. He never felt that he was through or that his work was done. Always did

he count himself an unprofitable servant. Always did he see new fields waiting for his reaping hand. And yet, all the while, peace was singing in his heart her low, sweet song of content. In weary journeys, in shipwreck among barbarians, beset by false friends, pursued by calumny, bearing on his heart always the cares of the great work in which he was engaged,— somehow, in the midst of all, we see the real Paul, his soul, lying in the green pastures and beside the waters of rest. He had evidently learned some secret. Like Jesus, he had meat to eat that we know not of, and for lack of which we go hungry.

Perhaps, thirdly, he had learned this: that a man on a journey, though he does not expect to reach the end for a month or a year, may yet be content with each day as it passes, and as a stage toward the next. Suppose it takes an oak a hundred years to get its full and perfect growth: still, were the oak conscious of itself and its destiny, would it not be possible for it to be content with each day's growth, to rejoice with the singing birds, laugh in the sunshine, and play with the winds of each day? Would it not be more reasonable than to use up its strength in such restless anxiety as would hinder the growth itself?

We all desire, then, personal satisfaction; and I believe it is right and best that we should seek it. But I also think we make lamentable mistakes in our search for it. I need offer no proof of this beyond the acknowledged fact that so few people find it. Green pastures and still waters,— what a sound of alluring invitation there is in those words for our weary lives! Just now, in the opening summer, they have for us special suggestions of rest. How they call up to us our childhood, before we had learned what it means to be world-weary! What summer days do I see, and what long, delicious twilights in the country!

I am lying on my back upon a grassy slope, under a clump of trees. The leaves over my head rustle as if they would sing me a lullaby. I watch a white cloud go sailing across the upper sea; while my fancy freights it as it will,

and muses of its far-off harbor, in some blessed island toward the sunset. I have but to turn my head, and I see my childhood's river gliding by so noiselessly that it seems perfectly still, and looks like a sheet of glass. The shadow of my cloud is in its depths; and the trees on its banks lean over to look at the reflection of their glossy leaves. As the picture rises before me, I catch the echo of voices I shall hear no more. The old days are back again. Life's burdens and cares fall off; and I am once more the boy who lived a careless eternity in one summer afternoon.

Have we not all these memories of green pastures and still waters? It may be a mountain lake, on whose margin we once lay down to rest. It may be a grassy, tree-sheltered seat, overlooking Como, with the white-topped Alps in the distance; or "clear, placid Leman," with its castle of Chillon seen as deep in its luminous depths as its towers rise high in air; or it is Wordsworth's haunted Grasmere, as still and deep as the poet's own soul.

How these memories haunt us! How we long for them, when weary of the treadmill round of walking, thinking, drudging, planning, struggling with the theoretical and practical problems of life! The man is tired of his store or his office. The mother is tired of her household cares, — of thinking what shall be eaten and what shall be worn. The children are tired of their schools. The minister is tired of his sermon.

Now,— and this is the great question,— is it possible for us to get these green pastures and still waters into our souls? Can we have them as permanent possessions, always with us? Can we, in the midst of our daily occupations, have satisfaction and peace?

I make no claims of personal attainment, friends; but, standing with you, in the midst of life's cares, at times as much troubled as any of you all, I see the green pastures and the still waters, and long to have them for my own. Sometimes, they are mine for a little time. I verily believe their possession is an open secret, accessible to us all. I

think I know the way, if I have not always walked in it. Will you let me point it out to you?

It is close at hand. All wonderful things always are. It only needs eyes to see and ears to hear. In the mystery that is all about us, that we, being commonplace, call commonplace, the poet sees his poem,— beauty and wonder that we never dreamed of. We search for God; and he is in the grass-blade we trample on. So the best satisfactions of life are near and accessible to us all, else were the universe misgoverned indeed. Which way, then, lie the green pastures and the still waters of life? I know they exist, and that circumstances cannot keep us altogether from finding them. Dante found them in exile. They have cooled the flames for a thousand martyrs. Bunyan discovered them in prison. Which way, then, do they lie?

The first step is this,— to find the good of each day as it passes, to live in it and rejoice in it, not throwing it away because it is not something else. What are the indispensable things of a blessed life? A fair degree of health, food, fresh air, water, the blue sky, the green earth, flowers, birds, a book, and a friend. No monopolist can monopolize these. We may all have them, if we deserve them and will,— all except the health; and, generally, our lack of this is chiefly our own fault. When we are miserable, it is almost always because, like a spoiled child, we sit in the midst of plenty, and cry for something just then beyond our reach. We accuse the justice and bounty of God, while our arms are full of the really best things there are. The first step, then, toward the green pastures and still waters of peace and satisfaction is to learn that the sources of satisfaction — or the opposite — are in ourselves. We make our own worlds. If there is no beauty or good in them, it is because we cannot see or feel or smell or taste. We stand in our own garden, with our back turned to all its beauty; and, leaning over the fence of our neighbor, we fancy everything there so much better than our own.

The next step is this,— to find or make a purpose in life

that shall redeem it from its petty selfishness and purely personal aims. Well may the world seem poor to one, and hardly worth while, who sees in it nothing more than a place where he is to get something to eat, something to wear, a place to sleep, and a grave to lie in when he gets through eating, dressing, and sleeping. Robert Browning somewhere speaks of "the development of a soul," and says that "little else is worth study." Suppose you think over that awhile. Remember your own higher life, and also that this world may well be thought of as a developing school for all souls. Remember, also, that you play the dual part of scholar and teacher both. Let your soul be kindled by the thought of your having a share in the work for which alone the existence of the planet is worth while. Link yourself with a cause, and share its dignity. Then, as you remember that this, the great end of life, must succeed, because it is the outblossoming of the very heart of God, you will learn to take the little failures and disappointments of life as incidents not worth being very unhappy over. You will not mourn over every leaf that falls from life's tree, so long as you know the fruit is ripening in the sun. Perhaps you will even learn that the falling leaves only let in the sunshine all the more, and where it is most needed.

And the last step is this,— the attainment of such a trust in the outcome of life as shall make you look upon death, not as the catastrophe that closes the drama of life, but only as the temporary fall of a curtain in preparation for a grander scene to follow.

Suppose we all took these three steps,— finding out the good that is really in each passing day, and learning to rejoice in it; linking our lives with great and noble causes, more important than our petty plans, and that must succeed, so assuring our highest success; and then so living in the eternal and permanent things of love and truth and good as to bring us the assurance that because they live we shall live also,— do you not see that they would lead us into green pastures and beside the waters of rest?

And is there not in every day —
  Earth's beauty and sweet love's caress,
In health, in books, in childhood's play —
  More than enough for happiness ?

And though our petty plans fall through,
  All noble deeds that have been done,
All noble deeds that we may do,
  Shall help the triumph to be won.

And, if in nobleness of heart
  We trust and labor in earth's strife,
That grand life, of which we are part,
  Shall keep us to eternal life.

Here, then, whate'er is gained or lost,
  Is strong assurance of the best:
For all who struggle, tempest-tost,
  E'en in the tempest there is rest.

Our Shepherd watches where we lie;
  He guards us if we wake or sleep;
Green pastures spread before the eye,
  Still waters in the sunshine sleep.

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THE PEOPLE'S SUNDAY.

Ex. xx., 8–11. Mark ii., 23–28. Col. ii., 16, 17.

THE attitude of Christendom on the Sunday Question is perplexing and contradictory in the extreme. Let us note some phases of the common confusion.

At the very outset, we find that there is no agreement even as to the name by which the day shall be called. Shall we say Sabbath or Sunday or Lord's Day or First Day of the week? Neither is the day itself fixed upon with any degree of unanimity; for the Adventists, the Seventh Day Baptists, and many others are very strenuous in their opinion that only those who keep Saturday are obedient to the divine command. And, on Biblical grounds, their position is certainly impregnable. Then, when the day is fixed upon, there is no sort of agreement as to what shall be done with it. Shall we have the Jewish Sabbath, the Continental Sunday, the Puritan Lord's Day, a Secular Holiday, or shall we blot out all distinction between that and the other days of the week? And even within the circle of our liberal churches there are many unsolved practical problems, troubles of conscience, and questions of casuistry. Would it be wrong for the ladies to sew or crochet on Sunday? Shall the reading be the same as on other days, or shall a difference be made? Shall the children be allowed the same kinds of games and plays as during the week, or, like some I know, shall we provide Noah's Arks and Biblical amusements? What of recreations for grown people? There are those who will ride on Sunday, but who think it wrong to sail. Would it be wrong to play whist on Sunday evening? What about

visiting and the social side of life on that day? Is there any obligation touching the matter of church attendance?

The points of confusion I thus touch, and the questions I raise, are all vital ones, such as I have come in contact with in my own experience. Now, I must not attempt an arbitrary settlement of these difficulties, merely giving you my own unsupported opinions. I am convinced, however, that their solution is an easy task, if we only go about it in the right way. To reach the end we seek, then, it will be necessary to follow the pathway of history as it leads us naturally through our theme.

In our rapid journey along this historical pathway there are four separate stages over which we must travel: —

I. Sunday in the Bible.
II. Sunday in the Church.
III. The Puritan Sunday.
IV. The origin and original meaning of Sunday.
We shall then be able intelligently to settle,—
V. The use of Sunday to-day.

I have said we must make this a rapid journey. And rapid indeed it must be; for the task appointed me is to cover the whole theme in one discourse. Any full or comprehensive treatment would require at least one whole sermon for each of the five points I have indicated. And yet I feel sure that in one hour I can give you all that is absolutely necessary to a clear judgment. Let us then address ourselves to the points indicated.

I. Sunday in the Bible.

At the close of the story of creation (Gen. ii., 2, 3), it is said, "And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day. . . . And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work." After this there is no mention of it throughout the whole of Genesis. The word "Sabbath" is never used; and there is no intimation that anybody ever paid any attention to the day throughout the entire patriarchal period or during the whole time of

the captivity in Egypt. We find no trace of it again, until we come to Sinai. But the first trace of it here indicates plainly that at least a seventh day division of time was familiar to the people before the Ten Commandments were given; for, while they were being fed with the miraculous manna, it appears (Ex. xvi., 22) that "on the sixth day they gathered twice as much" as on other days, because none was allowed to be gathered on the seventh day. And, in immediate connection, Moses is represented as saying, "To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord." Later on, in the same chapter (xvi., 29), the people are forbidden to travel or leave their places on this day. So much before the fourth commandment is issued.

Now let us look at this commandment, on which all Sabbath observance is supposed to rest. In the first place, it is worth your notice, as confirming what I have already said, that the first word of this commandment is "remember," — "Remember the Sabbath day," as though it were a day already known to them. This, then, is only a formal institution of something already more or less familiar. The importance of this point will become apparent further on.

But the chief thing to be noticed here is the gist of the command itself. What is it that is to be done or not done on that day? First, it is to be kept holy. What does that mean? Simply that it is to be set apart from the rest of the week as belonging to God. The words "holy" and "sanctified," in old Hebrew usage, meant only that the persons or things so regarded were devoted to God. An altar was "holy"; so was a knife used in sacrifice; so were the tongs, the snuff-dishes, the spoons, and the bowls; so was the golden candlestick, and all the implements of the ritual. This means, then, only that the day was not to be used like all the other days. It was set apart for another purpose.

What, then, was that other purpose? In most modern talk about Sabbath-keeping, the one thing that Moses commands is largely overlooked; and a hundred things he does not command are emphasized. One thing only is

forbidden, and no positive order whatever is given. One thing is not to be done; but what is to be done? Not one single word is said about that at all. No man, woman, or child, and no beast of burden, is to do any work. That is the whole length and breadth of the commandment.

One more point needs to be noticed. What is the reason given for this prohibition? And here it is remarkable that the Bible is not at agreement with itself. In the first giving of the commandment (Ex. xx., 11), we are told that the day is thus set apart, because on the seventh day God rested from the work of creation. But, in Deuteronomy (v., 15), the day is said to be thus set apart as a memorial of the deliverance of Israel out of their bondage in Egypt; and, in the New Testament (John v., 17), Jesus is represented as defending himself from a charge of Sabbath-breaking by denying the whole idea of God's ever needing or ever taking any rest. And we all know to-day that the work of creating the worlds is forever going on.

But now let us return for a moment to the central thing in the fourth commandment. It simply forbids all work. Do you know of anybody that keeps it? I do not. The only possible exceptions I can think of are those members of the idle classes who never do anything that can be called work on any day of the week, and who resemble the flowers of the field and the fowls of the air only in the fact that "they toil not, neither do they spin." The ministers, who preach the fourth commandment, do not keep it. Most of them work harder on Sunday than on any other day of the week. As a matter of fact, then, the sticklers for this day, as being a transcript of God's eternal law, do not practically obey it. What is it, then, that they do? On the basis of a command to do one thing, they tell us that we are under a divine obligation to do many other things. Because the Jews were to keep a certain day in a certain way, therefore — observe the logic — we are to keep another day (not the day commanded) in another way (not the way commanded).

For hundreds of years after the Jews left Mount Sinai there is no proof that the Sabbath was either regularly or generally observed — the proof is rather to the contrary. It was only after the captivity in Babylon and the growth into permanent power of the priesthood, during the few centuries just preceding Christ, that the Sabbath became established as a settled institution. Then the ceremonial of worship for that day became elaborated and settled; then grew up, also, the petty and trivial prohibitions that attached themselves to its observance. For the rabbis legislated concerning a hundred things that Moses had never thought of. "They prescribed the kind of oil with which lamps were to be trimmed, what knots might be tied, how far a man might walk, what he might carry." A dried fig was a heavier load than it was permitted a man to carry; but a locust's egg as a magical cure for ear-ache, or a fox's tooth for sleeplessness, or the finger-nail of a crucified man for ague,— these were allowable. Whether it was proper for a cripple to carry his wooden leg in the act of walking was a point in dispute. To walk through the grass or the fields of grain was forbidden; for, if any of the seeds or kernels were knocked out, it was a kind of threshing. The Sabbath was supposed to be kept both in heaven and hell. Some brooks even were too good to flow on that day.

To such a pass had Sabbath observance come, when Jesus was born. And many a time in Jewish history did their armies meet disaster, because they would not fight on that day.

What now is the attitude of the New Testament on this question? It can be stated very briefly. Jesus himself treated the day in such a way as to be popularly regarded as a Sabbath-breaker. And neither he nor any of his disciples ever uttered any command whatever as to keeping it: neither did they set up any other day in its stead. Jesus planted himself on the broad, human ground that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath" (Mark ii., 27). In any conflict, then, between man's well-

being and the observance of a day, it was the day, and not the man, that was to be neglected.

I have said that neither Jesus nor his disciples made any law in the matter of keeping the Jewish Sabbath. But, on the other hand, one of the New Testament writers did declare that it was abolished, and so no longer obligatory upon a Christian. Treating of the passing away of the old dispensation and the coming in of the new, he says (Col. ii., 16), "Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath."

When I say, then, that the Jewish Sabbath began simply as abstinence from all labor on the seventh day, that it grew to be a burden of petty and oppressive restrictions, and that at last it was abolished so far as the Christian world was concerned, I have summed up all that need be said of Sunday in the Bible.

II. We now come to our second point, Sunday in the Church.

We are all aware that throughout Christendom, for fifteen hundred years, it is not the seventh day of the week,—the day of the fourth commandment,—but the first day that has been observed. And it is popularly supposed that, at some special time and place, a divinely authoritative transfer was made. But this supposition is entirely without foundation in fact. How, then, did the Christian custom arise? In the most natural way in the world.

A little study of the Acts of the Apostles and of Paul's Epistles makes it plain that two theories of early Christianity were struggling for pre-eminence. The Judaizers, as they were called, held that a Christian was first a Jew; that believing in Christ was not enough, but that the law of Moses must also be kept. This was the opinion of the old first church in Jerusalem, and of most of the apostles. But Paul and his followers taught that Christianity had come to take the place of the Mosaic system; that faith in Christ was sufficient, and the old ordinances no longer binding.

The Judaizers then continued to keep the Sabbath; but they also began to keep the first day of the week as the Lord's Day, as being the one on which it was supposed he had risen from the dead. They did not think of not working on this Lord's Day, but made it the time for celebrating the Lord's Supper and other peculiarly Christian observances. Meantime, the Gentile Christians and the followers of Paul kept the Lord's Day only, paying no regard to the Sabbath. In the course of time, Jerusalem was captured and destroyed by the Romans, the Jews were dispersed among the nations, and Christianity spread beyond the limits of Judaism, until the Gentile Christians many times outnumbered all those who had ever known or cared anything about the ordinances of the Mosaic law. The Sabbath then simply died a natural death along with those who had been accustomed to it; and the first day of the week remained as the time for Christian meetings and observances.

But, so far as we can find, it never occurred to the early Church for hundreds of years to confound the two days together, or to think it wrong to work on the "Lord's Day." The first law ever issued to regulate the use of the first day of the week is the famous edict of Constantine, promulgated in the year 321 A.D. That is, for over three hundred years the Church did not say a word about it. And it is noteworthy that Constantine, in his edict, says not a word about any religious obligation, and does not even call it the "Lord's Day." He speaks of it as "the venerable day of the sun." And the effect of his law is only to make it what we now call a holiday. The courts were not to be in session; and judges were to do no legal work, except that they were permitted to give legal freedom to slaves. The inhabitants of towns, and all craftsmen, were to rest from work. But agricultural laborers were free to attend to their crops, provided they were in such a condition that delay might cause injury or loss.

Additions to this edict were made by later emperors. In the year 425, under Theodosius II., games and theatrical

exhibitions were forbidden. But it was not until 528 that all labor was prohibited on Sunday.

We need now to notice what some of the Church Fathers had to say on the subject. In the year 345, St. Cyril, the Bishop of Jerusalem, says: "Turn thou not out of the way to Samaritanism or Judaism, for Jesus Christ hath redeemed thee. Henceforth reject all observance of Sabbaths, and call not meats, which are really matters of indifference, common or unclean." In 392, St. Jerome says: "On the Lord's Day, they went to church; and, returning from church, they would apply themselves to their allotted works, and make garments for themselves and others." And again he says, in another place: "The day is not a day of fasting, but the day is a day of joy. The Church has always considered it a day of joy, and none but heretics have thought otherwise."

Let us now come down to the time of the Reformation, and see what the great church leaders of that time have to say about it. Luther, in his *Table Talk*, is reported as saying; "Keep it holy for its use sake, both to body and soul. But, if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake,—if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation,—then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to do anything that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty."

Calvin occupied substantially the same position, even going so far as to say it made no difference what day was set apart for religious observance, or even as to whether it was one in seven or not.

Tyndale, the martyr, and the one who first translated the New Testament into English, stood on the same ground. Whether we keep one day in seven or one in ten he thinks is unimportant. He even goes so far as to say, "Neither need we any holy day at all, if the people might be taught without it."

The Augsburg Confession, a digest of the doctrines of the reformers, drawn up by Melanchthon, and presented to the Emperor Charles V. in 1530 A.D., teaches the same.

The teaching of the Church, then, from the beginning clear down to the date of the Reformation, has been substantially uniform. Sunday has been neither more nor less holy than any or all the other sacred or festival days. It existed by church appointment and custom. As some day was expedient for holding religious services and teaching the people, and as some day was needed for rest, so this has been chosen and kept, on account of the sacred memories gathering about it.

So much, then, for Sunday in the Church.

III. But, now, as we turn to face the Puritan Sunday, we are in the presence of an entirely new departure. The Puritan Sunday, as it was long observed in England, Scotland, and New England, and as many think it ought still to be kept,— whether a wise thing or an unwise,— was at least entirely new. It was never seen or heard of in the world before. Its rise was due to several causes. Two only will I notice, as being the principal ones at work.

In the first place, the Reformation was based on a rejection of the authority of the Church; and the result of it was the elevation of the letter of Scripture to an absolute dictatorship both of the conscience and the life. The people, then, naturally went back to the fourth commandment as a divine and eternal reason for keeping holy one day in seven. And, in their oppressive Sabbatizing, they supposed they were only returning to the primitive purity and strictness of the day. The warlike times in which they lived, and the persecutions to which they were subjected, led them to think of themselves as the Lord's chosen people, being led out of the bondage of their evil age. So the Old Testament, with its Lord of hosts and its belligerent piety, became their favorite Scripture. The New Testament they interpreted under the dominant influence of the Old.

The other cause for this great change was a humane and moral reaction against the rough and cruel sports and pastimes in which the common people indulged on Sunday afternoons. These sports were undoubtedly demoralizing,

and needed to be suppressed. Thackeray says, "An Englishman is not necessarily a brute; but an English brute is the worst sort of brute." In the light of such a characterization, one can imagine what a bear-baiting, drunken crowd might do to shock the moral sense of a Puritan. We need to remember, also, that the drinking, fox-hunting parsons did not help much to reconcile the Puritans to these old-time ways of keeping those portions of Sunday that followed the morning church. Macaulay, indeed, has a sneer for the Puritans, and says they "opposed bear-baiting on Sunday, not because it gave pain to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the people." But even this sneer reveals the brutality of the people, who were cruel enough to find pleasure in animal pain.

Under these influences, the Puritans really supposed they were only reviving the original, divine Sabbath of the Lord's true people. But in this they were entirely mistaken. It was not a revival, but a new creation; for such a Sabbath had never existed before. So strenuously, however, did they hold to and inculcate this idea that the belief is even now wide-spread and general among the people. But let us see for a moment what the Jewish Sabbath really was.

The late Emanuel Deutsch, one of the librarians of the British Museum, a learned Orientalist, author of remarkable articles on "Islam," the "Talmud," and kindred topics, speaking of this matter, says: "We cannot refrain from entering an emphatic protest against the vulgar notion of the Jewish Sabbath being a thing of grim austerity. It was precisely the contrary,— a day of joy and delight, a feast day, honored by fine garments, by the best cheer, by wine, lights, spice, and other joys of pre-eminently bodily import." They did almost anything, except what could, by any construction, be regarded as labor. Take a better authority still. Nehemiah led a band of Jews back from their captivity in Babylon, and helped to rebuild Jerusalem, that had long lain in ruins. It was his business to build up again the old religion as he understood it. Hear what he says about the

Sabbath: "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared. Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength" (Neh. viii., 10). And the narrative goes on (viii., 12), "And all the people went their way to eat and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth." This, surely, was not the Puritan way of keeping the Sabbath.

There is, then, no day in the modern world, with which we are familiar, so like the old-time Jewish Sabbath as is our New England Thanksgiving Day.

IV. It is time for us, now, to go back to a period before Moses was born, and long before such a thing as the Jewish people existed, in search of the origin and original meaning of Sunday.

Just the time when the day was first known we shall probably never discover; for it is lost in the mists of an antiquity that antedates all authentic history. But we do discover this. We can trace it to the far-off Akkadians, a people akin to the Chinese, who inhabited the valley of the Euphrates before Babylon was a city. It originated in Sabaism, or planet-worship. The word "planet" means wanderer, and was given to those heavenly bodies that appeared to wander over the face of the sky, while the stars seemed fixed in their places. Until modern times, the number of the planets was supposed to be seven, including the sun and moon. The other five were Mars, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn. These seven planets were believed to be linked in with the destiny of nations and individuals, and were feared and worshipped as divine powers. Astrology is not yet forgotten; for it plays a part still in the advertisements of our Boston papers. Until recent times, and by some even to-day, it has been held that a man's destiny was determined by that particular planet which was in the ascendant on the day and hour of his birth.

Our seventh-day division of time grew out of the fact that the days, in their order, were each devoted to a particu-

lar planet. Thus, they became Sun-day, Moon-day, and so on to Saturn's day, or Saturday. And the feeling which the people had about any particular day came naturally to be colored by the feeling which they entertained toward the god to whom it was dedicated. Now, the planet Saturn has always been regarded as gloomy and malign in its influence. We still have a reminiscence of this feeling in our word "saturnine," meaning morose or gloomy, that used to be applied to the disposition of one born under the planet Saturn. We apply it now to any one whose nature it fits, without asking when he was born. In course of time, then, it came to pass that Saturn's day was looked upon with disfavor as unlucky, very much as Friday is now on the part of superstitious people. From its being considered as a day of dread, as unlucky, it came at last to be a day on which the doing of any important thing was tabooed. It was a short step from this to the belief that the cruel and gloomy deity demanded the whole day for himself, and would punish any one who dared to profane it to any personal uses of his own.

Here, then, is the far-off, ignorant, superstitious origin of Saturday as a day on which no work was to be performed. Its after name, Sabbath, was only the Jewish designation, given because its meaning described it as a day of rest.

I have said that Sabbath was its Jewish designation. But, under the form Sabbatu, it is found in the older Assyrian; and some form of the name, as well as the day, may have been borrowed by the Assyrians from the Akkadians. Sabbatu, in Assyrian, means "a day on which work is unlawful." And, as a specimen of the strictness of its prohibition, even the king was forbidden to eat cooked food, to change his garments, to offer sacrifice, to ride in his chariot, to make laws, to review his army, or even to apply medicine for bodily illness. At this time, then, even the labor implied in a religious service was forbidden.

V. We are ready now for the last and the practical part of our discussion, The Use of Sunday To-day.

And here we need, first, to put ourselves on guard against a common but very foolish trick of logic. Many people seem to suppose that, when they have proved that the origin of a belief or practice was low or ignorant or superstitious, they have thereby proved that the belief or practice itself is of no value. With this logic, however, anything can be destroyed. Will you reject the exquisite beauty and fragrance of a pond lily, because its root was in the mud at the pond's bottom? Will you use no more perfume, because some of the finest is extracted from the refuse of the gutter? By a logic similar to this, some wise people think that the admission of his animal origin is destructive of all our higher and nobler beliefs concerning the nature and destiny of man. But it has always seemed to me that the important question is, not where man came from, but what he is and where he is going. I care not if our ancestors were apes, if we may still say, "*Now* are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

So of the Sunday. I have asked you to trace its origin and history, not to lead you to the impotent and foolish conclusion that it is not worth anything, but rather that we may be able to study it intelligently, and find out what and how much it is worth.

We have, then, this day as an inheritance from the past. There is no arbitrary, divine authority as to the day or the method of keeping it. But it is a trust, a responsibility, and an opportunity. If something grand, something better than ordinary, can be done with it and made of it, it were as foolish to throw it away as it would be to abolish all government because you had ceased to believe in the "divine right" of kings. We want now to make the best possible use of it. We want to get out of it the most and the noblest results we can for the welfare of humanity. What, then, shall we do with Sunday?

1. We simply cannot afford to lose it by letting it become like all the rest of the week. If it be indeed true that "man liveth not by bread alone," that he is something

more than an animal needing bread and clothes and shelter, then surely six days out of every seven is enough to devote to "getting a living." Our lives are well-nigh swamped already by the floods of business and care. Here is this one lone rock of refuge, on which, for a little time each week, we may climb up into the sunshine. Whoever seeks to mine and blow up this one rock, and sink it also beneath the waves, is an enemy of his race.

If you seek no higher end in life than merely to make money, to do the most business possible inside of fifty years of active life, even then you will — if you are wise — hold fast to this day. Take the year through, you can do more work in six days than you can in seven, and can do it a great deal better. A sensible selfishness, then, will put a prop under the Sunday.

I beseech you, therefore, to do all you can to maintain its unique position as, in the true source of that word, a "holy" day, a day set apart from the common uses of the other six, and turned into a grand opportunity for something better.

2. In the truest and noblest way make it a day of rest. But rest is not the same as laziness, nor is it merely an absence of activity. True rest is, like sleep, that which "knits up the ravelled sleave of care"; it is that which is rightly called recreation, since it re-creates the worn-out faculties and fits for work once more. The best possible rest is a change of activity. If one has been on his feet all day, he would probably find little rest in taking a walk. But, if he has been at his desk in counting-room, office, or study, a brisk stretch in the country or across the fields will rest and clear his brain, make his burdens lighter, and streak all the dark problems of the world through with sunshine. And it seems to me that, were I a business man, I should find it immensely restful to go to church on a Sunday morning, be taken out of my humdrum workaday world, and lifted up into the contemplation of those things that were wider and higher than my own little life. If somewhere, in a city like this, you cannot find some minister who

can do that for you, then you must be a very remarkable man. But to stay at home and simply drowse over the newspapers is only to live over again in day-dreams the old six-day world, so missing the inspiration of temporary escape from the routine ruts of life.

A part of the day, then, should be given to that which a wise study of your own experience has shown will do the most for you in the way of rest and recreation.

3. But, now, what in particular should be done in the way of providing the largest opportunities for this rest and recreation on the part of the great masses of our city population?

As the best way of showing what should not be done, I would take a great city like Edinburgh as an illustration. The first time I went abroad, I passed through Ireland. While in Belfast, I fell into conversation one day with a Scotch gentleman doing business in the city. Speaking of my future route, I told him I expected to reach Edinburgh so as to pass the following Sunday there. He lifted his hands in horror. Said he, "There are only two things you can do in Edinburgh on a Sunday." Asking what those were, he replied, "You can go to church in the morning, and in the afternoon there is nothing that the ecclesiastical authorities permit except to pull down the blinds of your room and get drunk." Going to church in the morning is well, and, as I believe, more than well. But, after that, people get tired of reading, tired of talk, tired of dozing, tired of looking at each other; and they are hungry to rush out into the wide-open arms of God's grand and beautiful and restful world.

What would I do, then, for the people on Sunday? In the first place, I would have all the dram-shops hermetically sealed. And this at however heavy a cost; for, leaving out of account the questions of public morals and happy homes, it would be a financial saving through the lessened expense of courts and prisons and reform schools and through the much greater amount of good work that would be done. We cannot pursue people to their homes and see what they

drink there; but for one day in seven we can shut up the devil's shops, and give God and nature a chance.

Then, next I would give the God that is in the beautiful in nature and art an opportunity. I would have cheap Sunday afternoon trains into the country on every road leading out of the city; I would have cheap steamers down the harbor. I would have art galleries and reading rooms wide open and free. I would have as many active oppositions to evil as possible. I would do all I could to break up the weary monotony of drudgery and commonplace. I would make trees and flowers and grasses and ocean and light and air so attractive and easy of access that people should leave the attics and cellars, the slums and the narrow streets, to seek them with a simple and hearty relish.

4. This for the afternoon. On Sunday morning, I would have everybody, so far as possible, go to church.

If there is any one point that is settled by a competent study of the history and nature of man, it is that religion is an essential and permanent element in his being.

It is also settled that his nature, in this regard, is like a field. If it be not cultivated and planted with wholesome grains and fruits, it will run to all the rank and noisome luxuriance of reptile-hiding jungles or useless weeds.

And it is further settled that, unless some regular, special time be devoted to this, it does not get done at all. That which is to be done at all times in general, but at no time in particular, is only another name for that which is never done.

To everybody, no matter what their occupations during the week, an earnest religious service on Sunday morning,—a service that lifts the imagination, and brings them into wider, sympathetic relations with the larger life of the world, that touches and quickens the sense of duty, that thrills with elevated thoughts of worship, that awes and chastens as in the presence of the divine,—such a service ought to rest both body and brain, and fill the whole being with a stronger life.

And then, if men are indeed anything more than animals, they ought to seek some regular way of feeding the higher sides of their being. And this can be done only by training the sense of admiration, aspiration, worship, for those ideals that are above and beyond their present attainments. As plants reach out after the sun, so must the soul of man reach out and look up, if it is ever to grow. The Greek word *anthropos*, man, means the upward looker; and only as he keeps and trains the upward look does he maintain his supremacy above the animal.

He needs some part of Sunday also for moral teaching and training. On certain courses of conduct the welfare and happiness of the race depend. But impulse and passion, and a short-sighted view of his self-interest, are perpetually leading man astray. Nothing, then, is more important than for him to study and learn along what pathways lie health and happiness and peace.

5. And, then, the Sunday evenings, if I could have my way, should be given to the home, in the company of wife and children and friends. Let it be a time of all joy and freedom and simple festivity, a time in which all the week-day burdens of life should roll off and be forgotten. Enough of the worry, the care, the perplexity connected with what to eat and what to wear; enough of social jealousies and rivalries; enough of political turmoil; enough of fret about the means and ways of living,—can be crowded into the six days of labor. Throw off the shackles, and for a few glad hours be like the angels,—just living and loving and rejoicing.

Make Sunday, then, a day of gladness and refreshment and peace. Let it be such a day as the children will look forward to with joy, and be sorry to see pass away. All this I believe, indeed, to be duty to your higher life; but make it such a privilege, such a glad possession and refuge, that you will forget that it is a duty, and guard it jealously as something you cannot afford to lose.

As if it were a garden fair
  That in a wilderness you'd found,
A refuge from the wide world's care,
  Preserve it well, and hedge it round.

As if it were a mountain peak
  Above the clouds and dust of life,
High lifted o'er the weary week,—
  A sunny spot above the strife,—

Climb to the summits of this day;
  Then for awhile let labor cease,
While God's stars, not so far away,
  In your calm souls reflect their peace.

Thus shall you learn that you are souls,
  Not beasts of burden made of clay;
And each divine hour, as it rolls,
  Seem promise of th' eternal day.

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FRUITS.

"I come seeking fruit."—LUKE xiii., 7.

IT is the time of leaf and flower in the world of nature; and fruit is something thought of only in connection with a distant season. But our ecclesiastical year is drawing to a close; and now, if ever, is the time to "come seeking fruit." In a certain real and true sense, the leaf and the blossom exist for themselves, and fill out a completed life of their own. As we walk under the shade of our beautiful trees, we think it enough that the green boughs sway above our heads, and that the broken sunshine falls checkered about our feet. We do not care to stop and say, "The leaves are only means to a distant end, and live to help on a remote result." "'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green." And, as we sit in the Public Garden, or drive through the suburbs, where the air is heavy with perfume, and the wind seems drunk with the intoxicating sweetness of the blooms of apple and peach, we rejoice in the present delights of fragrance and beauty. We do not stop to reckon how many bushels, or dollars worth, of fruit will be ready for the market in September.

But, though this is all true, and the spring and early summer are complete in their own beauty and life, we should yet feel that the year had defrauded us, did we not look, with confident expectation, for more substantial results in autumn. When the harvest day comes, the sweetness and beauty of the past will seem to us emptiness and vanity, if the harvest itself be not ripe and ready to fall. And so I feel concerning our church year. We have had the leaf

and the flower. Of outward bloom and prosperity, we have had enough to satisfy us,— more than I dared anticipate. Our house has been filled with a constant audience. The vitalizing sap of financial supply has flowed through, and given efficient power to all parts of our organization. We have sat in the shade, and enjoyed the flowers of sweet societies and friendships. But while all these things are noble and fair, and while we rejoice in them as we look back over the year, yet you will all agree with me that we ought not to count these enough. We should hardly justity the existence and work of the church, if this were all. These things are not only pleasant, they are essential. Without leaf and flower, we could have no fruit. So of the church I would say, if I could not gain a fair and intelligent hearing, I should not think it worth while to preach. If we could not raise money enough to live honestly and squarely with the world, I would advise permanent suspension. If we could not socially fraternize and help each other, we were no true church. All these things are essential. But, while essential, and while they are matters of congratulation, and while they are all enjoyable as they pass, still there is something beyond. And there may well come to our minds the question as to whether it is all worth while, unless these pleasant means result in more profitable ends. Therefore it is that, now that our ecclesiastical leaves have fallen away to lie about the seaside and drift in the breezes of mountain resorts, now that the pleasure-blooms have faded and our church tree stands with branches more and more bare, "I come seeking fruit."

But what fruit do I seek? With our beliefs and methods, I cannot expect to count up the tangible and definite results that some other churches have to show. We do not believe we can take men and women, like peaches and quinces, put them through a certain process of *preserving*, and then, like jars of fruit, stand them up in order on the shelves of the church conservatory, label them "saved," and so hold them

ready and finished for future use. Having no body of people that we call "saints," having none set apart as higher and better than the common brotherhood, we cannot reckon up the additions to such a body as the result of our year's effort. We look, rather, for steady and healthy growth in all. The result of a summer's sunshine on a garden is not all in the pecks of pears and apricots that can be measured; but quite as important is the growth of each individual tree, that no man can measure. So I do not mean even to intimate in figures the fruit of our closing year. If I should tell you how many had been baptized or married or buried; if I should estimate the number of meetings held, the money expended, the organized labor,— I should not thus even hint at the fruit I hold to be more important than all these things.

How much fruit has been produced I have no hope even of finding out. No one of you will be able to find out, except so far as your single self is concerned; and you may know even that only in part. My purpose is simply this. I mean to indicate a few of the great things I have aimed at producing in my year's work; and each of you must judge for himself as to how far I have succeeded. If I have not done something in these directions, I must consider my year as thrown away; for a full church and a full treasury are only an army raised and equipped. We ask for battles fought and victories gained. Otherwise, the army is in vain. Look with me, then, while I simply point out the fruits I have desired.

1. Life. That which precedes all, includes all, and is the condition of all, is simple life. And this, first and foremost and always, I have sought to develop. I have never been ambitious of an audience that should sit quiescent, and simply swallow the sugar-coated pills of doctrine and precept that I chose to deal out to them. I have no fancy for being a Chinese gardener, to trim and clip your exuberant vitality into formal, mechanical shapes of my own choosing. Rather, like God-made trees, I would have you develop

each after the law of his own nature and inner life. That is not the most beautiful garden that is all planted to beans, and where all grow up in stiff and ordered rows, tied each to its own pole. Rather let there be endless variety in the manifestation of the one grand life that flows through them all. If I build a temple, it must be one made of "living stones," a Gothic temple, where each part stands up in its own individuality, and is bound to the rest as the trees link and unite together in the magnificent arches of native forests, which were "God's first temples."

My first effort, then, has been to rouse you to intellectual and moral activity. This has even taken precedence in my thought of the care that your activity should be right. Free and independent action in a moral being must go before everything else. The first lesson of a child is to learn to walk, to use hands and eyes and faculties. In what paths it shall walk, what it shall do with its hands, in what employ its faculties,— these questions afterward. A colt must first run, before it can be trained.

If you will think of it, this should be the first work of the pulpit. We are so much the creatures of habit, tradition, inheritance, that the number of persons who ever wake up to any individuality of thought and action is very small. How many of you have thoughts or purposes that you can reasonably call your own? Most people live the life of their circle, their set, never rising to the dignity of having a life of their own. And yet there is no moral significance and grandeur about a man, until he wakes up, and learns to live out his own distinct and individual life.

I know there is danger about it. People who do their own thinking do not always think wisely or rightly. Those who ride in a stage-coach or go afoot are in no danger from railroad accidents. But I prefer motion and life,— to go somewhere,— even at the risk of a smash-up now and then. Give me the running stream, the dash of the torrent, though it do sometimes run thick with mud. Let it run; and it will clear itself. The pool that lies and reeks will be bot-

tomed with mud, and will always be a source of malaria and disease. Oozy and slimy, the sky gets no chance to mirror itself in its bosom. The running stream, though broken in its flow over jagged rocks, will yet catch in its clear current glints and glimpses of the everlasting stars.

I have sought, then, to stimulate, to stir you up, to make you think for yourselves on all great and vital questions. I have not asked to play pope. I have not even wished you to take my words because I said them. I have desired, rather, to be a companion in your thinking. Not claiming to be infallible, I have made no claim to give you faultless teaching. If I could only get you to care for great themes and thoughts, so as to seek heartily, I believed that you would be guided, and would find.

2. The next fruit "I come seeking" to-day is *reverence.* And yet I am aware that there are many in the city who would charge me with being specially lacking in just that which I say I am seeking in you. They would say, "Why, here is a man who himself attacks all that is venerable: he has not spared to criticise the Bible, the Church, the most ancient doctrines and institutions; and yet he expects reverence in his hearers, as the result of his teaching." I am not surprised at such opinions; for the people are few as yet who can conceive that a man can be a reverent idol-breaker, that he may even break the idol for the sake of helping the devotee to see more clearly the God he thus ignorantly worships. The fetich-worshipper thinks you impious, when you treat slightingly the charm or stone or viper that to him is the highest incarnation of the divine. The idolater expects the indignant lightnings to smite him who lays a profane hand on his altar. The Jew could not conceive how Jesus could be anything but an enemy of God, when he disregarded the traditions of the elders, and even laid rash hand on the institutions of Moses himself. Luther was the personification of all evil, when he dared question the hoary authority of Rome. The reverent and gentle-souled Channing seemed to the old Orthodoxy to have dared the wrath of Heaven

by laying his hand on the sacred ark. And so it is forever. He who tells the people that "the word of God is not bound"; that God is more than the temple, the Church, or the Bible; that an institution made for man may come to stand in man's way,— such a one will always meet those who will think him an enemy of God. Men cannot understand how you can reverence God and his truth, unless you can reverence the symbol which they have been taught to associate with his worship. If you despise the holy water, the rosary, the crucifix, the Catholic cannot see why you are not despising his God. But it is so easy to fall into an exaggerated and idolatrous worship of forms, ceremonies, and institutions, that men need constantly to be shaken out of these things, and told that God is more than an institution or a book. "Ye observe days and months and times and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain," said Paul. "Ye tithe mint and anise and cumin, and neglect the weightier matters," said Jesus. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," said Paul again. But, to the crowd, if you touch the days and the mint and the meat and drink, all the higher things count for but little in mitigation of your supposed irreverence and impiety.

Now, if I have said one word in this place that has taken away from your devout reverence for God and his truth and his righteousness, then I have been grievously at fault, and need God's pardon and yours. That reverence I would cultivate and deepen. I would guard it jealously. Wherever you can recognize the divine presence, I would have you bare your head, and take your shoes from off your feet. Such a place is holy ground.

This is an age of criticism; and I suppose I am at one with the spirit of the age. But criticism ever precedes a grander reconstruction. I think the world has never seen a period when men had so great, so devout a respect for the true. And much of what is called impiety and

irreverence is only the work of true souls, who are so anxious to find God that they resent the officious services of his self-constituted agents, who would persuade them to take a form or a moss-grown altar, or some sacred institution, in place of him. Reverence God and his truth, then, but reverence nothing lower or less.

3. As "I come seeking fruit" to-day, the next thing I look for is *faith*,— faith in God and faith in man. By faith I do not mean an unreasonable or unreasoning belief in something for no better cause than its mystery or antiquity. True faith is one of the grandest activities of the intellect, and one of the noblest of the heart. I have known a man, and found him true: so I have faith in him when out of sight. I have faith in a bridge I have never crossed, because I know the builder or the plan of its construction. I do not know that the sun will rise to-morrow or that the harvests will ripen next autumn; but I have faith in the order of things, and confidently look for the desired results. In any new emergency, the child still has faith in father's or mother's love and care.

That wisdom and righteousness and love are at the heart of things has been the belief of the grandest souls of the world; and this is the reading which the wisest give to the hieroglyphics of history. On this belief is based all effort after self-perfection and the reform and advance of mankind. Unless the universe is in favor of the best things, it is vain for man to seek them. And so profound thinkers, like Lord Bacon, reason, "It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." Thus, a rational faith in God I believe to be the spring and source of all that is finest, sweetest, and grandest in human character. I say rational faith, because an irrational one may end in degrading superstitions and thoughts of God and human destiny, falser and worse than atheism.

Such a faith as this I hold, and have tried to impart. I would have you believe in times of deepest darkness.

Even though the foundations of the earth seem breaking up, and all stability giving way, yet remember that it may be only the transition hour, through which is coming "new heavens and a new earth." Through sore travail have all high births come. A new harvest is prepared only by tearing up the soil and ploughing flowers and grasses under the sod. I would have you believe in the midst of loss and sorrow and the darkness of affliction. The night of death, I am persuaded, will be followed by a sunrise of everlasting life; and no true heart's love will ever be hopelessly lost.

Now, I am aware that I have sometimes shaken the traditional props on which many have built their structures of faith and trust in God. But it has only been to bring you closer to God himself. Bibles and institutions, even at their best, have not been the creators of God or of faith in him. His own life is the vital source of them all. He remains, though all things pass away. I have tried to remove only the accretions and accumulations that hide the face and heart of God, as an artist would restore a statue or painting by removing the mould or whitewash, or unskilled daubing of later hands, and so come at the real, original, and eternal beauty.

And along with this faith in God goes a loving faith in man. I have had moods, as we all have, when my disgust at human nature has been such that I felt like asking forgiveness for being human. But longer life and a wider knowledge give me more and more of respect and of hope for humanity. This faith I seek in you. Learn to believe in the noblest possibilities for man; and this will kindle an enthusiasm in all humane endeavor. He that despises manhood pours contempt upon his own head. Pity the weakness, the frailty, despise and hate the meanness; but recognize the possible nobleness of the man, and seek to lift him out of the evil, and stand him upon his feet.

4. As the crown of all, "I come seeking" in you the spirit of *helpfulness*. Life is a poor and mean possession, unless it be with a purpose and for an end. Reverence for truth is

barren, if it issue only in a passive admiration. Why revere, if you make nothing of it? And faith in God and man is dead and useless, unless the faith be shown by works. Nothing is of use in this world, unless it incarnates itself. Why should one be an artist, if he paint nothing? To what end are your true and high thoughts, unless they take root, grow up into blossom, and result in fruit of action? And the one activity that takes on moral significance, and is of any worth in the world, is that which somehow *helps* the world. The great and worshipful souls of the world are simply the world's great helpers. In agriculture, in mechanics, in literature, in art, in religion, they only have lived to a purpose who have helped on and up the life of humanity. Other men have been the world's paupers, or vampires sucking its blood.

The wonder and beauty and glory of the sunlight are not understood simply by gazing on its brightness, nor even by untangling the rays with a prism, and noting the wondrous mingling of its colors. It is when we look over the face of the earth, and see what the sunlight has done and is ever doing, that we catch a glimpse of the wonder. When we see that it is sunshine that makes the winds blow, that rolls in the sea-surf upon the shore, that hangs the clouds in the sky, that sends down the rains upon earth, that leaps in the life of the cataract and murmurs in the brook through the shade, that builds up the cedar of Lebanon or the big trees of California, and that clothes the valleys in the million-bladed robe of grass, that paints all the flowers, that throbs and beats in all the life and movement of the globe, then it is that the wonder grows upon us. The glory of the sunshine is that it incarnates itself in myriad forms of beauty and help. We rejoice in it, because it transforms itself into countless shapes of use.

So, above all things else, I would have you develop this fruit of help for the world. This is the glory of Christ, this is the heart of God. Thus you may become saviors of your fellow-men.

Life, reverence, faith, and brotherly helpfulness,— these things I have sought and still seek in you, as the fruit of my ministry,— with what success, you yourselves must judge. If I find these, I have no fears for your salvation: they *are* salvation.

But I have one suggestion at the close. My responsibility as a public teacher is all that I can bear. I am glad I can throw off a part of it upon your own consciences. If I find not in you the best results, it may be my fault; but, also, it may be yours. You are not a piece of canvas to be painted over with any colors I choose; you are not mere clay, to be moulded into any shape the artist pleases; you are not passive soil, to receive wheat or weeds as the sower's hand may decide. If so, it would be all my fault did you not show the fairest results of the year's labor. But you are yourselves the painters of your own characters, the sculptors of your own lives, the husbandmen of your own moral and spiritual harvests. I can only suggest, stimulate, advise, help. In the last resort, you must make or mar your own destinies.

On your own feet you stand:
You plant with your own hand.
When wind and sun and shower
Shall bring the harvest-hour,
Your character shall be
The fruit upon life's tree.

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